WEEK
ENDING
UG. 29, 1931

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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Leslie Thrasher

Beginning ~ **THE WOMAN HE WANTED**

A New Serial by **ALICE DUER MILLER**

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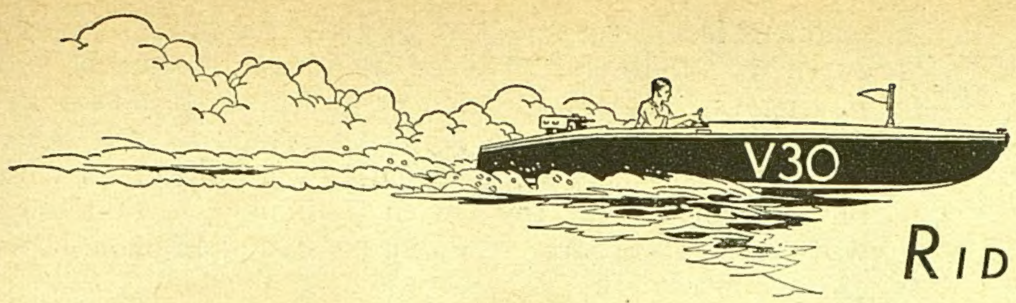

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POCKET BEN WHIRLS 4000 TIMES A MINUTE

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IN his newest "stunt" Pocket Ben's hair-raising experiences reached a thrilling climax—a dizzy ride on the flywheel of the world's fastest outboard motor!

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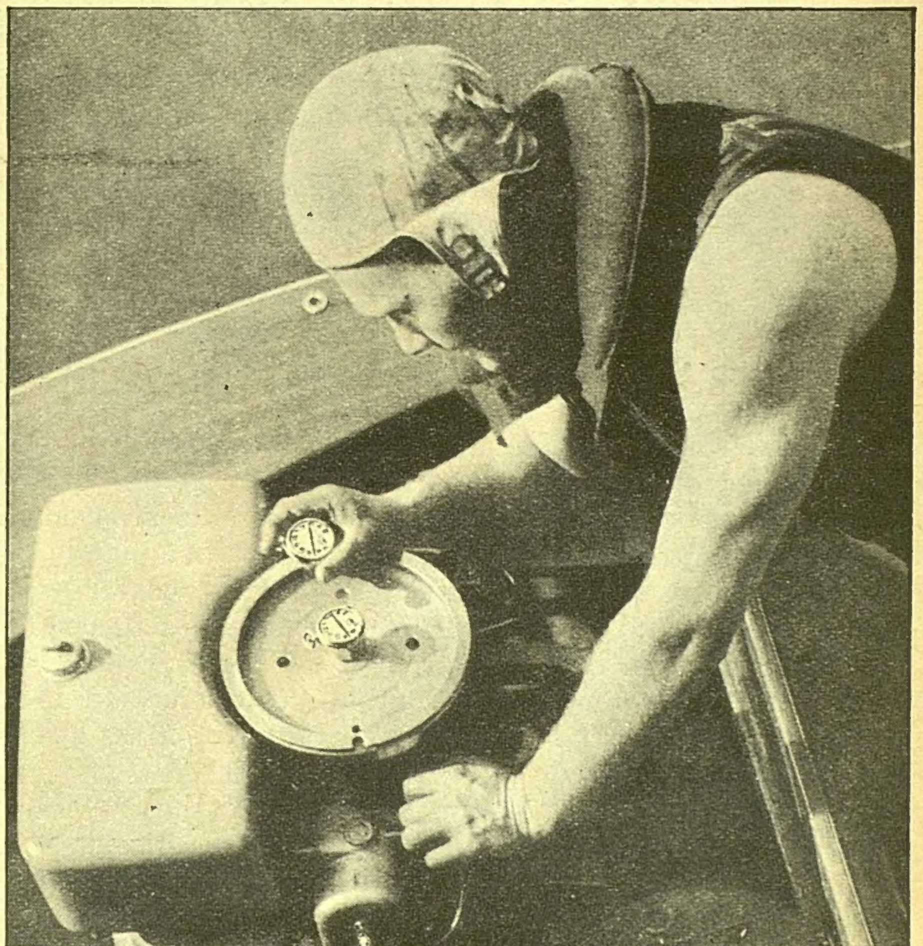

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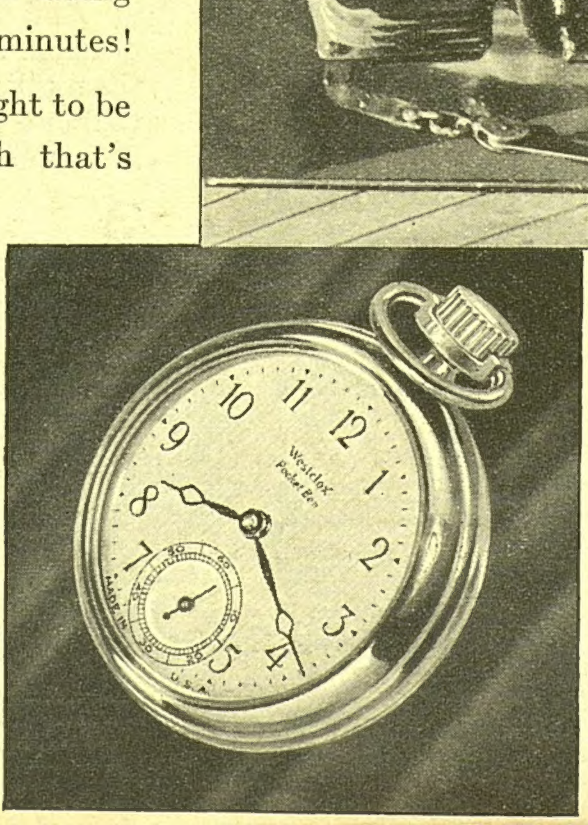

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> *"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."* —*Abraham Lincoln.*

GANGSTERS MURDERING LITTLE CHILDREN

Unsuspecting, without realizing its danger and the growing menace, this mighty nation today stands like a great tree that is rotting at the core, its vital strength being sapped, its fiber gnawed by invisible parasites.

Unconcerned, care-free, perhaps hardened, and paying little heed save when some horrible manifestation such as the recent butchery of children in New York arouses them, one hundred and twenty million people stand by idly and permit the cancerous growth to go on.

It is a situation without parallel in the history of civilized nations. It is a situation that will go on until at last a realization is forced home upon us all that we are in the grip of a terror more awful than a plague. Perhaps then a people aroused will cast aside all law and authority and be a law unto themselves—a brutal, ruthless law that goes to extremes. When the people as a mass are aroused, the tidal wave of emotion is stopped only when the wave is tinged and the mass appeased with blood.

The country today is in the grip of the super-gangster, the racketeer. Its great cities are his playground and his harvest field. Yet he reaps also from the man who toils on the farm, the man who raises and markets stock, who supplies the milk for the babies in the cities.

A government that we cannot see, that most of us can imagine only vaguely, has reared its power to challenge our established government. This invisible government is a government of gold and the gun. It sends forth its emissaries to place its judges on the bench, buying the votes with gold or threats. It places its stamp upon the men in legislative halls by the same method. It reaches out to enlist the politicians who have power, buying them with its money, so that they will place in authority the officers gangdom chooses to enforce the law.

Thus it is assured that its breweries will not be interfered with while they pile up their hundreds of millions in profit. Thus it knows there will be no swift punishment for those who run its alky. Thus, also, it is reasonably certain that, when it sends forth its contemptible gunmen to kill one of its own breed, there is little or no danger that these gunmen will pay the killer's price demanded by the law—even though these gunmen crush out the lives or maim babies and little children playing on the streets.

A comparative few, these super-racketeers have grown and expanded in the ramifications of their interests. They control banks. They dominate whole lines of business. Their rewards from the highly organized business of jewelry thefts alone run into the millions each year. They take their toll from the food delivered in the city by the grower on the farms, though he is unaware. They launch their bloodthirsty human wolves to enforce their edicts with the machine gun and the automatic. They seek to dominate the labor unions. It has been charged that the industry of the racketeer today is greater than that of Ford, General Motors, General Electric, and United States Steel combined.

Government corrupted; law-enforcement agencies bound hand and foot by the golden rope of graft; courts in which sit judges who have to take orders from the politicians who put them there, politicians soaked and steeped in crookedness; district attorneys elected by bosses who get their money from brewery-owning racketeers—these cannot curb the menace. They cannot overthrow the invisible government the racketeer has reared to challenge the government built with American blood, American brains and brawn.

It is the outlaw adopting the methods of big business. It is a filthy disease flowing through the blood stream of a great nation. It has shattered the standards and wrecked the ideals that made us a magnificent people. It has given us a country in which men sell their trusts and barter their very souls, in which honor is becoming a farce. It has gouged tribute of billions from the masses and robbed the public treasuries. In its wake follows a train of hypocrites.

And this invisible government, this ghastly, formidable thing that corrupts and kills, lives on because the mother that gave it birth and that nourishes it, and without which it could not exist, still holds her sway. She is called Prohibition.

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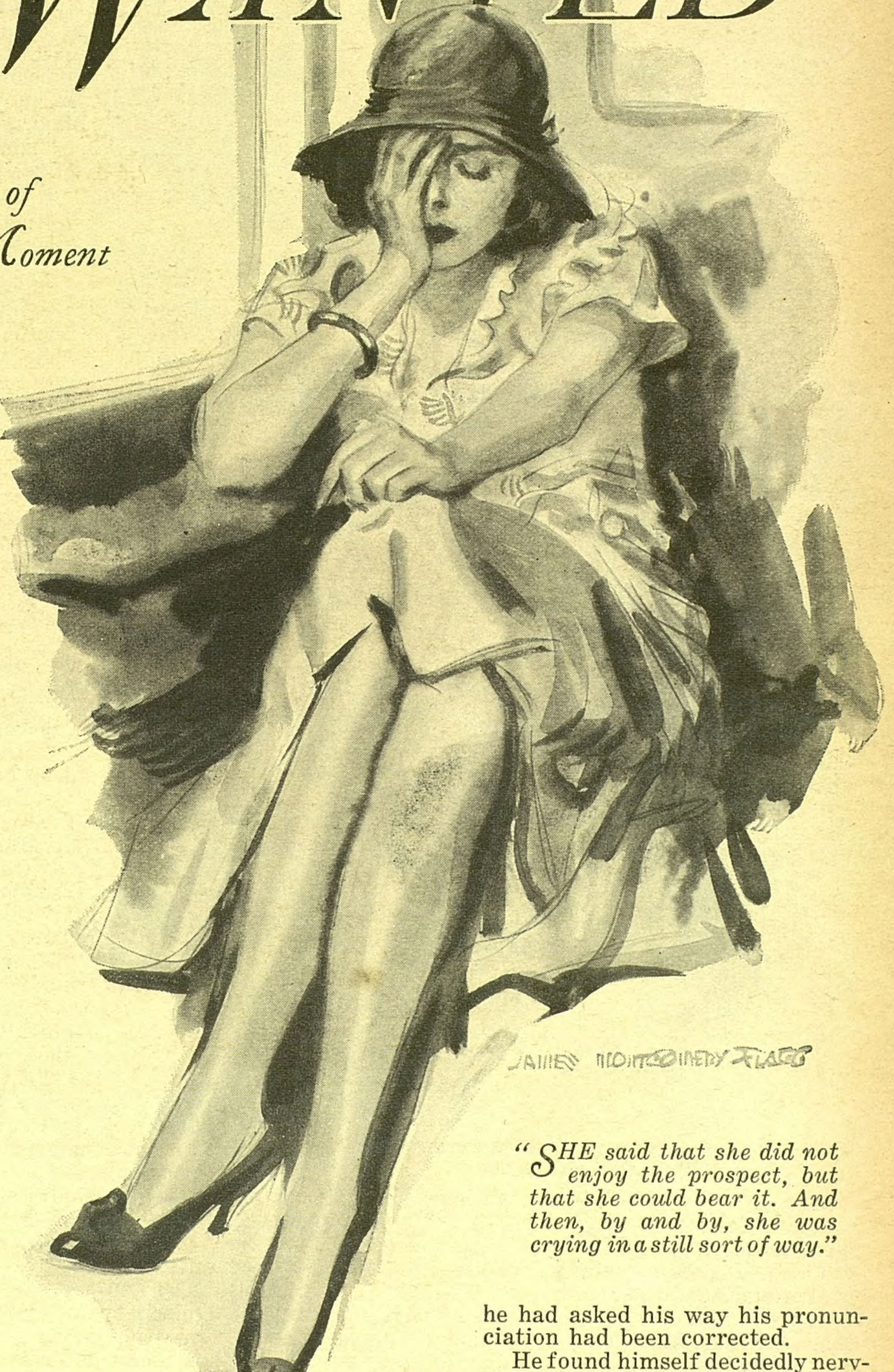
Beginning—The WOMAN HE WANTED

A Story of One Mad Moment



“SHE said that she did not enjoy the prospect, but that she could bear it. And then, by and by, she was crying in a still sort of way.”

By

Alice Duer Miller

Pictures by
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

(Reading time: 34 min. 30 sec.)

PART ONE—LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

THE approach to Tobernackie was along an avenue of melancholy Scotch pines. The house itself was cheerful enough—a red-brick house with bay windows and white curtains. Tim had caught a glimpse of it from the little hill just inside the gates. The old house had been burnt down sixty years ago. The ruined tower at the corner of the drive was all that was left of it—a tower haunted, as anyone could have told him, by White Janet, who drowned herself in the burn in the year 1417. It was Tim's first visit to Scotland, and the names still struck him as slightly comic. “Grant of Tobernackie,” he had said to himself when he first heard the name, hardly two weeks ago now.

“Where are you staying?” he had asked, and that strangely thrilling voice, speaking English perfectly with the slightest foreign roll to the *r*s, had answered: “With my cousins, the Grants of Tobernackie.” Well, he would never forget that word now, although he was not able to reproduce it. Twice when he had asked his way his pronunciation had been corrected.

He found himself decidedly nervous, and this was not at all as he wished himself to be. He wished to be calm, steadfast, sure of his own rectitude and power. He wished, in fact, to be like his uncle, Ivan Cross. But he was not, and never would be. Of all his good qualities, and he had many, rugged strength was not one.

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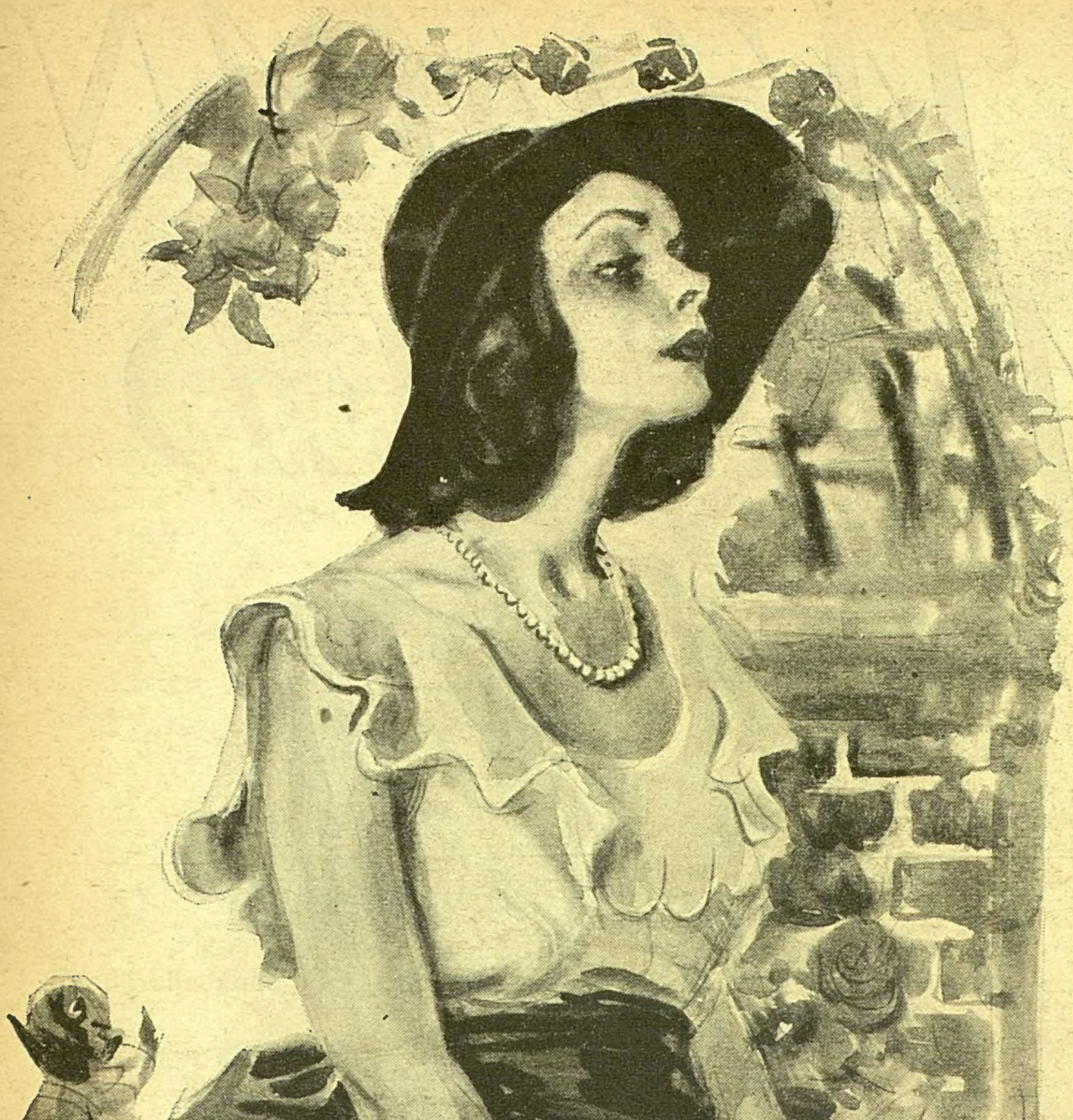


THE WOMAN HE WANTED
Continued from page five

He was a good-looking boy, with features almost too fine, and dark eyes that he had a trick of blinking in moments of uncertainty. Sensitive and easily hurt, he was also—it does not always follow—intensely aware of what would hurt others; almost too careful of their feelings, so that he sometimes found himself rushing into unnecessary explanations, which had a way, as unnecessary explanations will, of sounding not quite true.

He was well aware of his weaknesses. He was always resolving to be different. His test was to ask himself what his uncle would do and feel in similar circumstances.

"What would Ivan do?" he would say to himself. He did not use the title "uncle," for there was barely fifteen years between them.

He had been asking himself this for the past week: What would his uncle do in his situation? Certainly Ivan would not let himself be snubbed by any girl, countess or not. No, snubbed was not the word—held off, baffled, eluded, in the very first moments of acquaintance, as if he had been decided against from the beginning. Ivan would not put up with such treatment. But then, it was easy enough to know how to manage a girl if you were not in love with her. But the trouble was, his emotions were involved now—deeply, irrevocably.

He stopped his car a little way from the entrance, and sprang out. Was Sir Rodney Grant at home? The butler hesitated, and glanced for information toward the car. Tim spoke too quickly: "My name is Alden. I've come over from Kinfrew Castle." They would all know that Kinfrew had been let for the shooting.

"Oh, quite, sir," said the man. "I'll inquire if Sir Rodney has come in."

A moment later Tim was ushered into the smoking room—a shabby, comfortable room, with a coal fire burning in the grate, though it was the first week in August and all the windows were open to admit the damp air blowing in from the loch and the moors. There were stags' heads and horns on the walls, between dark, hard pictures of horses and dogs. Before the fire a sturdy man in gray tweeds was standing. His hair was ruffled and his eyes were still heavy. Sir Rodney had evidently been roused from an afternoon nap.

"GLAD to see you," he said. "I'd have been over to pay my respects, but I did not know you had arrived at the castle yet."

Tim thought: "Is he trying to tell me I ought to have waited for him to visit us first?" His nervousness increased, more especially as Grant wasn't looking at him but staring straight before him.

"My uncle has not come yet," he said; "doesn't come until just before the twelfth."

"Sensible fellar," replied Sir Rodney in his deep bass.

"I've had the pleasure of meeting Lady Grant," said Tim, and he added with a trace of effort, "and the Countess of Zydov."

"Oh, yes, Ina," said Sir Rodney, trying to remember whether the women had told him anything about this boy from Kinfrew. "Sorry they are not in," he said aloud. "They've gone to Edinburgh to some sort of a garden party, or fête."

"Yes, I know they have," said Tim, too quickly, and then, seeing the implication of these few words, he decided to plunge in. "That's really why I came, sir. I wanted to speak to you while they were not here."

Grant looked at him steadily. "Oh, really?" he said, surprised, but not insultingly so. Now he did remember. Of course. Muriel had told him about an American boy who had fallen rather too openly in love with Ina at a tea party at Glen-An, irritating Rae—Rae of Kinnairdine, who was obviously the man for Ina: a title almost royal in Scotland, and a pile of money.

"You see, sir," Tim went on, "I've never met—I've never been—in fact, I only know about American girls, and not much perhaps about them. I don't understand Polish countesses—"

"Austrian," said Grant.

"You see, at home it would be so simple," Tim continued. "I could ask any girl to marry me, and she would say yes or no—just as she felt."

"And you think it's different over here?" Sir Rodney inquired, and added, as if intending to put the brake on too rapid movement, "Have some tea? Have a whisky and soda?"

Tim declined both—brushed them aside. "I don't know whether you believe in such a thing as love at first sight," he went on. "I didn't until the other day. I certainly don't think it strange that the Countess Ina doesn't care about me so quickly—or doesn't ever care about me; but there is something strange to me in the way in which she makes it impossible for me to come near her—mentally, I mean. I never knew anything like it. She won't even let me talk to her—about anything that matters." He paused and looked wistfully into his host's gaunt, blank face.

"You haven't told her of your feelings?"

"I haven't told her anything. If we get beyond current literature and Scottish history, she drifts away like a cloud."

Grant nodded. "But, really, I'm afraid I can't help you there," he answered. "Distressing, of course, but—"

"I don't want help—I mean not as far as pleading my cause goes, or anything like that. What I want is information," Tim went on. "I mean, if there is any reason why I couldn't possibly ask the countess to marry me, I'd like to know it. That's the impression she gives me—as if it were all quite out of the question and she did not want to deceive me by even speaking civilly to me. But is it out of the question? Is there any reason, like rank, or birth—"

"Oh, rank!" said Grant. "Rank in Austria has gone by the board—a little bit everywhere, I'm afraid."

"But Americans seem to marry anyone nowadays, don't they?" asked Tim.

"Yes, they seem to—at least, the women do."

HE saw the boy had no conception of the psychology of high rank, and, characteristically, he felt no impulse to explain it to him. It was not his affair. A girl like Ina, of course, brought up to one of the great positions of Europe, would hardly be aware that such a person as Tim Alden existed. Strange that the boy should be sensitive enough to feel the distance between them and yet not be able to understand the obvious reason for it. In order to say something, he said:

"There's a good difference of age between you, isn't there? Ina must be twenty-seven or -eight."

"I'm twenty-three," said Tim, adding a month or two to his age.

"Ah?" said Sir Rodney. He had fancied his visitor several years younger.

Tim's heart began to sink. He saw he was going to get nowhere. "Well," he said, rising, "I mustn't bother you. Only," he added, returning irresistibly to his subject, "it *isn't* difference of age; that's the same in all countries. But this is something I don't know, I don't understand. It's something like her being married already."

Grant smiled again. "I'm sure she isn't that," and he added in a more friendly tone, though the words were not particularly friendly: "I hardly like to suggest, but isn't it possible that—that she is hardly aware of your existence, and certainly not of your admiration?"

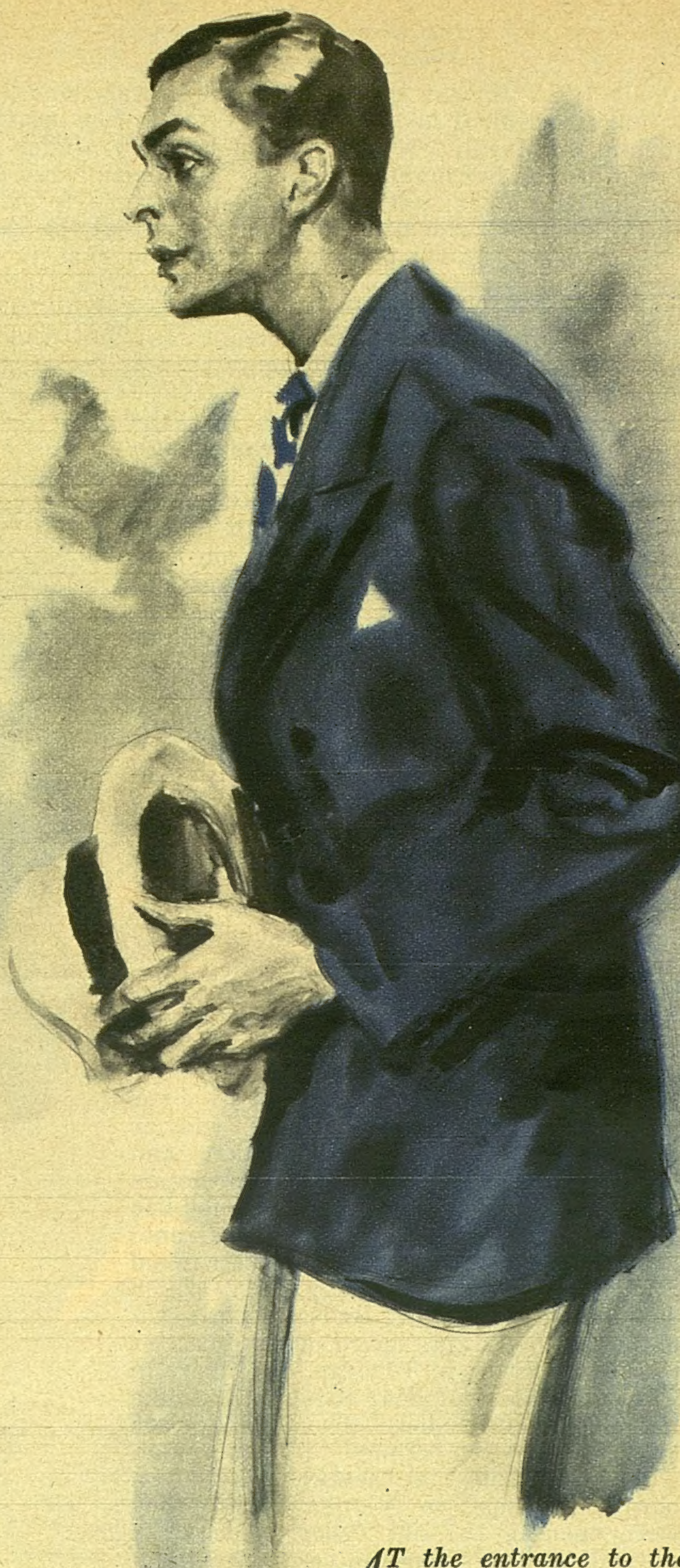
One couldn't, he thought, put it much plainer than that. But the boy didn't take it in. He shook his head. "I must try and get her to tell me, if you can't." He stood, looking very young and sad and blinking his eyes. "If she were already engaged to someone else—" He stared at Grant, whose face immediately became more masklike than before.

"She is not, to my knowledge," he said coldly. Ina had given no definite information to her cousin as to her feelings about Rae's attentions. What she had given seemed discouraging, but of course she must accept Rae if he really asked her to marry him.

"I think she likes me—well enough," said Tim. He paused. The wave of Grant's desire to have him gone suddenly came to him. "I mustn't bother you," he said gently; "and yet, if you had been able to tell me that there was something clear and definite that made it impossible, I might have been able to go away—"

"No, I don't say that," Sir Rodney answered. "Only I must warn you that I think it improbable that a woman bred as the Countess Ina—"

He came to the front door with Tim, and in the presence of servants they spoke only of sport. Sir Rodney hoped they were to have a good season. Last year, what with the rains, and sick birds—



AT the entrance to the garden, under an arch of white roses, he came face to face with Ina, standing there alone.

Tim felt he sank in his host's estimation by being obliged to confess he had never shot driven birds, only ducks in the coast marshes at home, and, he might have added, not very many of them.

"I hear your uncle is a famous shot."

"Anything my uncle does he does well."

"Ah?" The tone made Tim feel he had boasted. He got into his car and drove away, feeling that his expedition had been a mistake.

Grant stood a moment on the doorstep staring out across the slope of the lawn to the brick walls of the garden. He loved the place, the grassy, earthy smell of it, and the long roll of the clouds, nowhere so gray and silver as in Scotland.

The boy's visit had lifted a veil from his own thoughts

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE WOMAN HE WANTED
Continued from page seven

about Ina. It was quite true: there was something strange and aloof about the girl. Not in her relations to him or Muriel. Nothing could be more tender and grateful than her manner to them. He remembered having heard a story that she had been engaged to one of the archdukes, who had jilted her; but that, he knew, wasn't true. And someone had told him that it was generally believed in Austria that she had been wildly in love with a young officer killed in the first drive of the Russians over the Galician mountains; but this he doubted: she had been hardly more than a child in those days.

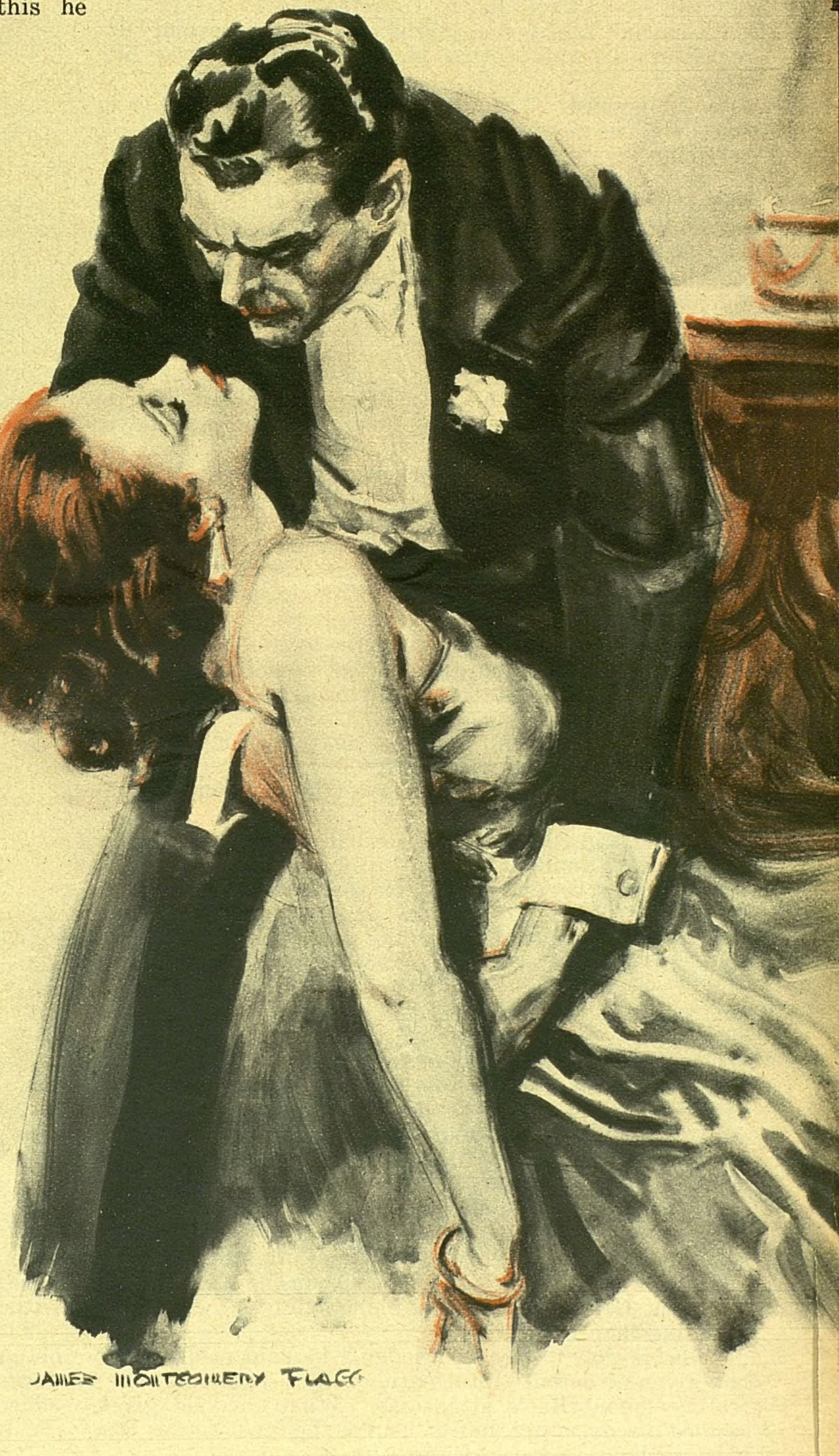
He himself inclined to think that the terrible change in her fortune was enough to account for this eerie, almost spectral quality in all her relations with the outer world. She had been brought up in the most exclusive and aristocratic court in Europe. Grant himself, no democrat and attaching all the importance of a Scotchman to family, had nevertheless found himself a little irritated with those Austrians now and then—their talk of quarterings and who could and could not go to court. Ina must have breathed all that in from infancy, and now she found herself, penniless, an orphan, of no consequence in the new order of things.

To say that the Grants were Scotch is of course to say that they had a deep family feeling. Ina's mother had been a Grant, Rodney's first cousin; a Grant and a beauty in the nineties, when to be English, well born, and beautiful was to sit on the top of the world. Gilbertina Grant had sat on the top of the world for some years.

JUST before the outbreak of the Boer War she had married Carl von Zydov of the Austrian Embassy in London, and they had gone gayly off to Persia or Japan to lead the first years of their married life on the outposts of diplomacy. The Grants kept in touch with them by an occasional Sunday letter—those Sunday letters which do so much to keep the British Empire together. The Grants heard of the birth of little Carl Franz in Teheran, of Gilbert in Tokyo, and last of dear little Ina, so like her mother, in Lisbon. Then, some years later, an even happier announcement. Gilbertina wrote that they were so glad: a permanent post in Vienna itself—they were opening the old Zydov palace—the reward of Carl's long successes in diplomacy. She hoped that Rodney and his wife would come and visit them. By the twelfth of August, 1914, Carl, in a sky-blue uniform, was already galloping about on a great general's staff, and Grant was in camp with his Highland regiment.

For the next four years—for five indeed—the Grants had too much to think about to worry over Austrian cousins. But rumors of the successive disasters that had overtaken that family did seep through. They knew, for instance, that both sons had been killed in action, and that just before the Armistice Gilbertina had died.

WHAT was the matter with her? Great God, she was fainting! He stooped and caught her before she touched the floor.

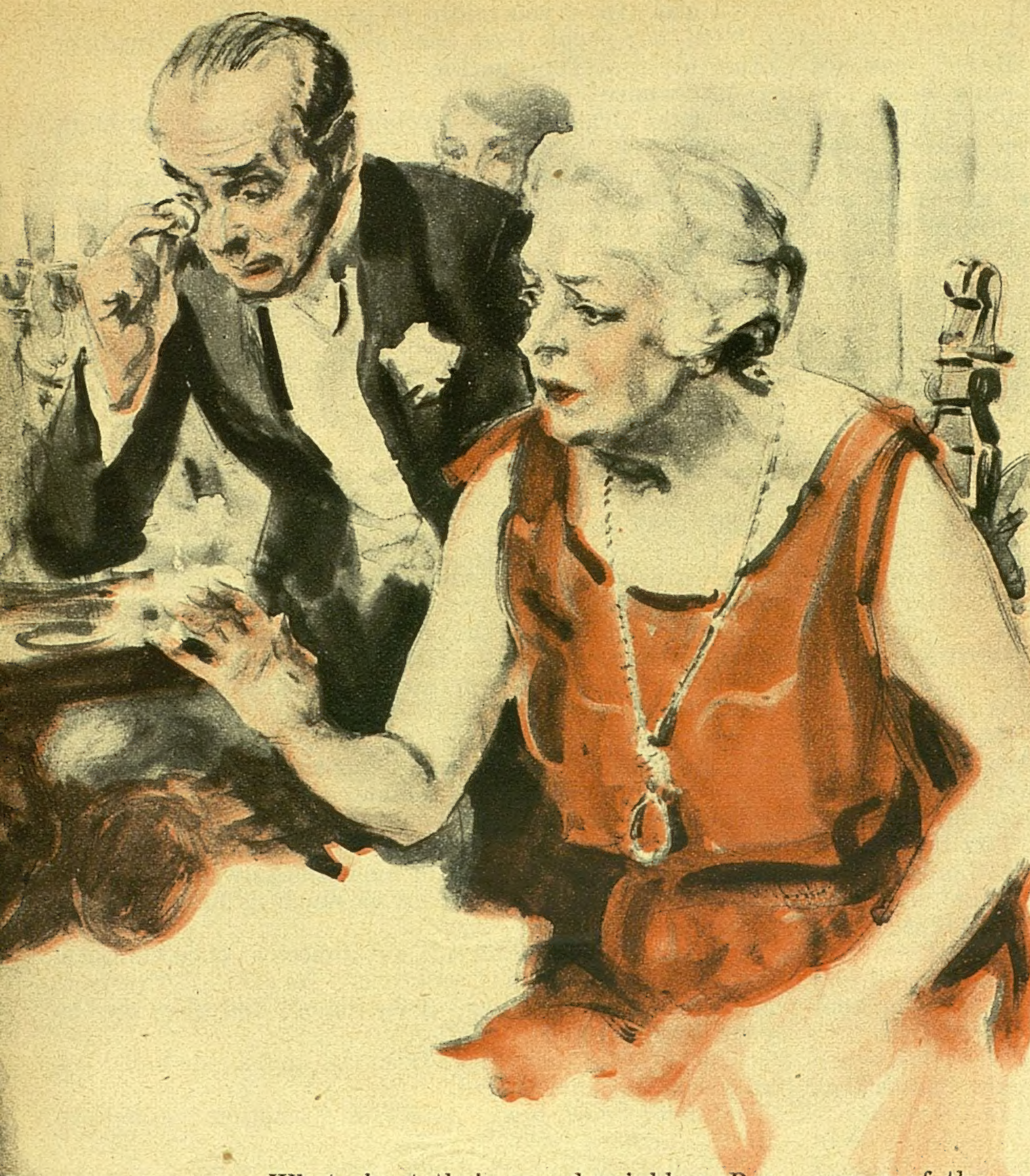


English hearts were never hardened against Austria. The Grants wrote to poor Carl. They learned, in answer, that he was a ruined man. One of his great estates had gone to Czechoslovakia after the peace treaty. The other, his mother's property, was now Polish. Almost penniless, he and his daughter were living in a shooting lodge near the Galician border. The Grants managed to keep sending them small sums. Poor Carl! It really seemed incredible, when they recalled the high luxury of his life in the old days. Then, the year before, just as things seemed to be getting a little more settled in Austria, they had a letter from the daughter, Ina, announcing the death of her father.

Rodney Grant had written at once, asking the girl to come and spend the summer with them in Scotland.

" It's a pity we can't afford a London season any more," said Rodney. " Easier to marry a girl like that in London."

" But not impossible here," answered Muriel, and they had stared at each other with the same wild surmise.



What about their proud neighbor, Rae of Kinnairdine—a widower of fifteen years, a hard, dour man who traced his ancestry back to the beginning of time and thought himself incontestably superior to the King of England?

In the course of the next few weeks the countryside became aware that the Grants were expecting a lovely, exciting visitor. An atmosphere of romance and beauty wrapped her about, even before she arrived.

Rodney Grant would never forget the first sight he had of her as she got off the train—a slender figure in black, with dark eyes—great black eyes making inky pools in a little white face, and a great mass of glorious dark-red hair like her mother's.

"She's not as beautiful as Gilly was," whispered Muriel, as she hurried to meet her. But Rodney was silent. He knew, as every man who saw her knew, that she had for his sex a charm that her mother had never possessed, with all her magnificent high-colored obvious beauty.

The very evening of her arrival they took her to dine at Kinnairdine. Rae, Grant saw, was instantly attracted. All the more when, at her departure, he invited her to come and see the place more in detail by daylight, and she vaguely eluded the invitation—as near a snub as Rae of Kinnairdine had ever received.

If it had been Rae announced unexpectedly as a visitor that afternoon, Grant, wakened from his nap, would have had no doubt as to the purpose of his visit.

It was nearly dinnertime when the ladies returned from Edinburgh. Immediately Grant heard a tap on his dressing-room door. "Well," said Muriel Grant, entering with something approaching a flounce, "that girl is rude—is positively rude to Rae."

"Oh, my dear, he likes it."

"No, he doesn't. He said he was going to make a trip to Norway in his boat."

"How did she take that?"

"She said that it was interesting to see that it was possible for a Scotchman to leave his moors in August."

Grant showed his fangs in his ugly agreeable smile.

"Did you reproach her, Muriel?"

"I gave her a piece of my mind. I asked her if she enjoyed the prospect of going back to that forlorn tumbledown shooting lodge in Galicia and living on black bread and raebuck for the rest of her life."

GRANT shook his head. There was worse fare than "raebuck." "And what did she say?"

"She said that she did *not* enjoy the prospect, but that she could bear it—'as one can bear whatever must be' is the highly intelligent phrase she used. And then, by and by, I saw that she was crying in a still, agonized sort of way. It made me feel dreadfully—like seeing an animal suffer—a proud, well bred dog like that setter you had."

Grant did not answer. The idea of the girl weeping silently in her corner of the car affected him strangely.

After dinner, when they were sitting in the smoking room—they used it of an evening when they were alone, for it was the most comfortable room in the house—he said, "Well, Ina, I had a visit from an admirer of yours this afternoon."

She looked up at him. She was sitting in a low, deep chair by the fire, all dressed in simple soft white. Some women, he thought, had a beautiful face, or a lovely figure, or pretty ankles; but there was allurement and beauty in this girl's wrists, the tips of her shoulders, all her aloof, haughty personality, as in her little ears and her long, slender hands.

"A young American from Kinfrew. *You* have been causing pain, Ina, and *I* have been dealt with."

Ina did not smile. "I never knew any Americans before," she said. "Are they all like that—not knowing any method of getting what they want except to ask for it?—oh, and to work for it, I suppose."

"What other methods are there?" said Muriel.

"Ah, so many," answered Ina. "To pray for it—to wait for it—and also to intrigue for it."

Grant noticed they were off the subject of Tim, and brought them back. "I expect you will find it necessary to say yes or no to that young man before the summer is over."

This time Ina smiled. Her mouth parted at the corners when she smiled, an opening that showed her small, regular teeth. "I think you underrate my powers, Rodney," she said.

After that they spoke of Americans in general; of America's contribution to the war; of the other nations involved. Grant noticed, as he had noticed before, that Ina had the passionate hatred of the Russians that her Polish ancestors must have had. The conversation never returned to Tim; but later, when he and Muriel had gone

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE WOMAN HE WANTED
Continued from page nine]

upstairs, they took up the subject. Muriel was not beautiful, as so many of her husband's family were. She had been a Darcy from the south of England. But she was possessed of a vigorous honesty and reality, combined with deep and glowing affection. She had no great wit or charm, but anyone who had ever known Muriel Grant in moments of need clung to her forever after.

“It seems incredible to us,” Muriel said, “to prefer a callow boy to Rae of Kinnairdine. But let us be candid. He isn't exactly winning, whereas this boy has a sort of shy charm. I suppose there must be money. I was talking to Lord Kinfrew's factor the other day. A pretty penny they're getting for that old barracks of a castle.”

“It's the uncle who has taken the castle,” said Grant; “but I suppose, of course, there's money.”

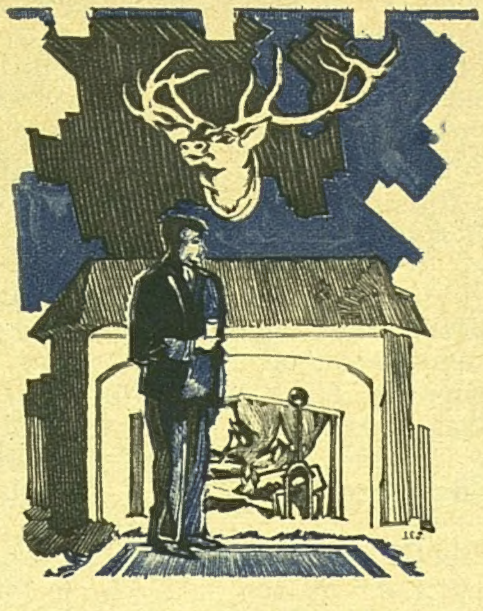
Muriel had gone into a deep reverie, and did not answer for a few seconds. Then she said, nodding her head, “We'd better look them over.”

The next day she drove over to the castle and left cards for the new tenant, and a note. Vernor, Lord Kinfrew's butler, who had been left in charge, was an old friend of hers. He told her that Mr. Cross was not expected until the tenth. He assured her ladyship that Mr. Cross should have her note the instant he arrived.

Tim found it difficult to keep his hands off that envelope with the magical word Tobernackie in the corner. He had come in later and found those cards lying on the table, and had asked with a beating heart, “Were there two ladies in the car?” “Only Lady Grant, sir,” Vernor had most satisfactorily answered. Oh, Tim thought, if she had been there—at his door—and he had missed her!

He was much alone for the next few days, but strangely enough not at all lonely. A good deal of thought had to be given as to exactly what he should say to Ivan. He wanted to infuse his speech with something steady and serious, something that would differentiate his present passion from other lighter fancies.

It was five o'clock on the afternoon of the tenth when Ivan Cross drove up to the door of Kinfrew Castle, that great yellow-gray pile of masonry, built in the domestic Gothic style that Sir G. Scott rendered so fashionable in the second quarter of the nineteenth century. It stood frowning out over the North Sea, all turrets and loopholes and bastions. A moat, left from some earlier fortress on the same site, had been converted into a green sunken garden, but an imitation drawbridge was crossed to reach the front door.



VERNOR ran down the steps and opened the door of the car, and the footmen began taking out gun cases and golf bags and Gladstone bags, while Cross greeted his nephew.

Tim had made up his mind definitely that he would not mention his own affairs until later in the evening, after dinner. Following this great resolution, he asked, “Did you have a nice trip up?” He knew his uncle had taken a week to motor from London, stopping here for a visit and there for a golf links.

“Oh, fair,” said Ivan. He had lit a cigarette and was glancing idly over his mail, stacking the letters like cards and not opening any of them. He was a man of most unusual appearance—almost a giant, and with a giant's weight and length of arm. His hair was jet-black. His skin was of that rather sallow, even, healthy pallor that often goes with very black hair, and out of his face looked a pair of flaring gray eyes, the irises and the eyelids both heavily fringed in black. When strangers commented on his looks, it was always explained to them that his mother had been a Russian.

Still without breaking an envelope, he asked, “How have you made out here?”

“It's been great,” said Tim. He could not take his eyes off that stampless envelope with Tobernackie in the corner, about which Vernor had already spoken to Cross, suggesting an answer as soon as possible.

“I was afraid you might be pretty lonely.”

“Oh, no; people have been awfully kind. I dined the other night at Tobernackie.”

“At where?”

“At the Grants' place—Tobernackie. Don't you know them?”

Ivan shook his head, and the next moment Tim found he was speaking of Ina. They were standing in the hall, beside the blaze of a great coal fire. The walls were hung with full-length portraits of the present earl, of his ancestors, of George the Third in his coronation robes, thrusting forward an elegant leg in a white stocking and the garter.

The western sun, still high in the heavens at five o'clock, was shining through stained-glass windows—stained glass of 1850, and illuminating the coats of arms of Lord Kinfrew's family. It was not a secret place for confidences, but then in all that great castle there was no one much interested in Tim's love affairs. Tim could speak freely.

HE nearly always could speak freely to his uncle, though he stood a little in awe of him. Nevertheless, he never doubted that the older man's power and wisdom were enlisted on his side. He had had no trouble in speaking to him about all the major tragedies of his life—flunking examinations, getting into debt, and about that girl in Boston.

Olga Cross, Tim's mother, after the death of her first husband had married again and gone to live in California with her new husband while Tim was still at a preparatory school in the East. It had been natural that the boy should spend most of his holidays with Ivan, who was living then in New York as much as he was living anywhere.

He began to speak of Ina, but almost at once his uncle interrupted him. “Let us go out,” he said. “I've been sitting all day in the car. Take me out and show me the park while we talk.”

The two men took sticks from the rack at the hall door, and went out bareheaded.

“I don't know, Ivan,” said Tim, “whether you believe in love at first sight.”

“Well, I like to have it confirmed in writing.”

“You mean you don't.”

“There never yet was a strong physical attraction between a man and a woman that didn't manifest itself the first time they laid eyes on each other.”

“You mean you do believe in it?”

“Oh, come,” said Ivan, without temper but without softness. “We are not investigating my views. What has happened?”

They had come to a deep, smoothly flowing little stream between dank green banks, and Ivan stopped and leaned his arms on a fence, and stared into it.

A man can be forgiven for thinking unconsciously of trout, even when his nephew is telling the story of a great passion.

Tim began his tale. He had gone over to see a college friend of his, an American staying with some other Americans who had taken one of the great places of Scotland specially remarkable for its gardens.

At the door he was told everyone had gone to visit the greenhouses. He followed the path the servant showed him, and at the entrance to the garden, under an arch of white roses in a wall covered with roses, he came face to face with Ina, standing there alone, her hands lightly clasped before her, dressed all in her white mourning, with a great black hat.

“She made those roses look yellow,” Tim said, his voice sinking into a hoarse bass with his emotion. “Her hair the color of a horse-chestnut—that dark, almost purple red.”

It happened that Cross had always had a taste for hair of that strange shade and the translucent whiteness of the skin that often went with it. He began to listen more attentively.

" She said she would lead me to the others. It was some distance; we walked slowly. By the time we reached the rest of the party I knew she was the only woman in the world, and I did not even know her name. Does that sound very young and silly to you? "

Cross shook his head in silence. It seemed to him unforgivably stupid for Tim not to know—not to have observed—that the only difference between the young and the middle-aged in love affairs is that the middle-aged are incredibly more reckless and rapid than the young, having less time to waste and more experience in technique. Prudence was the great danger of youth; recklessness of middle age.

" If you could see her," Tim went on, still in that deep shaken voice, " you would not doubt the depth and sincerity of my love, though it is so sudden."

" I don't doubt it anyhow. It isn't unusual, you know, for a man to fall in love with a beautiful woman. Does she know? "

" I have never been able to tell her."

" What is her nationality? "

" Austrian. Her mother was English, or rather Scotch, and her grandmother Polish."

" Polish, Scotch, and Austrian? I think we may take it that she knows." Cross smiled. As a matter of fact, he believed any woman would know any secret of Tim's that she had any interest in knowing.

Tim felt the reserve, and suddenly broke out: " I wish to heaven, Ivan, you'd tell me what you think. I always feel this when we talk of women or love. Do you consider me utterly childish and immature and idiotic? Why are you always holding back? You are not candid on this one subject."

" I don't think you idiotic," answered his uncle. He straightened himself, abandoned his contemplation of the river, and leaned his back against the fence.

He was wondering whether any man was candid with another on this one subject. Cross was not cynical about women, holding them, as individuals, on the whole better, if less companionable, people than men. But he was extremely skeptical of the happiness to be derived from the relations of the sexes. Marriage, particularly, he thought a trap—a cage rather. But cages are safer for the weak and the young than roaming in the open jungle. He wanted his nephew to marry, and marry soon. He thought the boy weak, sentimental, and unstable as far as women were concerned. He could hardly tell him that. He was not absolutely sure it was true.

" You know," he said, " that I should be glad to see you married early to a girl you love. A Polish countess—Austrian, whatever she is—sounds like a good deal of an undertaking, but if she loves you—"

TIM gave a groan. " Good Lord, Ivan," he said, " she hardly knows I exist."

" Don't be too sure of that," said Ivan. He had had proof before now that Tim had charms for women, even for women much experienced in the world of romance.

" You don't think her rank makes a barrier? " Tim was asking.

" I think rank has nothing to do with love. Love affairs are adventures between two individuals," said Cross. " Marriage, of course, is different. But in this case, if you can manage to make her love you, I think I can manage to get her to marry you." And he added in quite a different tone, " What would your mother say if you brought home a red-headed countess? "

Tim was a little disappointed that the serious part of the discussion was over. Ivan had no taste for talk as talk; he simply loathed what in the family idiom was called " soul scraping," whereas Tim secretly liked it, particularly when it was his own soul that was being scraped. He would have liked to go on for a long time, showing Ivan the profound difference between this feeling and other feelings. Instead, Ivan remarked, " I hope this isn't going to spoil the visit of that nice little girl with the dimples."

" What, Lucy? " cried Tim. His tone conveyed the scorn that any idea of competition rouses when the paragon has once been found. " There never was anything of that sort between Lucy and me. It never crossed my mind."

" I see," said Ivan. He saw that Tim had forgotten telling him that, of all the girls he had ever known, Lucy was the most likely to make her husband happy.

On their return to the castle Vernor succeeded most respectfully in forcing Ivan to open the Tobernackie letter. Cross glanced through it. " Telephone Lady Grant," he said, " that I have such a large party here, I hope she and Sir Rodney will dine with me instead."

WHEN Tim was alone in his room, for he was one of those people who can think their own thoughts freely only when no other people are about thinking theirs, he remembered that he had forgotten to say one thing, namely, that he had no standing as a bridegroom; certainly no financial standing, unless his uncle chose to give it to him. He supposed that was what Ivan meant when he said that he would see that she married Tim if Tim would see that she loved him. Still, there was something, Tim felt, slightly cowardly in leaving out the most important point.

During dinner a telephone message came saying that the Grants would be most happy to dine the following night if they might bring two guests, the Countess Zydov and Mr. Mackay.

Cross nodded. " Say we shall be very happy," he said, and Vernor moved noiselessly away to convey the answer.

The next day, at Kinfrew Castle, and indeed at every large house in Scotland, guests began to arrive by car and train, even by boat and motorcycle. Tim drove in to Edinburgh to meet Lucy, and came back rather late, to find all the other guests had come and gone up to dress for dinner—Mrs. Mortimer, Lord and Lady Stores, and five or six single men, well known shots craving a chance at the Kinfrew moors.

Ivan, coming from the wing of the castle, met Lucy on the wide slippery wooden staircase that led broadly down into the great hall. Ivan liked Lucy. She was not exactly pretty, but eager and alive. Her eyes were rather prominent and bound in like a spaniel's, strangely wise, disillusioned eyes in a young, smooth, dimpled face like hers.

Cross had always thought she had a good effect on Tim. Whether she loved the boy or not, he didn't know, but he was sure that she would never love any man for his weaknesses. She looked very sweet in a shining light-green dress; and he greeted her warmly. " Hello, Lucy," he said. " I'm uncommonly glad to see you again. Tim did not encourage me to go with him to Edinburgh. Where is Tim? "

" Tying his seventeenth tie, probably. That's love, I suppose," she said, without a trace of regret in her tone.

" Oh, he's told you about it, has he? "

" Before I got my feet on the platform."

He smiled down at her. Yes, she was a nice little thing, Lucy. She hardly came above his elbow. Vernor, hovering in the hall, opened the drawing-room door for them. Mrs. Mortimer was down before them—she had come down early hoping for a quiet word with her host. To cover this obvious fact she said rather crossly, " But at what time do you dine in this house—wasn't it eight you said? "

" Half past, I think," Ivan answered, polite but undeceived. He looked at her with admiration. She was the most perfectly appointed person he had ever known. At this moment her blue-and-silver tea gown was lovely, a moonlight sky. For a short time, some years before, they had been lovers, he and she. But the qualities in her that made it impossible for him really to love her made her a most valuable and useful friend. She was as hard as nails. She knew her way perfectly about the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE WOMAN HE WANTED
Continued from page eleven

world, in so far as the world is a wholly material phenomenon. She could always take care of herself—and of others too, if she wanted to, but she was not altruistic by nature.

She had a husband from whom she was neither divorced nor formally separated, but she had based her married life on the great principle that in marriage you cannot take freedom without also giving it. Early in their marriage, Mr. Mortimer's conduct had bestowed this freedom upon her.

She had taken it without complaint, and since then she never permitted him to complain either. Many people thought the marriage a great success—as perhaps in a sense it was.

ALICE DUER MILLER

is a native New Yorker who has lived in Scotland, the scene of this story. She is the author of The Charm School, Are Parents People? and many other widely read novels.

" I think that's the prettiest dress I ever saw, Patty," Ivan said. He and Lucy stood arm in arm and contemplated it. " Do you know my great friend Lucy? Lucy, this is Mrs. Mortimer."

" He doesn't remember my last name," said Lucy. " It's Brigham."

" She's perfect, if she wouldn't be shrewd," said Cross to Patty, and then Lord and Lady Stores, who always did everything together, entered the room.

Stores was a small ashy-colored man, who looked forty and was actually over sixty. Many years ago, when he was representing an English banking house in Brazil, he had met Cross, who was building a hydroelectric plant there. Stores had been doing a little exploring on the side, and had lost his guide and two mules over a precipice, and had wandered in—calm, civil, and very nearly starving—to Cross' construction camp. Under these circumstances a friendship had been begun which had lasted unbroken ever since. Lady Stores, who, unlike her husband, looked sixty and was forty, had come into the relation many years later, but she accepted all her husband's friends with the same completeness that she accepted his family and his responsibilities and his tastes. In a nation that produces good wives, she was a model. The daughter of a duke, she was adequately but never well dressed, partly because she had not much interest in such things, but partly because her husband had a passion for motoring, and there was rarely enough room for all his shooting and fishing garments and her clothes as well. She had lovely jewels, which her maid, sitting beside the chauffeur, had carried in a black box all over Europe and the British Isles.

"OH, it's very ugly, Kinfrew, isn't it?" she said, in her beautiful clear voice. " I remember I stayed here when I was a girl—when the present man came of age. You were here too, weren't you, Bobbins? But it's very comfortable," she went on. " That's what everyone has always said of Kinfrew."

Then Tim came in and was introduced, and then the odd men came straggling down.

Ivan mentioned that they were waiting for the Grants.

" The Grants of Tobernackie!" cried Lady Stores. " Oh, I *am* glad. Muriel is *such* a dear."

Then Vernor entered with a tray of cocktails, and all the English commented a little adversely on this American habit but did not reject the cocktails.

" I heard," said Lord Stores, " that the Grants had Gilbertina Zydov's girl staying with them. Poor Gilbertina!"

" They are bringing her with them tonight."

There was quite a little outbreak of exclaiming at this from the Storeses and the two Englishmen.

" I wonder if she's as pretty as her mother. She was a great beauty, you know, a great beauty."

" Somebody did say that this girl was pretty," said Ivan.

Lucy tried to catch his eye and failed.

Vernor, opening the drawing-room door, announced: " Sir Rodney and Lady Grant." (A pause.) " The Countess Zydov." (A pause.) " Mr. Mackay."

Ivan had been standing where a man has a right to stand, in the center of his own hearthrug, but at this he moved forward and greeted Lady Grant.

WHAT a nice woman, he thought, the moment he looked into her bright, clear, friendly brown eyes under a low, clear brow.

They shook hands, saying a word about welcome and neighbors and what Lord Kinfrew had asked them to do. Then she moved a step aside. " This is my cousin, Countess Zydov."

Cross had put out his hand, not remembering how little these people shake hands, and the girl's hand was already in his, very soft and crushable in his great paw, before he really looked at her. . . .

Good heavens, this girl wouldn't do for Tim!

A fiery, complicated spirit if ever he saw one. A man would be needed here, not a sweet, easily wounded boy like Tim. No, a man like —like—well, to be candid, like himself.

He felt suddenly outraged and defrauded of his rights. This woman was his type of woman. That deep-red hair, gold in high lights and purple in the deep shadows, and that transparent white skin with blue shadows under the eyes.

Almost too pale, this girl—almost.

What was the matter with her? Was she attempting a courtesy?

Great God, she was fainting! The hand in his was icy; she was very slowly sinking.

He stooped and caught her just before she touched the floor.

Some impulse he did not analyze made him turn from the great sofa by the fire, from which everyone had instantly risen, and carry her without a word out of the room, into the hall; and then, seeing nothing to put her down on in the hall, he went on to his own library. As he left the drawing-room, he heard Patty's voice, clear, edged, intended to carry far: " That was an entrance, if you ask me—"

" Damn Patty," he thought, and glanced down at the small white face against his lapel. Her long eyelashes did not flutter.

Countess Zydov's fainting spell was strange. But a still stranger drama, in which she plays the leading rôle, launches next week's installment of the story into fantastic adventure.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Whose picture is on the United States four-cent stamp?

2—What is a styptic medicine?

3—What is a peruke?

4—What is the source of " The pen is mightier than the sword "?

5—What are Vertebrata?

6—What city was the first capital of the Confederate States of America?

7—What is a panegyric?

8—Who is generally credited with the authorship of the Acts of the Apostles?

9—What does the Latin phrase *ab extra* mean?

10—What are the lachrymal glands?

11—Who is the god of war in Greek mythology?

12—What is an anchorite?

13—What is a gazetteer?

14—What treaty ended the War of 1812?

15—What is the capital of New Zealand?

16—What is a presidio?

17—What is a suture?

18—What is the common name for myopia?

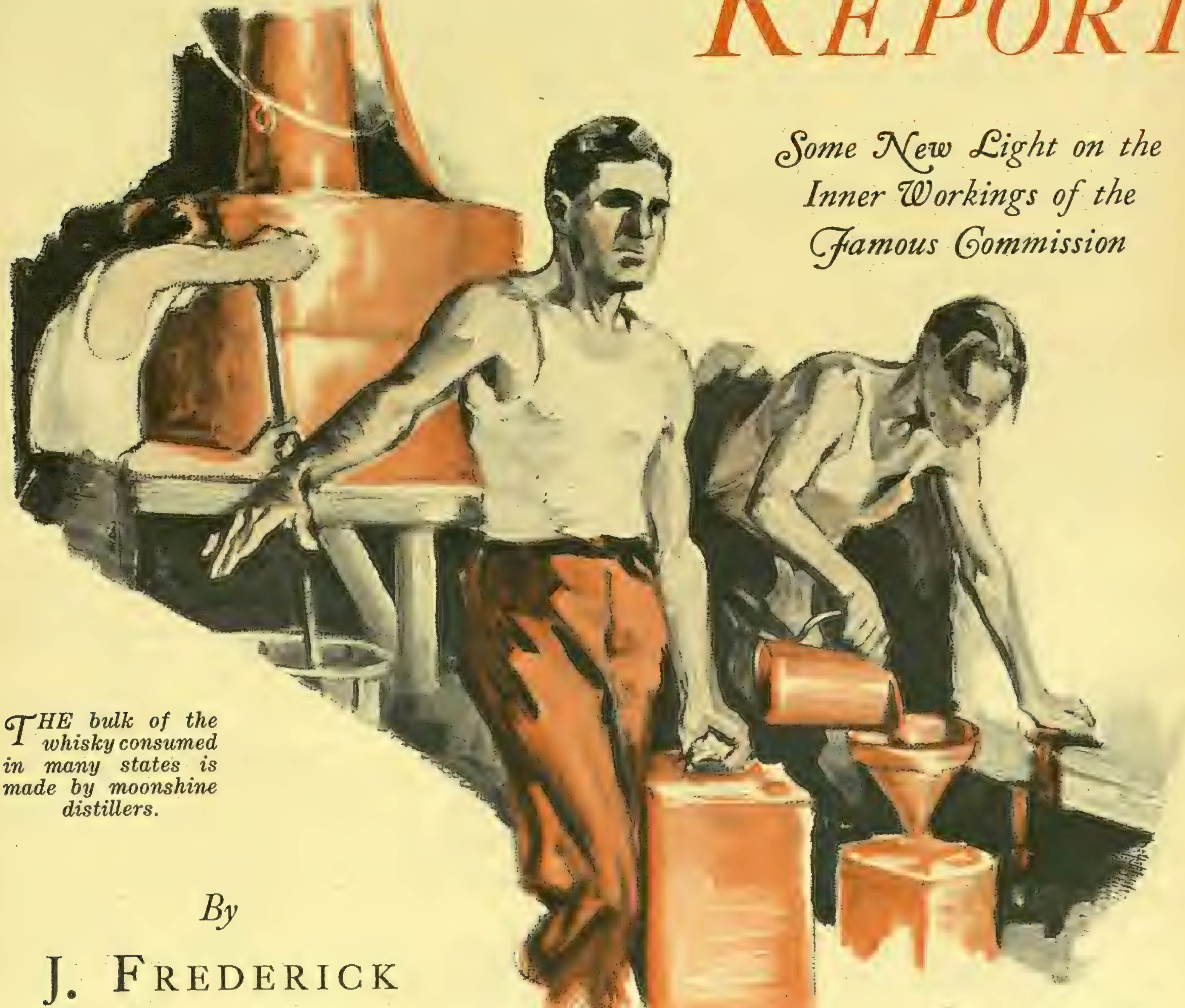
19—Where is the volcano Cotopaxi?

20—Where was George Washington born?

(Answers will be found on page twenty-three)

BLOWING the LID OFF THE WICKERSHAM REPORT

Some New Light on the Inner Workings of the Famous Commission



THE bulk of the whisky consumed in many states is made by moonshine distillers.

By

J. FREDERICK ESSARY

Pictures by G. B. CUTTS

(Reading time: 15 minutes 15 seconds.)

WHEN President Hoover transmitted the report of the Wickersham Commission to Congress last January, accepting in his message every dry sentiment—one might say, every dry syllable—in that report as his own, and rejecting every wet conclusion, he accomplished one very definite result.

He practically guaranteed us a presidential contest in which prohibition would be the paramount issue. In that message he became the foremost dry champion in his party, and the most powerful in the country. He stood unreservedly against either repeal or revision of the Eighteenth Amendment.

He stood just as firmly against the repeal or modification of the Volstead Act. And he warned the American people against any step that would forfeit the "moral and economic" gains prohibition had given us.

No professional dry agitator could have asked more of the President. None did. Instead, every such agitator in the country promptly hailed Mr. Hoover as an ally and pointed with satisfaction and enthusiasm to him as a new and gallant defender of the faith.

That the wets in the Democratic Party will have sufficient strength in the next national convention to write a wet plank into their platform is assumed in every quarter. It can be done by a majority of one delegate, even though it will take the traditional two-thirds majority to nominate their candidate. To believe in that majority one need only take into account Massachusetts, Rhode

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BLOWING THE LID OFF THE WICKERSHAM REPORT
Continued from page thirteen

Island, Connecticut, Delaware, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Maryland, and Missouri.

President Hoover will be renominated by his party, if he lives. That, too, is assumed. Nobody, controlling so much as a single state delegation, so far has risen up to challenge his right to head the party ticket. Barring a possible Pinchot, it seems improbable that any competitor will.

A dry Hoover opposed by a Democrat running on a wet platform, therefore, is the prospect which the country now envisages. In such a set-up, the prohibition issue would be joined. Moreover, it would be the first clear-cut national referendum to be conducted on the liquor issue.

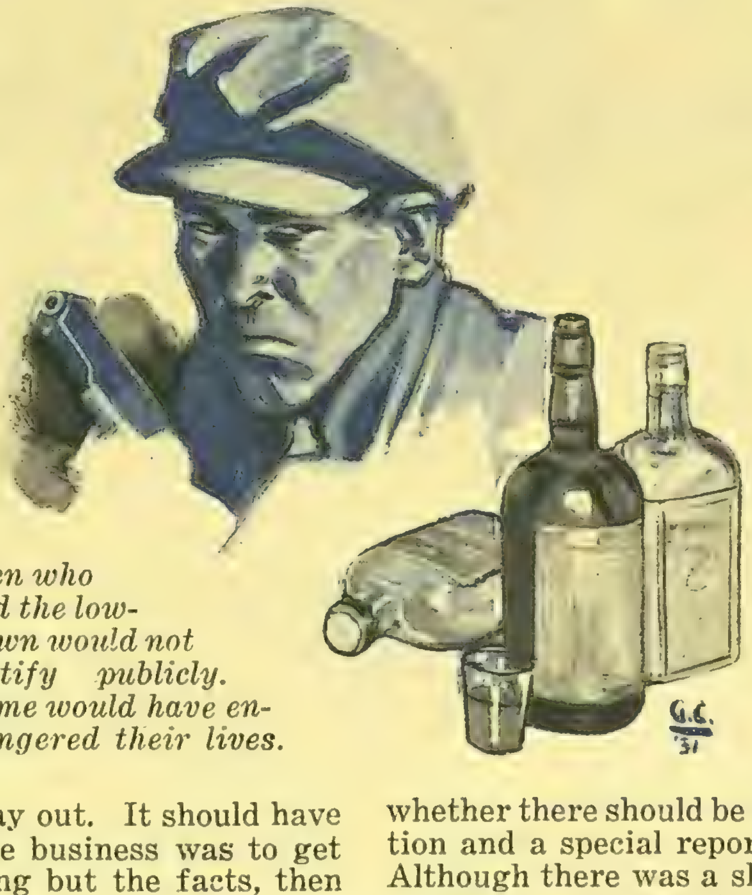
In such a campaign the prohibition report of the Wickersham Commission will have a strangely important part. I say "strangely important" for the reason that, because of its anomalous character, that report will be invoked by wets and drys alike. Advocates of repeal, advocates of revision, advocates of further trial, advocates of unterrified stand-pattism will turn to it with equal confidence.

It is difficult, not to say impossible, to point to another state paper encompassing so many points of view, supporting so many contradictory contentions.

No one need affect surprise at the discovery that disagreements upon either phases or fundamentals of prohibition existed among the eleven members of that commission. Such disagreements perhaps were inevitable. Men and women everywhere differ violently upon that issue. They have differed upon it for generations. There has been no domestic issue since slavery more widely or profoundly controversial.

And it must be granted that the commissioners had every right to disagree, if they must. But did they have a right to present a group of "conclusions" to which ten of the eleven names were signed, when, in fact, not more than three members actually subscribed to all those conclusions?

It was that anachronism—to use a mild term—which puzzled and, for a time, misled the whole country. It was that which invited a veritable volume of blistering criticism. It was that which placed a blight upon even the fine, the constructive and statesmanlike sections of the report.



Men who had the low-down would not testify publicly. Some would have endangered their lives.

THE great pity is that the commission should not have been absolutely free and untrammeled in dealing with the liquor question. It should have been removed from every degree of presidential pressure, direct or indirect. It should have served notice upon special pleaders of all brands, politicians and propagandists alike, to get out of its way, and stay out. It should have convinced the country that its sole business was to get the facts, all the facts, and nothing but the facts, then act upon them.

But, instead of laying down a series of facts and conclusions that would clear the atmosphere and reduce the prohibition problem to a soluble basis, the Wickersham Commission's report only confused and bewildered the American people the more. For what else might one say of a report that proved to be equally acceptable to the Anti-Saloon League and to the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, a report for which the dry W. C. T. U. and the wet crusaders could be heard shouting with the same degree of fervor?

Thus a miracle was wrought! The impossible was found to be possible!

It is necessary to penetrate the deep mystery which enveloped the processes of the commission—its secret sessions, its long line of unmentioned witnesses, its tens of thousands of words of confidential testimony, its divisions and subdivisions—in order to understand how it happened. That mystery can now be dispelled and the inside story of that body's deliberations can be told.

We now know that the proceedings of the commission were marked by almost endless controversies, some of them of intense bitterness. Many of these controversies arose from the purpose, evident from the very outset, of Chairman Wickersham to force a recommendation for further trial of prohibition. We know, again, that members of the commission suspected and resented the unremitting White House pressure to the same end. And we know that there were passionate pleas for compromise that would avoid a majority report flatly condemning prohibition as unenforceable.

THE story as it is now unfolded also accounts for the fact that the so-called conclusions of the commission are so widely at variance with the individual views of a majority. It exposes the motives behind the much-advertised Dennison-Sawyer special investigation. It shows how valueless that investigation proved to be, just as it shows the one-sided character of that part of the commission's record which was sent to the Senate and which some day will be printed as a public document.

Again, there is a chapter that can now be revealed of espionage practiced upon individual members of the commission, greatly hampering them in their work. The same espionage furthermore seems to have extended to many of the special investigators, making it difficult to get the truth from these employees. There was discord on the part of the staff, first to last. One result of that discord was the unexplained resignation of Max Lowenthal, the original secretary of the commission.

When the Wickersham Commission was organized it received no instruction from President Hoover to concern itself specifically with the question of prohibition. It was directed to comprehend all phases of crime, delinquency, court congestion, law enforcement, and what not, but was asked to pronounce no judgment whatever upon the liquor problem as such. This, moreover, in spite of the fact that the country was more deeply concerned over prohibition than all other questions of lawlessness combined, and in spite of the further fact that Congress appropriated the original $250,000 for the commission's use with the plain understanding that prohibition would be dealt with fully and frankly.

This crossing of wires forced the commission to make its first important decision. The question was whether there should be a special investigation of prohibition and a special report based upon that investigation. Although there was a sharp division on that issue, it did not take long to find that a clear majority of the commissioners were determined to go into the liquor question. Immediately that determination was made, prohibition overshadowed all other matters both inside and outside the commission.

This led to the second question: whether the commission should conduct open or closed hearings. At first some of the members took the position that the commission should proceed with its investigation with the doors flung wide. They argued with effect that the country was entitled to hear every witness. A majority took that view in the beginning, but most of them changed their minds as the inquiry proceeded.

Acme-P. & A. photo

The Wickersham Commission—officially, the National Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement —poses for its picture on the White House lawn, with President Hoover and Attorney-General Mitchell. From left to right, those seated are Roscoe Pound, Miss Ada L. Comstock, the Attorney-General, the President, Chairman George W. Wickersham, and William S. Kenyon. Standing are Kenneth Mackintosh, Monte M. Lemann, Paul J. McCormick, William I. Grubb, Frank J. Loesch, Newton D. Baker, and Henry W. Anderson.

These commissioners found that they could not get the whole truth about prohibition in open hearings, that propagandists would monopolize such hearings, that axgrinders by the score would be on hand; but that the men who had the low-down on conditions from the speakeasy to the rum ring would not testify publicly. Many would have incriminated themselves; others would have incriminated their associates and endangered their own lives.

It was after the seal of secrecy was set upon the hearings that the startling truth about the failure of prohibition to prohibit was laid bare. Not until men themselves deep in the illicit business, or in daily contact with it, accepted immunity and privately exposed its power and ramifications—not until then did the commissioners realize the vast sweep of the liquor problem.

These hearings were rigidly star-chamber. No stenographer was present, no clerk, no attaché of high or low degree. No record was kept beyond the confidential notes of one or two of the commissioners. The name of no witness was divulged. No reference was made in the final report that might in any sense identify witnesses.

J. Frederick Essary

the author of this article, is the veteran Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun. He is a past president of the Gridiron and National Press clubs, and has several books to his credit.

Some of the facts testified to at these executive sessions are now known, however. Individual commissioners recall and recite them but without revealing by so much as a hint the sources from which they came. A few of these facts will serve as samples of the information upon which the findings of the commission were based.

A bootleg industry of staggering proportions has been built up throughout the country, according to this confidential testimony. Its capital resources are enormous. It operates from coast to coast and in every state. Its organization is all-embracing. It starts with expert buyers in foreign markets, and included in its set-up are fleets of rumrunning ships, bases of operations along both seaboards, warehouses, railroad and motor transport services, local distribution centers, with countless salesmen, lawyers for defense purposes, pay-off men in every locality, fixers, and the rest.

The commissioners were aghast when they heard this phase of the story unfolded, and many of them became convinced that no prohibition enforcement organization had been or could be created that could cope with an industry so powerfully intrenched.

Other witnesses testified to the colossal growth of the domestic distilling industry. Whereas in the beginning of prohibition most of the illicit goods came from abroad or from bonded warehouses, now the bulk of the whisky consumed in many states is made by literally thousands of moonshine distillers. And without an army of prohibition agents in every state no headway can be made against these domestic producers.

Still other witnesses dealt with the diversion of alcohol for beverage purposes. In spite of government reports to the contrary, this business has continued to expand until it rivals in some respects domestic whisky distilling. No business is more profitable. For example, the commission was told of one man who purchased a carload of pure alcohol for $11,000. He paid a railroad car inspector $1,000 to put sand in the axle boxes of the car. They became hot in no time and the car was shoved on a siding. There it was unloaded, and the goods were distributed and sold. On that one transaction the owner of the carload made a profit of more than $200,000 and retired from business.

From other witnesses the commission heard that in one state signs have been placed along the roadside by state officials to warn motorists to beware of trucks de-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

BLOWING THE LID OFF THE WICKERSHAM REPORT
Continued from page fifteen

livering liquor and running without lights. One Anti-Saloon League official frankly said the enforcement campaign was losing ground every month. Federal judges and United States attorneys testified that prosecutions in their jurisdictions had not made a dent upon the unlawful liquor business.

When, after months of investigation, these and hundreds of other similar facts had come to light, the commission was confronted with the third and most important of all the questions it had faced. Should it stand for further trial under a reorganized enforcement system, or should it boldly propose either outright repeal or some revision of the Eighteenth Amendment?

That is the question which split the commission wide open and kept it split. Around it centered not one but a score of acrimonious disputes. Charges were made across the conference table, for example, that over a period of weeks, even months, individual members had been spied upon, their desks rifled, transoms removed from the doors of their offices, and other indignities practiced upon them.

Other charges made were that members were not permitted to confer among themselves at commission headquarters without being subjected to espionage; that often they had to meet secretly in hotel rooms or in Washington clubs in order to insure privacy, and that, under conditions that had prevailed, the commission in no sense could be regarded or regard itself as a deliberative body.

NEXT WEEK—

THE POPE and MUSSOLINI

By

Richard Washburn Child

former United States
Ambassador to Italy

Again, it was charged that an obvious frame-up prevented individual commissioners from having free access to the findings of expert investigators; that the commission as a whole was not consulted regarding the line certain of these investigators were to develop; and that, in particular, Henry S. Dennison, an ardent dry manufacturer of Massachusetts, and Albert E. Sawyer, a law clerk in Chairman Wickersham's New York office, had been directed without the commission's approval to prepare a special report which would absolutely vindicate prohibition, both in principle and in practice.

These charges were aimed for the most part directly at Chairman Wickersham himself. Throughout all the earlier proceedings his self-assertiveness had convinced most commissioners of a determination to dominate the commission and, if possible, to dictate its recommendations. Then information reached individual commissioners that Mr. Wickersham was in frequent conference with the President, always without public notice. And then Mr. Hoover took the exact line in his prohibition message to Congress that Chairman Wickersham had taken in his conference arguments and later in his individual statement of views.

THE burden of the arguments was against any condemnation of prohibition as unenforceable without a further trial. Mr. Wickersham contended that since the induction of Mr. Hoover into office March 4, 1929, conditions had steadily improved and he believed they would continue to improve under the Mitchell-Youngquist-Woodcock enforcement régime. The answer made to that argument was that the records did not bear it out.

Chairman Wickersham, going still further, held out stoutly against a majority proposal either for revision or repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. We now know that any such proposal would have deeply embarrassed the President. There seems to be no doubt that long ago he resolved to stand against any tampering whatever with the amendment. Even so, he appointed this commission for the apparent purpose of giving him a prohibition policy. And if that body by a clear majority had recommended blotting the amendment from the Constitution, or even rewriting it, he would have been faced with the alternatives of repudiating his own commission or accepting a proposition that might affect his whole political future.

Members of the commission, looking back upon their long year's struggle with the liquor problem, are convinced that the Wickersham battle for further trial was motivated solely by a desire to give the President a report which would square with the latter's preconceived prohibition policy.

It was at that final stage that Mr. Wickersham found, after polling his associates, that he had lost his fight for further trial. A majority were for change. The chairman's back was to the wall. He could not count upon more than two members to go along with him.

AT that point Chairman Wickersham asked the commissioners to subscribe to a number of conclusions which would be appended at the end of a 60,000-word report. These conclusions, as the country now knows, were all on the side of further trial. Then, realizing that no less than seven of the eleven commissioners would not support these conclusions *in toto*, the chairman proposed further that each dissenter prepare and publish his or her own individual views, the same to become a part of the report itself.

The amazing thing is that ten of the eleven commissioners agreed to that program. Monte Lemann alone refused to be a party to it. Although the ten agreed, there is much confusion in the minds of many members as to the understanding that was reached with Mr. Wickersham regarding the method of issuing the report.

These members insist that it was never intended that the twelve Conclusions and Recommendations to which the ten names were signed should be reprinted as a separate document and inserted, loose-leaf, in the bound volume. They contend that it should have been at the very end of the report—where it was, in fact, printed a second time. In lifting these recommendations from their proper setting, however, and in giving them first to the press, which in turn flashed them to the country, minus the wet reservations, somebody is held to have been culpable indeed. There are no less than half a dozen commissioners who assert as much.

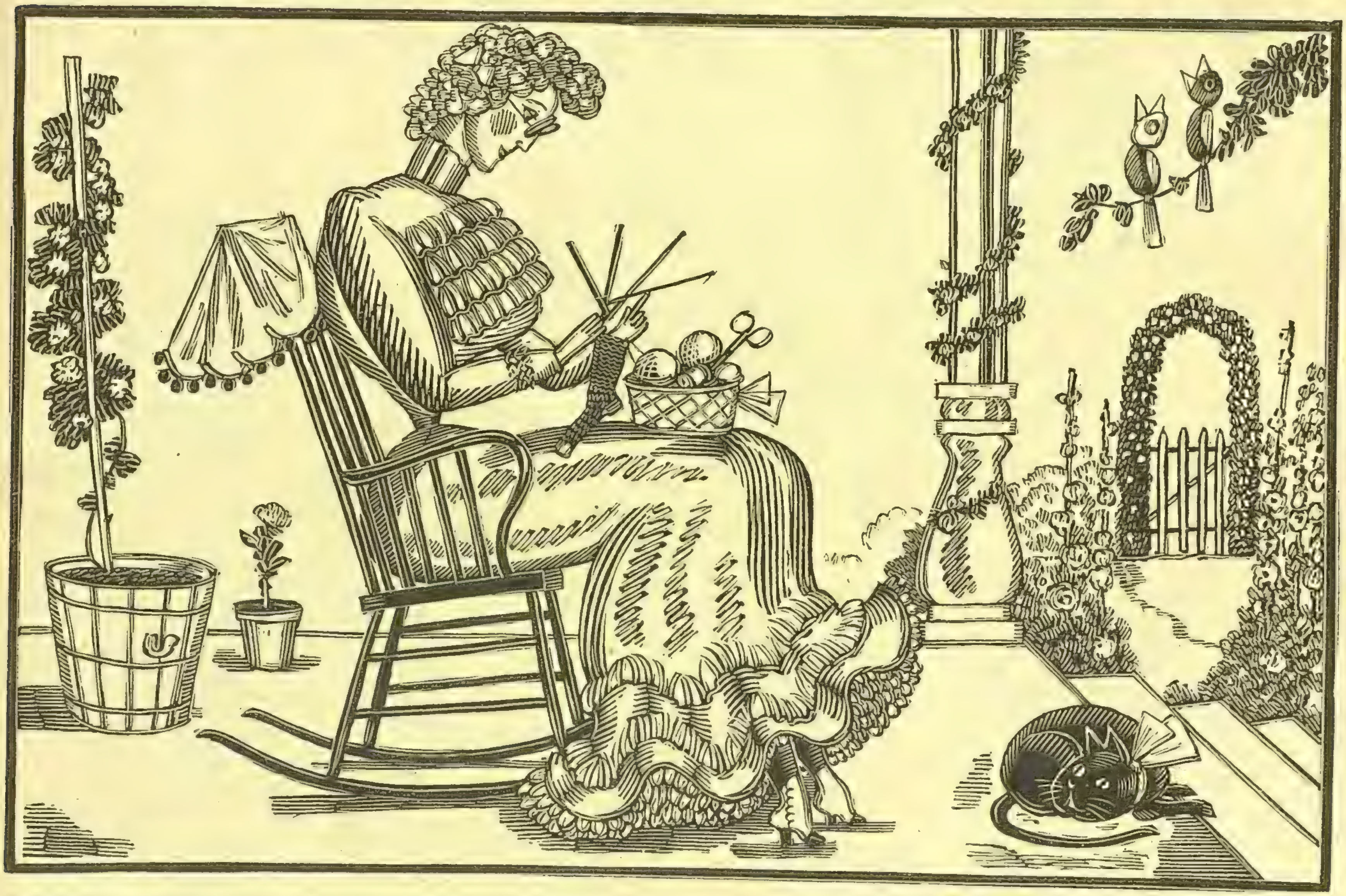
But that was not the only move that has been branded as deliberately designed to undermine the sincerity of the commission's report. The Dennison-Sawyer survey episode must be related in that connection. These men, avowed drys, were engaged by Chairman Wickersham without consultation with other commissioners. Again and again preliminary findings were challenged as to accuracy by members of the commission. But when certain of the commissioners came to have reason to believe that the Dennison-Sawyer report was being doctored, just before being printed, in order that it might serve as an effective dry answer to the wet views of these commissioners, there was an explosion. Incensed members of the commission gave notice that if the outrage should be perpetrated they would publicly denounce it. The outcome was that the dry document stood as originally drafted.

When the Tydings resolution passed the Senate calling for all the reports and other documents upon which the commission had based its findings, Chairman Wickersham bundled up such of the papers in the case as were available and dumped them into the lap of the Senate. But these papers in almost every instance were prepared by defenders of prohibition or its enforcement processes. They did not include the testimony which had been received in confidence, and of which no record had been kept.

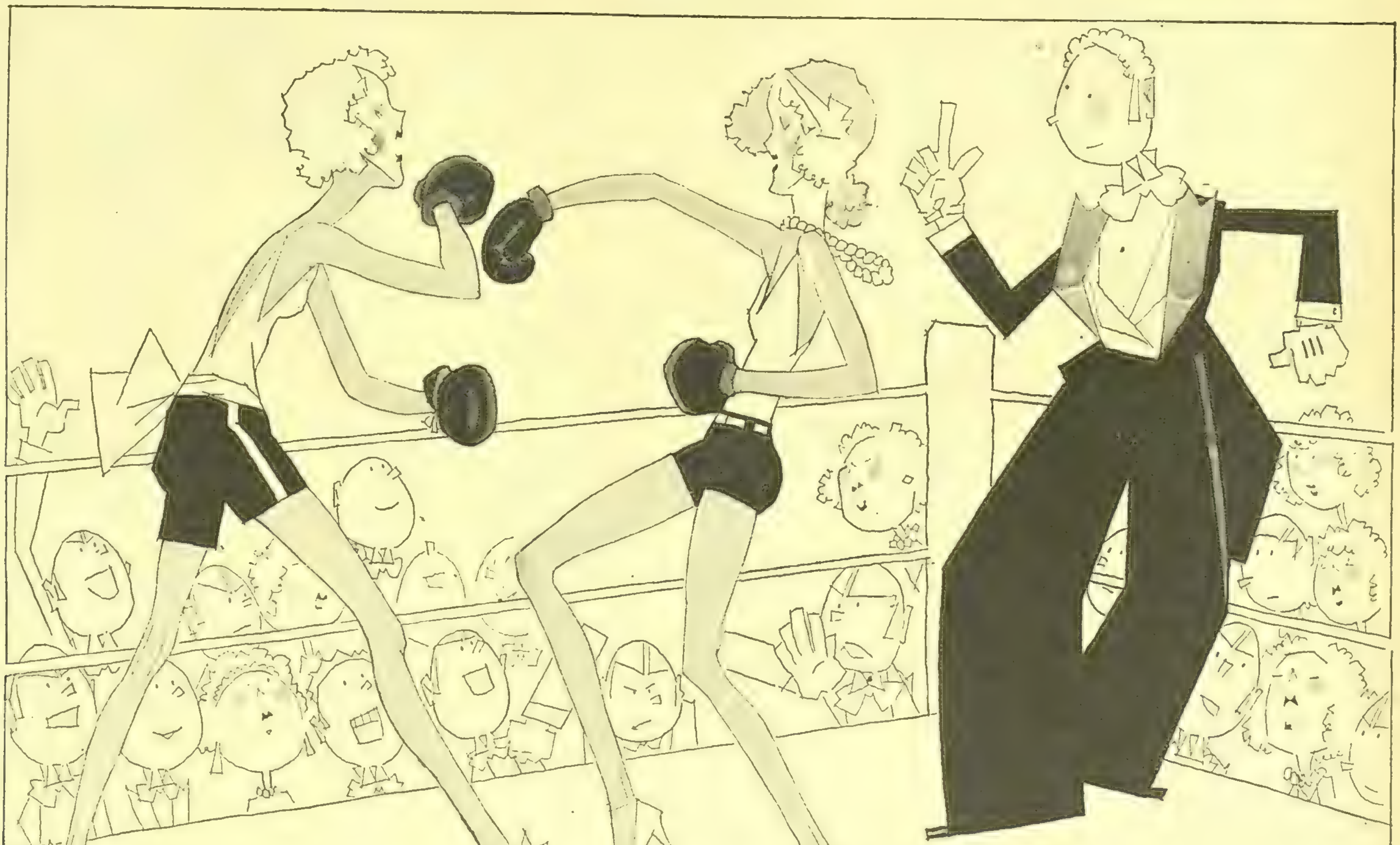
Be that as it may, if the commission, as a whole or by majority action, had stood with positive conviction on one side or the other of the prohibition question, it would now be enjoying far greater public esteem.

THE END

CIVILIZATION'S PROGRESS *by* John Held, Jr.



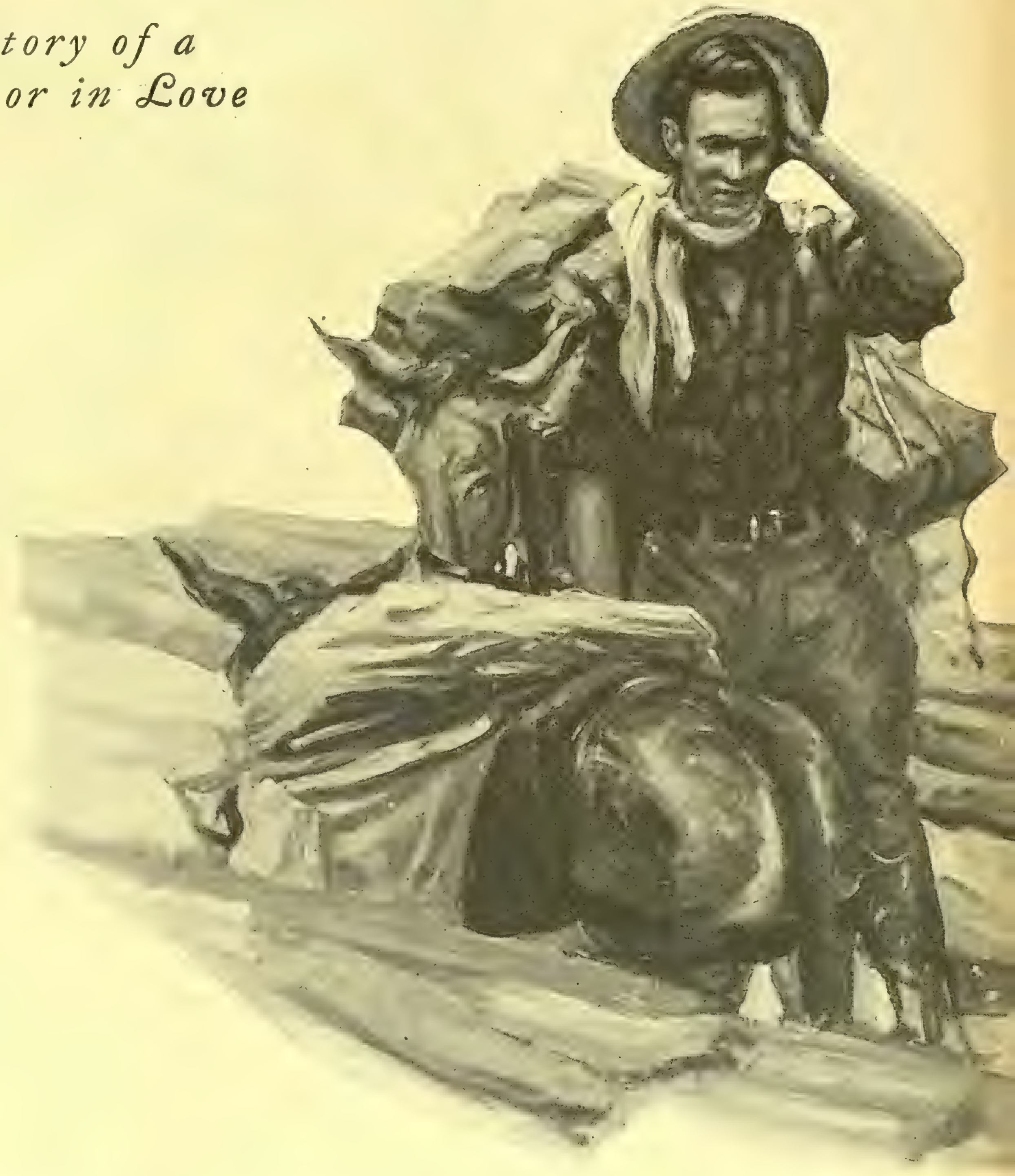
Exercise of Our Grandma's Time



Exercise of the Present-Day Mama

MALCOLM

The Story of a Prospector in Love



(*Reading time: 24 minutes 12 seconds.*)

"OH, there you are, you big joker!" Malcolm Gregory addressed the sun grimly as it showed around a jut of granite. Then persuasively to his mount, "Come on, Electra. Move, toddle, proceed."

He thwacked the burro soundly. Electra laid her ears back and reached for a tuft of grass slightly over the rim of the precipice that sheered down from the trail. The trail was a narrow ledge winding against the upper cliff towers of Eagle Mountain.

Exasperation had replaced the light of high adventure in the young man's quizzical blue eyes. "Go straight toward the afternoon sun," the outfitter at Oakville had directed, "up Eagle Mountain, and down the other side, and you'll come out of the big range above Borgia Lake. Cleft Hill is right next it. You can't miss it. Mind, now, straight at the sun."

Three hours of this now, a slowly shifting panorama of what seemed to Malcolm Gregory the whole range of the Rockies, with the sun jumping at him from every point of the compass, and Electra, the amazon of the two pack mules, indulging her delightful caprices of digression.

A half mile back Malcolm had shifted the larger burro's packs to the more docile Toby and mounted in their place as a final desperate measure to keep the caravan going.

"Hey, you—back up! Back up, I say!" But Electra did not go in reverse worth a cent.

Malcolm leaned rigidly against the nether part of his nag. If he whacked her she would likely bound over the edge. Even if he tried to dismount, it might imperil her footing and hurtle them both downward. A colorful opinion of the donkey and her kind back through their ancient lineage launched vibrantly in the clear air.

The novitiate muleteer was so busy with his thesis that he did not hear the slow pad of hoofs beyond a curve of trail. At the very peak of his eloquence a horse and rider appeared around the tower of rock. The rider was a slight young lady with a modish sage-green riding suit, sun-colored hair, and amused gray eyes.

That was all that Malcolm had time to catalogue. For Electra, in one of her charming whimsies, pulled back from the precipice, trotted to the narrowest part of the ledge, nosed against the granite wall, and stood.

He had made a fine spectacle of himself, Malcolm thought savagely. He unfolded to the ground and lifted his hat.

"I'm sorry to jam up the trail—I'll pull her aside. Get up, Electra! Come, move, you beast!" He tugged at the bridle, but the donkey still shouldered the wall, bracing her hind feet farther out in the narrow path.

"I'll lead it back to a wider place," Malcolm assured earnestly. But the burro would not lead, drive, shove, or budge. The man tilted his hat back, letting a lock of brown hair down over his forehead. His tanned face was flushed with chagrin. Some factor in the girl's solemnity flustered him. She might have been listing him as a particularly diverting specimen in a private collection of baffled mule drivers.

"If you'll push her flat against the wall I think I can get by. Burros won't take the outside on a narrow pass."

Malcolm's exasperation shed from him. What if there was a lilt of amusement in the voice? It made the sunlight dance around him.

Gallantly he undertook to flatten Electra against the cliff, but she sturdily resisted flattening.

"'She turns not on Paso del Mar,'" the young lady misquoted, backing her horse gingerly.

No sooner had horse and rider vanished around the rock tower than Electra trotted after them. They had drawn up in a wider space.

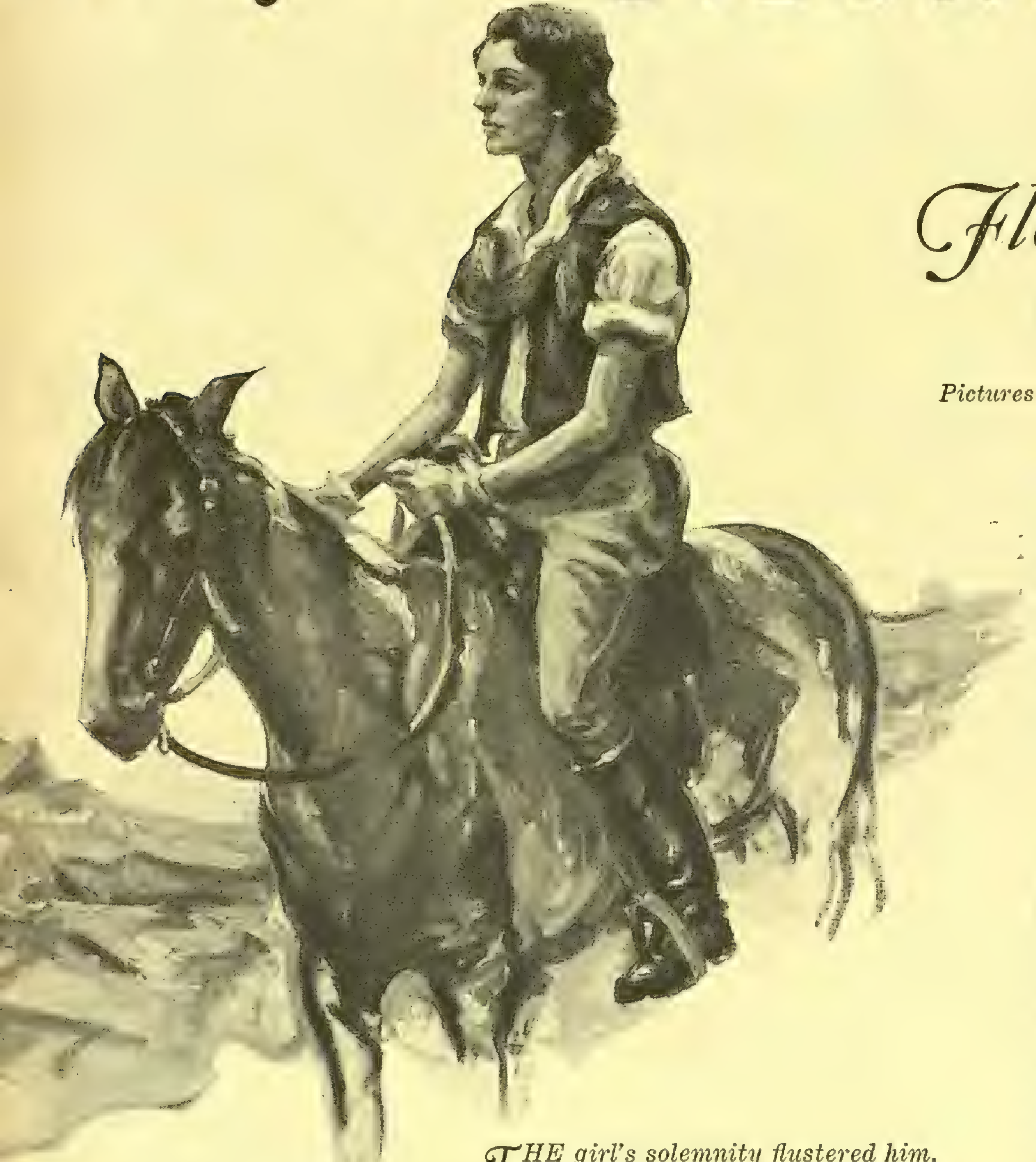
"Here I caused a stampede and lost you a lot of time

Buys a *Mountain*

By

Florence D. Welch

Pictures by Mortimer Wilson, Jr.



THE girl's solemnity flustered him. She might have been listing him as a diverting specimen in a private collection of baffled mule drivers.

when you're probably trying to get somewhere before dark," the amused lilt greeted.

"Not a bit of it. Stampeding is the way we proceed. When dark comes I'll camp right there, if it's wide enough. I'm headed for Cleft Hill to do a little prospecting. My name's Gregory. Malcolm Gregory. From St. Louis."

"Five of the items—check. But you're headed away from Cleft Hill toward Eagle Rest." In reply to his glanced question, "Eagle Rest is the home of Señor Juan, who owns the mountain."

"ONE of the paths that forked off back yonder must be the main trail—they didn't look much used, though. I'd better turn back" said Malcolm, going ahead as straight as the twisting ledge permitted.

"If you'd like to go on with me to Eagle Rest and ask which path to take—"

This suited Malcolm utterly. And then if she rode back with him to wherever she had been going—it would probably be miles and miles there. Everything was, out in this country.

"Do you live on the mountain?" he ventured.

"Yes." And as in simple explanation, "I'm Janet Gorham."

The next sharp angle of the trail revealed a valley cove reaching distantly into the mountain, its comparatively flat acres a leisurely, landscaped park. A hundred yards back from an iron fence that confronted them, a long, low house of rubble masonry sketched its terrace from the precipice edge to a stilted garden.

Janet puckered her brow thoughtfully. "Do you talk Spanish?"

"Not a word. I'm sorry—"

"That's all right. I'll manage."

THE gate was opened by a swarthy denim-clad sentinel. Janet drove a Spanish sentence at him. Behind the man's careful impassivity there was a click of surprise. He nodded, slanting a suspicious look at her companion.

Near the house a brown lad trotted up to them, took possession of the horse and burros, and led them aside. Janet had tossed the same sentence at him. The boy grinned, appraising the stranger curiously.

On the garden end of the terrace a gaunt, white-haired man dozed over his newspaper. Almost before he roused, Janet hurried her formula of greeting at him. He stood up, tall and lean and ruddy-skinned, with belligerent blue eyes and humorous mouth.

"Señor Juan," she introduced, and pattered coaxingly in Spanish to their host. He eyed her with a flash of anger and a baffled resignation, replying tersely.

"He would be honored to have us sit down," Janet interpreted *ad lib.* "He will have tea and cake served."

"Hah!" snorted the señor unexpectedly.

"He has spied the mules," Janet contrived easily. "Señor Juan *no quiere* mules."

A rumble of dissent from the older man.

"He says he has been convicted of horse-stealing, arson, bootlegging, and murder, but has never been guilty of owning a burro," Janet romanced lightly.

"Wise old boy!" commented Malcolm.

A sharp query from Señor Juan.

"Oh, him?" Janet replied in Spanish. "I found him doing tricks on one of the burros at Narrow Pass. Of what talent! And modesty!"

A Mexican youth pulled up a wicker table and set a tray on it. Malcolm watched Janet's dainty serving contentedly. He could even bring himself to drink tea,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MALCOLM BUYS A MOUNTAIN
Continued from page nineteen

strong black tea with milk in it. He spared admiring glances at his cantankerous host. There was something adamant about Señor Juan, like the stark granite of the mountain.

"All the days a new prank!" the señor reproached Janet testily.

"Señor Juan wonders if you're on your way to a rodeo," Janet translated for Malcolm, gazing innocently at the burros.

"That's a nice one!"—indignantly. "Even if I am eating his cakes, I'd like to tell the old goat it's none of his emphatic business." Señor Juan made a strangled noise with his tea. "But to you—I'm going to take a fling at a lost vein of gold in Cleft Hill. My uncle made a strike there years ago. The lode quit at its widest part where the hill is cut through, and he never found where it took up again. It's called Jim Gregory's Perdido Mine."

"Jim Gregory!" exclaimed Señor Juan, without a hint of accent except a richness of *r*s.

"Now, now, did you not promise to be a no-savvying grandee?" Janet wheedled him in Spanish. "He is my quarry, a handsome Kilkenny lad, eh? And thinks he's a prospector, heaven help him!"

"Nephew of Jim Gregory!" the señor mused in his no-savvying jargon, scanning the young man with warmed consideration. "But of other sort. Jim Gregory was a true *buscador*. We made our gold strikes on the same saint's day and fought our first and last fight that night. *Dios*, that was a fight! I never had a better friend after that than Jim Gregory."

"Funny, isn't he?" Janet commented to Malcolm, indicating Señor Juan with a discreet motion of her cup. "He'll pounce on an English phrase and say it over and over like that—Jim Gregory, Jim Gregory. Licks it as though it were a lollipop."

"*Diablos!*" warned the outraged señor. "How you make a head swim! A little more and I'll—" hesitating helplessly.

"Hear that?" Janet queried the young man anxiously. "A little more and he'll drop me over the edge of the mountain."

"The dickens he will!" Malcolm set down his cup sharply. "A pleasant old party!"

"After all, it is his mountain," Janet sighed. "But, goodness knows, I don't take up much room on it."

"I'll come back this way and buy it from him. I'd like to do a little dropping myself—ever since he made that crack about a rodeo—"

Janet was busy parrying an outburst from the señor.

"Señor Juan suggests with his most charming solicitude that you had better start on if you want to reach a good camping place before dark. Take the left fork back yonder. No, I'd better stay here and hold him until you're out of sight."

FLORENCE D. WELCH

who was born in Illinois and says she spent eight glorious years in the Southwest, the locale of this story. She is married, has a young daughter, and lives in New York.

"I caught the tone of his solicitude! But thank him for the tea and cake, will you?" Slowing his words to draw out her friendly handclasp, "You've been mighty good to me. I won't forget it. You haven't told me where you live. I want to hunt you out when I come back this way. May I?"

"If you cross Eagle Mountain you can't miss me. I'll be riding around on it as usual, unless hisself drops me off."

"Let him try it!" protectively.

THE men bowed to each other, two pairs of imaginative blue eyes meeting in half-admiring challenge. The Mexican boy brought the mules. As Malcolm led them out of the gate he heard Señor Juan's hearty chuckle.

"If he were not an old chap I'd go back and take a punch at him for that," Malcolm fumed.

"If you had let me speak God's language I could have told the young ape he's wasting his time," Señor Juan was grumbling at the moment. "It's likely he'll find a gold lode that old Jim Gregory missed!"

"Of course you could have and would have, *padre mio*, and it would have discouraged a mighty adventurer somethin' awful. That's why we all decided to make it a cozy little Spanish afternoon. And besides, this way I've collected a fine champion. He's no end of sorry for me."

As the ledge curved, Malcolm glanced back. Janet had taken her hat off. Her hair was bright against the sun, her eyes lingering after him. He strode on buoyantly.

Before noon the next day he came out of the big peaks above Borgia Lake. There was no mistaking it. A stout fence of unsplit rails barred off its turbid poisonous water. To the left of it rose the steep sides of Cleft Hill, forming a short dry gorge.

It took three hours of winding downward to reach the gorge. Against the east wall of it piled the tailings of the abandoned mine. Not far from it, a trickle of clear water came from a crevice in the rock, as Jim Gregory's notes had promised. The opposite bluff, tilted askew, rose seventy feet away. Scars of the fruitless search defaced this cliff in which the Perdido lode was due to continue.

Malcolm regarded it confidently. This gold-hunting, undertaken more or less desultorily and with considerable self-spoofing, had become an earnest matter. He was twenty-six years old, he needed to settle definitely at some venture—and he had met Janet Gorham.

He identified the old camp site in a sheltered angle, opened the packs, and set up a small tent.

AT each sunup he rolled from his blankets, cooked bacon and meal cakes over a popping fire, and set out in search of the elusive vein. Sometimes he walked past the bluff, lured by a squirrel's chatter, a new bird note, the way a hillside caught the light. He would pull himself back, study the position and trend of the old mine, the twist and tilt of the opposite rock, cast his amateur theories, and hack the bluff indefatigably.

He worked long hours, gouging each quartz vein deep into the rock, and returned to camp at dusk, aching with fatigue.

After supper, as the fire died down, Malcolm rolled in his blankets outside the tent and watched the stars ride over. Electra and Toby snoozed and snuffled in their shelter of pine boughs. Coyotes barked distantly.

Borgia Lake proved a decided nuisance. Horses sniffed the water from afar and swung that way with their riders. Malcolm would have liked to keep his unskilled prospecting more private. The attitude of these chance visitors ranged from politely restrained amusement to outright jeers.

"Every soft-head in the country has took a turn at huntin' that vein," one raw-boned invader exaggerated. "I hold there ain't such a vein. Gold's got to quit somewheres—stands to reason. I wish this lake was in blazes. Fetches you up here for nothin' and it's all you're worth to get a hoss away from it."

"What kind of poison is in it?" Malcolm repeated his worn question. He had asked it more and more insistently of each passer-by. No one seemed to know—or care. "Maybe something could be done to overcome it."

"Naw—either a thing's poison or it ain't. This here is. Nobody knows what kind it is; only it killed a lot of cattle before they put up this fence," ambiguously.

At sunset the turbid water took on a sinister glow. Malcolm would contemplate it moodily. "Water in lake poisonous. Don't use," Jim Gregory's notes had listed, and dismissed the matter.

One night, after he had rolled in his blankets, Malcolm got up and went poking about the camp in the wan moonlight. He came upon a small glass screw-top jar, the only one he had had in his pack.

He climbed the sturdy fence, scooped the jar full of lake water, and fastened the top securely.

In the morning he wrapped the jar in mountain grass and a square of canvas cut from the tent flap, addressed it for mailing, and hoped for a chance messenger. It was several days before a rider passed bound for Elkton, the nearest town, twenty miles distant on the plain below.

Having unloaded this enigma, Malcolm settled to the search for the Perdido vein. He jabbed the steep side of the hill determinedly, striving to keep his interest from excursioning to every stick and stone his eye lighted on. When any specimen engaged his curiosity too much, he bundled it up and sent it by random messenger to be mailed at Elkton. This passed on the burden of conjecture.

The suspicion that he was engaged on a wild-goose chase prickled him. What a fatuous idiot he must have appeared to Janet Gorham, trudging along with his sorry pack mules, bound for the end of a rainbow!

One evening he slumped into camp and dropped down wearily. His face took the drawn look and his shoulders the droop of the typical lode miner. His provisions were nearing an end.

One evening at dusk his pick brought out a cube of yellowish ore. It glittered knowingly as he turned it in his hands. With a whoop of triumph, Malcolm made for the camp.

He took time to devour the last of the food, brought the mules from their tether on a grassy slope, strapped on the empty saddlebags, and set off down the lower hills for Elkton.

All night his little caravan pottered in and out the foothills and across the treeless plain in the starlight.

It seemed to Malcolm that the town would never wake up. He had stabled the burros, routed out an early breakfast at the hotel, turned in his order of supplies at a general store.

With still a half hour to fill in before the bank opened, he sauntered over to the post office to see if there was any mail for him.

A small packet of letters was handed him through the general-delivery window. All of them bore a return address of the college from which he had miraculously graduated a few years ago in spite of devious meanderings from the main track. Replies to his queries! He took the letters out in the Courthouse Square near by and sat down on a bench in the sun. The first letter identified a cluster of miniature glassy prisms as rock crystal, an ordinary quartz. Malcolm mulled the point contentedly. Rock crystal. So that's what it was!

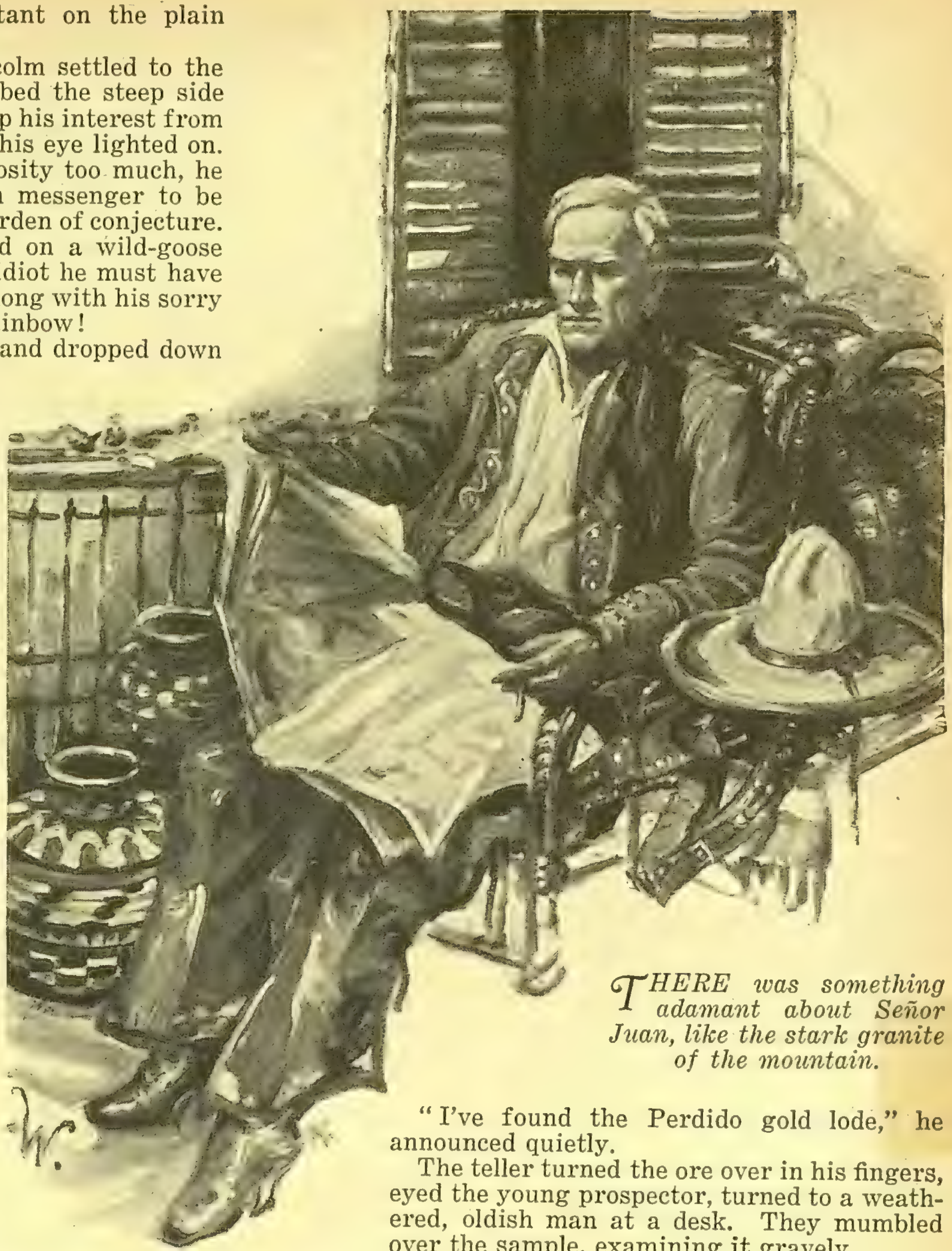
A lusterless tawny stone was plain flint, the mottled green rock was an agate. The chalky substance was a clay used in making porcelain; this had passed a poor firing test. The grayish lump was bauxite, a source of aluminum; the specimen was an indifferent grade. Just missed a chance to get dishes and pans out of the same hill!

He opened another letter expectantly. He was having a great time. All he had to do was ask a question and some more knowing chap came right up with the answer.

THIS was about the Borgia Lake sample. Say—there was everything in that water! A list of double-jointed, jaw-cracking terms and cryptic symbols followed. Any one of those might kill a cow! At last, some honest-to-goodness words: potash, soda ash, arsenic, bromide—here it plunged off into more obscure terms—various commercial alkalis and salts valuable in the industries. No suggestion was made about unpoisoning the lake. Too bad!

Malcolm tucked his letters away.

The lifting of a heavy blue shade in the bank window brought him up. He crossed over and waited interminably until the door opened. He found himself trembling with excitement as he passed the lump of ore through the teller's wicket.



THERE was something adamant about Señor Juan, like the stark granite of the mountain.

"I've found the Perdido gold lode," he announced quietly.

The teller turned the ore over in his fingers, eyed the young prospector, turned to a weathered, oldish man at a desk. They mumbled over the sample, examining it gravely.

"It's pyrite; false gold," the teller said reluctantly, handing the ore back through the wicket. "Iron pyrites—fool's gold, they call it. It's fooled plenty of prospectors. Mighty sorry."

Malcolm groped out the door and sagged aimlessly up the street.

He slumped down on the bench in the Courthouse Square. It was all up—all his fine hopes. The whole scheme was fatuous from the beginning. Wealth was not dug out of the earth in these days—that time was past. It was made in factories and things. He had monkeyed off into the mountains to keep from doing a foursquare, honest job; made a fine display of himself before Janet Gorham; put in months of absurd, grilling work. Petered out. Done for.

Not by a darn sight! He would go back and chop that cliff to pieces, dig up the gorge, dynamite the hills. Starting right now!

He strode down to the general store, collected his supplies, packed them on the burros, and set forth.

He had just left the edge of town behind him when an idle question that had been pricking the edge of his mind grew insistent. Just for instance, he'd like to find out who owned Borgia Lake and if they knew all the queer things ending in -um, -ate, and -ide that cluttered it. He turned back to town, left his steeds outside the square, and made for the Courthouse.

The lake, he learned, managed to corner on four parcels of land, one of which was the Jim Gregory claim. The others could be had for a somersault and the paying of back taxes. Malcolm took out the letter and reread it.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MALCOLM BUYS A MOUNTAIN
Continued from page twenty-one

Valuable commercial salts, used in the manufacture of glass and soap and explosives, in dyeing, bleaching, and printing, in medicine, photography, agriculture, and so on. Busy little lake!

By night Malcolm found himself in possession of it. He had invaded the bank again, endured the teller's what-next sort of look. The weathered banker lent a grudging stake: took the young prospector's personal note, his word, a trim little car stored back in Oakville, his frat pin, and a mortgage on the mules. And furnished the name of a Denver broker who might or might not bother to advise him.

The broker, on receipt of the laboratory report, bothered with alacrity.

By the end of August, Cleft Hill Camp could run three bridge games any evening with the engineers and chemists on hand. The days were full to the brim. Borings were made beneath the lake bed and surrounding land. The whole basin, of which the remaining lake was a small part, proved a deep pocket of the valuable deposits. A messenger wore a groove in the prairie shuttling between the camp and the Elkton post office with samples and appraisals. Malcolm was in his element. This question-and-answer business was his game.

In late October a syndicate took over the Borgia Lake basin for development, paying its quizzical owner a check that almost staggered him and pledging royalties that utterly did.

Malcolm wandered about in the autumn sunlight, glancing at the check occasionally. He tucked it in his shirt pocket, picked up a mica-glistening pebble, and wondered what it was. Tossed it away, suddenly made for the pine-bough stable, got out his faithful charges, packed his bed roll and a snack of food, and hoorayed good-by to the camp.

The mountains shifted back and forth ahead of him, keeping the same apparent distance for hours. Just as it began to look like a hopeless game of tag, he reached the foot of the big range. It was soft, pitch-black night, with the valley haze shutting out the stars. Malcolm tethered the burros and got his supper by the light of the fire.

UP by gray day and feeling his way cautiously. The sun came up, carved the ledge against the rock towers, dropping the mists to the deeper valleys. Far below, to the west, retreated the purplish lines of Cleft Hill.

"Thar's everything but gold in them hills!" Malcolm declared solemnly, and hunched on up the trail, yodeling exuberantly.

Where the paths finally converged, he stopped. Perhaps the best way to find Janet Gorham was to wait right here until she came along. She was bound to take one of these trails. He wished terrifically that he had brought more food. His whole snack had gone for supper, except a huge potato which he had roasted for breakfast. Nine hours ago. It was now 2 P. M.

After ten minutes Malcolm decided to take the path to Eagle Rest and, by hook, crook, or sign language, inquire where Janet Gorham lived.

The swarthy sentinel opened the gate hesitantly, his eyes beads of suspicion. At Malcolm's first onslaught of fragmentary speech and pantomime, the man backed away and slid into the shrubbery.

Malcolm ventured on up the drive. The brown boy padded forth.

"Listen. Where—Miss Gorham, Janet Gorham—live—where?" Malcolm inquired loudly, separating the words with great distinctness and doing extraordinary things with his hands and arms. "Gorham—Janet Gorham."

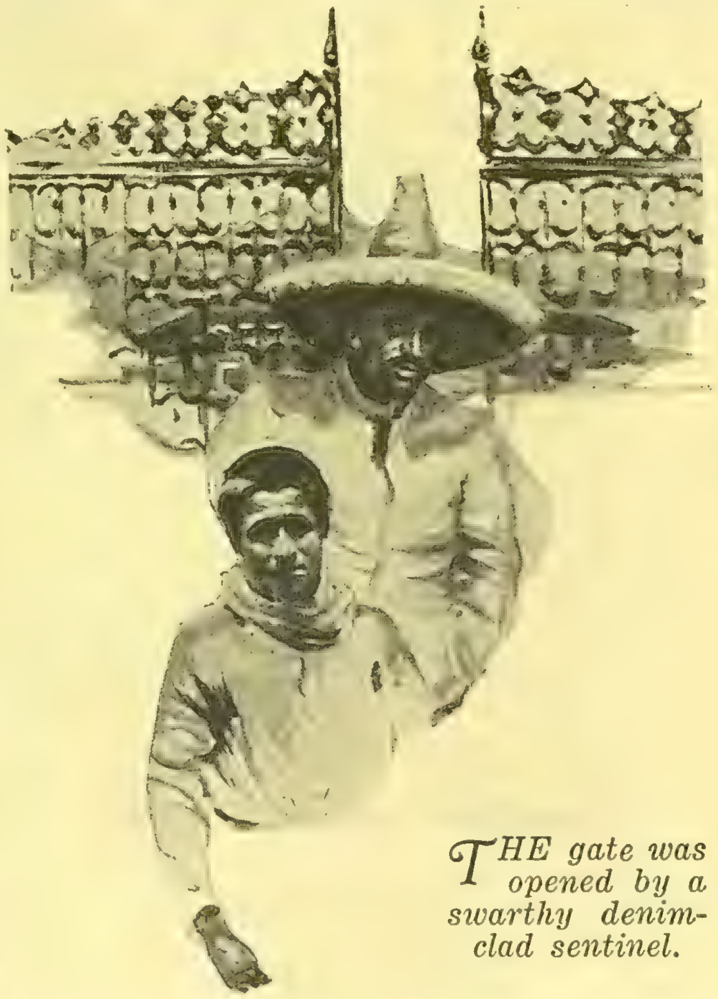
"Here," the boy replied wonderingly.

"Present!" called an amused voice. Janet stood in an open French window on the terrace, her eyes dancing at him. "I nearly missed roll call."

"This *is* luck, finding you here! I came to ask where you live."

The man towered over her in his shabby corduroys, the light of his biggest discovery in his wind-bronzed face. Janet was finer and more golden than he had remembered her.

"Let's sit over here in the sun," Janet suggested. "Señor Juan isn't here just now."



THE gate was opened by a swarthy denim-clad sentinel.

"I SEE—you're waiting for him." Malcolm dropped beside her on the edge of the flagstone terrace. "I didn't especially come to see the old scapegrace, anyhow."

"He's not a half bad old person. If you understood Spanish you'd have a better opinion of him. Simeon, bring some coffee and cakes," she called to a dark-skinned attendant who peered out the door.

"Not for me," Malcolm declined stoically, in spite of the remoteness of that breakfast potato. "How have things been with you?" he asked, marveling frankly over the girl's bright hair and faintly tanned smooth skin.

"Oh, so-so. It's awfully dull around here," looking contentedly away into the serene russet beauty of the park.

No wonder the poor youngster liked to come up here, Malcolm thought. The rest of the mountain was barren granite. He appraised the park covetously. It was the very sort of place she ought to have. It might have been made for her!

They talked of the most casual things, enveloping them in a nebula of understanding sympathy. Simeon brought a loaded tray and set it on the wicker table. It went unnoticed.

It was Señor Juan's growl from inside the house that smote at last across their absorption: "Now, where the divil's my pipe? I put a thing down, and again I want to lay hands on it, some meddlin' vixen's made off with it."

"Say—that old termagant talks English, after all!" Malcolm exclaimed, *sotto voce*.

"Depending on whether Irish is English," Janet soothed lightly.

"But when I was here before—"

"Oh, yes—we indulged his notion to talk Spanish, didn't we? It's his only parlor stunt. Picked it up in his prospecting days."

"Janet!" The robust growl mounted. "Up to your impishness again! Hid my pipe with the good cake and left me this blasted tongue-burnin' bauble!"

"I?" concernedly. "How tiresome of me! I just will do those little offhand things! The last time I smoked that pipe—"

"None o' that!" roared the señor, appearing in the door. "For a little I'd turn you over my knee—"

The girl appealed helplessly to Malcolm.

"Look here." He sprang up. "You can't talk to Miss Gorham like that!"

"The saints of hiven!" volleyed Señor Juan. "You young jackanapes, you'd be telling me how to talk, eh? I'm to mind how I speak to Miss Gorham—oh!"

He subsided in a chair, relaxing in genuine mirth.

"Come, we'll leave," Malcolm championed Janet protectively.

"But I kind of like it here. You know how it is—nice garden, big park"—wistfully.

"If you've ever thought of selling," Malcolm broached to the stunned owner, "I wonder—but of course you wouldn't—"

"A hundred thousand times the wan dollar you've got to your name, and you can take the whole mountain!" resoundingly.

"It's a sale," the other agreed quietly, getting out his much-fingered check and straightening it. Señor Juan was aghast.

"Don't drop him over the edge, Malcolm," Janet twinkled, leaning against the older man's shoulder and smoothing his white hair. "Such as he is, he's all the dad I have. Plain John Gorham, fancied up to a grandee by the Mexican so-called help."

"Well, I *have* done it!" Malcolm collapsed sheepishly. "Of course it's all off—that sale. It was for Janet, you see, if she wanted it. Why—I'm off my head about Janet, Mr. Gorham—and we've kind of got it made up to—you know—if you don't mind—"

"He's a fine, upstandin' lad," Janet pleaded. "*And* eloquent!"

"Have it your way. But heaven help his peace of mind! Don't say I never warned you, boy." John Gorham chuckled.

Malcolm pulled Janet down beside him on the bench.

"What I can't choke down is a youngster locatin' a gold vein that Jim Gregory missed," the old miner broke across their busy murmuring.

"Gold—little short word like that! Poof! Did you and Jim Gregory ever find potassium chloride, metaborates, arsenates, iodine, bromides? Worth a fortune, and right there under your nose!" Malcolm twitted.

John Gorham rubbed his head perplexedly. "I've been over ever' foot of those hills, and I never laid eyes on anything worth a plugged penny after the gold was gone."

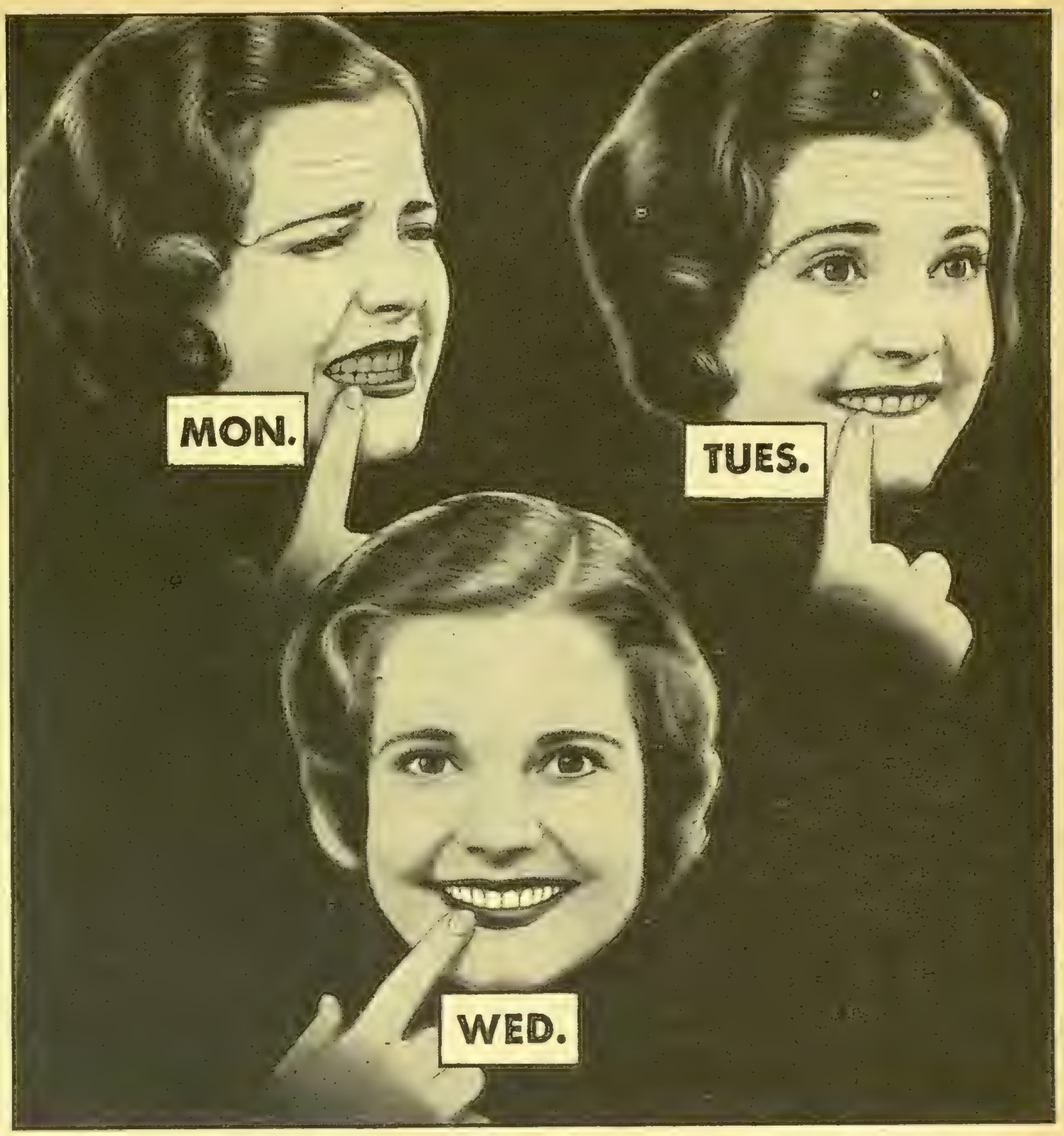
"Um-m. What do you suppose is in that Borgia Lake water?"

"Poison," came back promptly.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 12

1—William H. Taft's.
2—One that causes bleeding to stop.
3—A wig.
4—Richelieu, Act 2, Scene 2.
5—A division of animals containing all those having a backbone.
6—Montgomery, Alabama.
7—A eulogistic oration or writing.
8—Saint Luke.
9—From without.
10—The tear ducts.
11—Ares.
12—A hermit.
13—A geographical dictionary.
14—Treaty of Ghent.
15—Wellington.
16—A military post or fortified place.
17—The stitch by which parts of a wound are united.
18—Nearsightedness.
19—In the Andes Mountains in Ecuador.
20—At Bridges Creek, Virginia.



Now! We Want to Make Your Teeth 3 Shades Whiter in 3 Days!

LOOK at your teeth. What do you see? Ugliness? Stain? Discoloration that is not pleasant to look at? Science has discovered a simple technique that quickly removes all off-color, cleans teeth dazzling white—3 shades whiter in 3 days—and keeps away decay.

This technique, while having two to three times the cleansing power of old-fashioned methods, does what no ordinary toothpaste can do. It rids the mouth of millions of germs that sweep in with every breath and cause most tooth and gum troubles. That's the reason it makes teeth so clean and white—even teeth that have been yellow for years!

Just start brushing your teeth with this new technique—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, twice a day. Instantly you'll discover a difference. For when Kolynos enters the mouth it becomes an active, exhilarating foam that cleans out every pit, fissure and crevice and leaves the mouth refreshed.

According to tests this amazing Kolynos foam kills 190 million germs in the first 15 seconds and inhibits their growth for 3 full hours. It washes away ugly tartar and yellow, and stimulates the gum tissue.

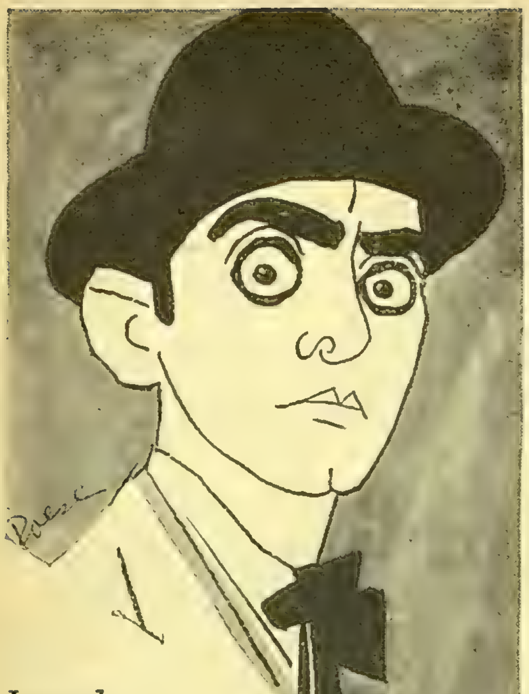
Thus, easily and quickly teeth are cleaned right down to the beautiful, natural white enamel without injury. They are kept sound.

Start using this Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique. In just 3 days you'll see how foolish it is to have dull, yellow teeth. Teeth will look whiter—3 shades whiter. Gums will feel firmer. Your mouth will feel clean and refreshed. Buy a tube of Kolynos today.

KOLYNOS
the antiseptic
DENTAL CREAM

Helping

A Famous Comedian Offers Some Suggestions to End the Depression



I need a cabinet. I could use Hoover's, but I want men who are funny consciously.

(Time: 9 minutes.)

PRESIDENT HOOVER has given us our first real hope for prosperity. He has started work on Europe so we can accomplish something here. Of course, we have to work fast, but for the time being the coast is absolutely clear, except for a few rum vessels.

Naturally, Cantor can't do it all himself. I need a cabinet too. I prefer a comedy cabinet. I could use Hoover's, but I want men who are funny consciously.

For Secretary of State—Will Rogers. If he arranged the moratorium, the Germans would know we're only kidding and that we really want the money.

For Secretary of the Treasury—George Jessel. Because he needs the money more than Mellon, and can he float loans!

For Secretary of the Interior—Chic Sales. Because he's a specialist in that field.

For Secretary of the Navy—Joe Cook. Because he builds the craziest things you ever saw without any appropriations.

For Attorney-General—The Four Marx Brothers. I know they could enforce Prohibition exactly as it's being enforced now. Even less.

For Secretary of War—Charlie Chaplin. He'd save the expense of an army because he could make people die laughing.

And for Secretary of Labor—My brother-in-law. Because he's 100% American. He hasn't worked in a year.

Besides, he has a real fine feeling about labor. The other day I asked him, "Why don't you do something? Why don't you at least take one hand out of your pockets while I'm talking to you?"

With such a cabinet I could do wonders. I'd restore immigration. Why should we suffer alone? Let others come over here and have the same opportunity.

It would help business. An immigrant arrives, he has to get a shave, a bath, and a new suit. Then he must buy a paper for a job and have fare to about eight places to be turned down. By that time he needs shoes, and two months later he needs shoes again. He keeps shaving, bathing, buying new clothes, and we make all that money on him while he keeps looking for a job and never gets it. Somebody has to look for a job. The natives have quit doing it long ago. And finally, when enough foreigners have come over here, we can go over there!

Another good plan is to recognize Russia. I know it's hard to recognize her now that she's shaved, but we must not forget that those communists have money.

They're different from our brand. Only the other day I passed Union Square and saw a local communist standing on the corner, hitting himself on the head with a club.

"What's the idea?" I asked him.

"I missed the last meeting," he explained.

The first thing the Soviet did to improve conditions was to change the calendar. Instead of saying November, 1929, which brings back fatal memories, they call it "the eleventh month of Lenin in the fourth year of Stalin." In the same way, we could say now, "the seventh month of hunger in the third year of Hoover."

The next thing the Russians did was to communize everything. A man bought a farm and the following day the government assigned him two hundred and fifty partners. A man married a woman and the following day—well, that's immaterial. Here we have free air, but in Russia they have free love. They know what to make free.

The Russians also introduced the Equal Division Plan, although it's really my idea. For instance, Flo Ziegfeld, George White, and Earl Carroll have a hundred and fifty girls among them, when all they need is three. So we let them have the three, and the rest we divide evenly among the members of the legislature.

Everything is divided equal. When there are so many spinsters, it's unfair that Peggy Joyce should have eight or nine husbands.

The Division Plan might not work out among the rich, because they have nothing left to divide. They were the hardest hit by the slump. I have studied the conditions of men like Rockefeller, Ford, Morgan, and Mellon, and it's really pathetic when you realize what the depression did to them.

MELLON is one of the saddest examples. He had four hundred million dollars when the slump began and now he has hardly three hundred and twenty-one million left. He had a crew of fifty-six on his yacht and was compelled to cut it down to forty-nine. He had seven homes and two castles, and now he has two castles and seven homes!

In the case of Ford the facts are even more appalling. Last year his personal income dwindled down to sixty-seven million dollars. After paying an income tax of twenty-five million dollars he had only forty-two million left to spend. If he didn't spend it, it would start to accumulate, and then where would he be?

When prosperity returns, it's only fair that these people should be allowed to recover first. And just because it's fair, that's what will probably happen.

Statistics show that if the big magnates ever got on their feet again and could give parties the way they used to, they'd immediately reëmploy 227 people throughout the land. This would be a great help in solving the unemployment problem.

Still, the depression has done some good. It stopped the farmers from crying for relief. They got frightened when they saw how the city folk were relieved.

Years ago, when a man was tired, he'd go to the country for a vacation. Now he goes down to his business and rests all the time.

The depression shortened marriages and courtships. A boy and girl used to go with each other till they both hobbled. Now they grab an ice-cream soda, quarrel, and get married.

The depression has changed the country's point of view:

Scotch jokes are now taken seriously and put into practice.

We have stopped pitying the Armenians.

We look forward eagerly to Rockefeller's dimes.

Out Hoover

By EDDIE CANTOR

Pictures by HERBERT F. ROESE

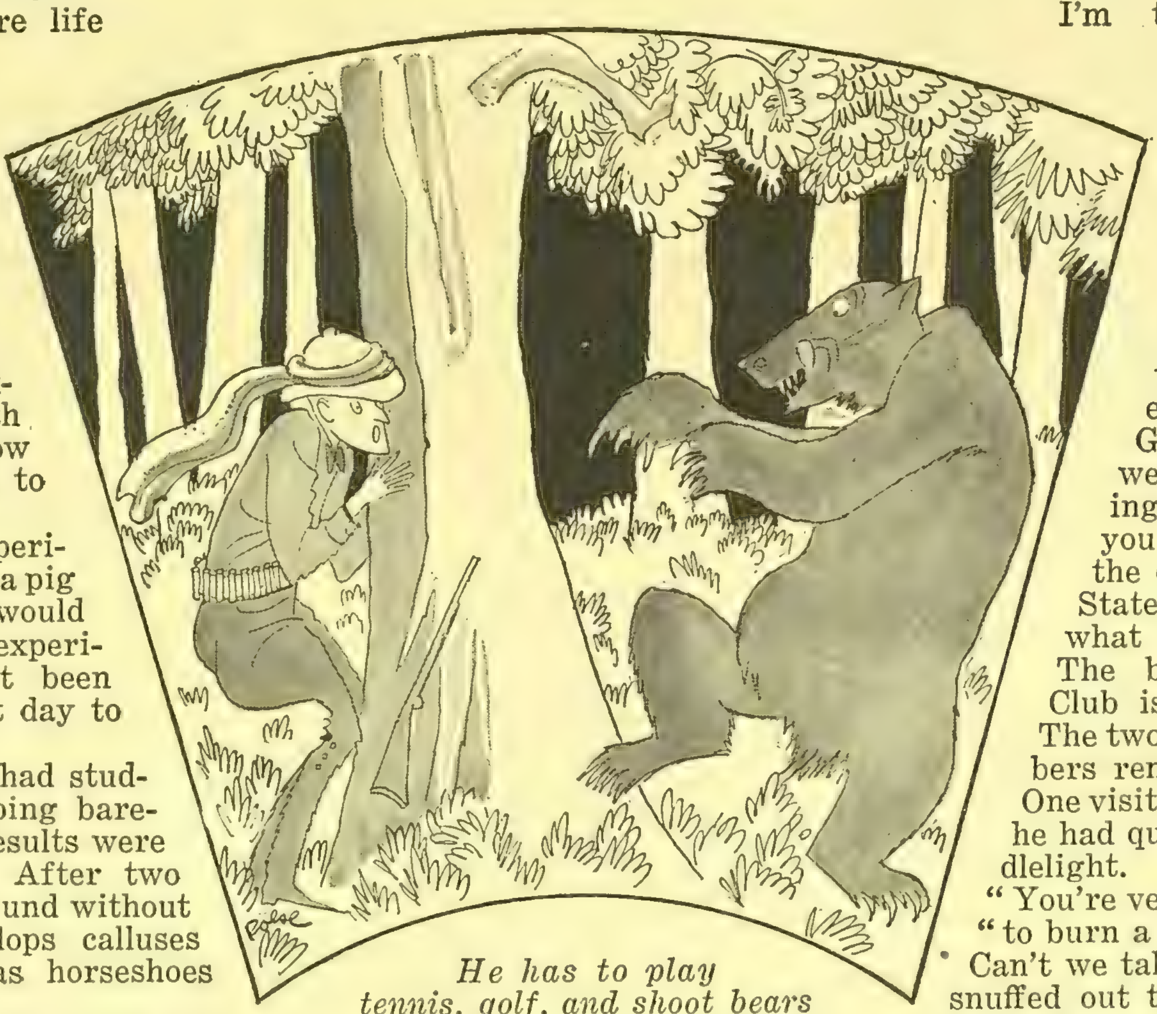
People used to rob banks. Now we're lucky when it isn't vice versa.

We found out what Coolidge was silent about all those years.

We found out what bankers meant by saying, "The turn is coming!" It's a trade expression for putting you on the rack and applying the thumbscrews till you turn.

We found out what Mellon meant when he said, "The country is on a solid foundation." It had to be. It hit rock bottom!

In the early days of the slump, my friends and I started a Depression Club. All the founders are life members. The club was such a success that there is now a branch in every city and we have a parent body called "The United Depression Society of America."



He has to play tennis, golf, and shoot bears so we can all get healthy.

At the last convention a hunger expert gave a talk with lantern slides on how little we have to eat to keep alive.

He had been experimenting with a guinea pig for several weeks and would have completed his experiments if he hadn't been obliged the very last day to eat the pig.

Another scientist had studied the effects of going barefoot. He said the results were very encouraging. After two years of walking around without shoes a man develops calluses that are as good as horseshoes and last a lifetime.

Other scientists discovered that certain vocational diseases develop from the depression. They exhibited people suffering from Pretzelitis—the shape they got into from sleeping on park benches with bars.

Our Club has many innovations that make the depression very pleasant. We have a Chief Worrier whose duty it is to worry for all the members. If your mortgage is due or you can't pay a note, you call him up in the middle of the night and he takes it to heart. He just tosses on his bed, can't sleep, takes aspirin, and looks haggard for you. We pay him in stocks, and that makes him worry more.

Since no member of the Depression Club can afford new clothes, we all chip in and dress up one man who is our Prosperity Impersonator. He is a fashion plate, and every member has a right to point to him and say, "He's wearing my clothes." We send him to night clubs, banquets, and arrange one-man picnics for him. We all need a vacation and we're sending him to take it. He has to play tennis, golf, polo, ride horseback, and shoot bears so we can all get healthy. Last year he got so sunburned that we all peeled.

Our meetings are very instructive. At a recent one I learned what to do with my stocks. One of our members, a noted banker, got up and said, "Look at me. I have a million shares of Financial Usetobe, two million shares of Knomore Steel, and three million shares of Goodbye Utilities. Do I despair? Not a bit! I put them away and forgot about them. Now I bought myself a brush and a pail of mucilage and I'm turning them into fly paper!"

Another member of the Club explained the difference between the old-fashioned panic and the modern slump. "In the good old panics," he said, "nobody had anything, but today everybody has nothing. Get it? The trouble is we live in a quick-changing age. I bet none of you even know what is the capital of the United States today! It's half of what it was last year!"

The best feature of the Club is its Thrift Contest. The two most depressed members remained for the finals. One visited the other and found he had quit electricity for candlelight.

"You're very wasteful," he said, "to burn a candle while we talk. Can't we talk in the dark?" He snuffed out the candle and scored the first point.

"You're right," admitted the Second Member, slightly peeved. "But try and match this for economy. My daughter was to marry a man who demanded a dowry of five hundred dollars. I offered him two fifty. That was twenty years ago and she's still an old maid!"

"That's nothing," sneered the First Member. "I once stood in front of my door for two days and two nights in a driving rain and didn't go in. My wife asked me, 'Who is there?' and I wouldn't tell her just to save my breath!" Again he had scored. "Well, I guess I win," he said, lighting the candle to find his hat. The Second Member was sitting with his trousers off. "What's the idea of slipping off your pants?" cried the First Member.

"Well, it was dark anyway. So why rub them out?"

The Second Member is now President of the Club.

Another analysis by Mr. Cantor of the country's financial condition will appear in Liberty next week.

Billy Barker, Deadliest Ace of All

Colonel William George Barker, V. C., D. S. O., M. C.

The Story of a Canadian Farmer Boy Who Fought the Greatest Air Battle of the World War

By

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL
WILLIAM A. BISHOP, V.C.

(Reading time: 22 minutes 25 seconds.)

IN the myriad pages that the World War has written into history the lives and deeds of the war pilots have received no small allotment. Perhaps that's because ours was a new art of destruction, or because we were individuals and overhead in full view. We furnished some spectacular endings. A ship falling in flames from a dog fight, a pilot helpless, strapped in his seat, conquered and on his way to die, makes a wonderful paragraph for any writer.

Thus Baron Manfred von Richthofen, Immelmann, René Fonck, Guynemer, Ball, Rickenbacker, and others have given the world some wonderful reading. Yet nothing, or almost nothing, has been said about a man who had no superior among all the war flyers. I doubt if he had an equal. For deadly effectiveness, for sheer will to fight, no matter what the odds, and for successful execution, William George Barker, wing commander, R. A. F., stands alone.

Richthofen has been pictured as a serious killer in a time and place when all men were killers. He fought with what has been described as Teutonic ruthlessness. His one object was to kill an opponent and run up his own score, and the simpler the performance the better.

Billy Barker laughed. He fought as effectively—more effectively—but in him was the joy of combat, not the elation of a kill. Though Richthofen had eighty victories to his credit, he reached that score through the help of many a lame duck, many a helpless observation plane or cumbersome bomber. He fought against odds only when there was no other way out. Courageous but careful.

Richthofen would not have flown, as Barker did, straight and alone into an enemy-filled sky to give battle to sixty fighting ships. Barker did that. Wounded almost to death, falling away when he fainted from loss of blood, it took a Barker to recover consciousness and tear back into the fight like a man possessed of the devil.

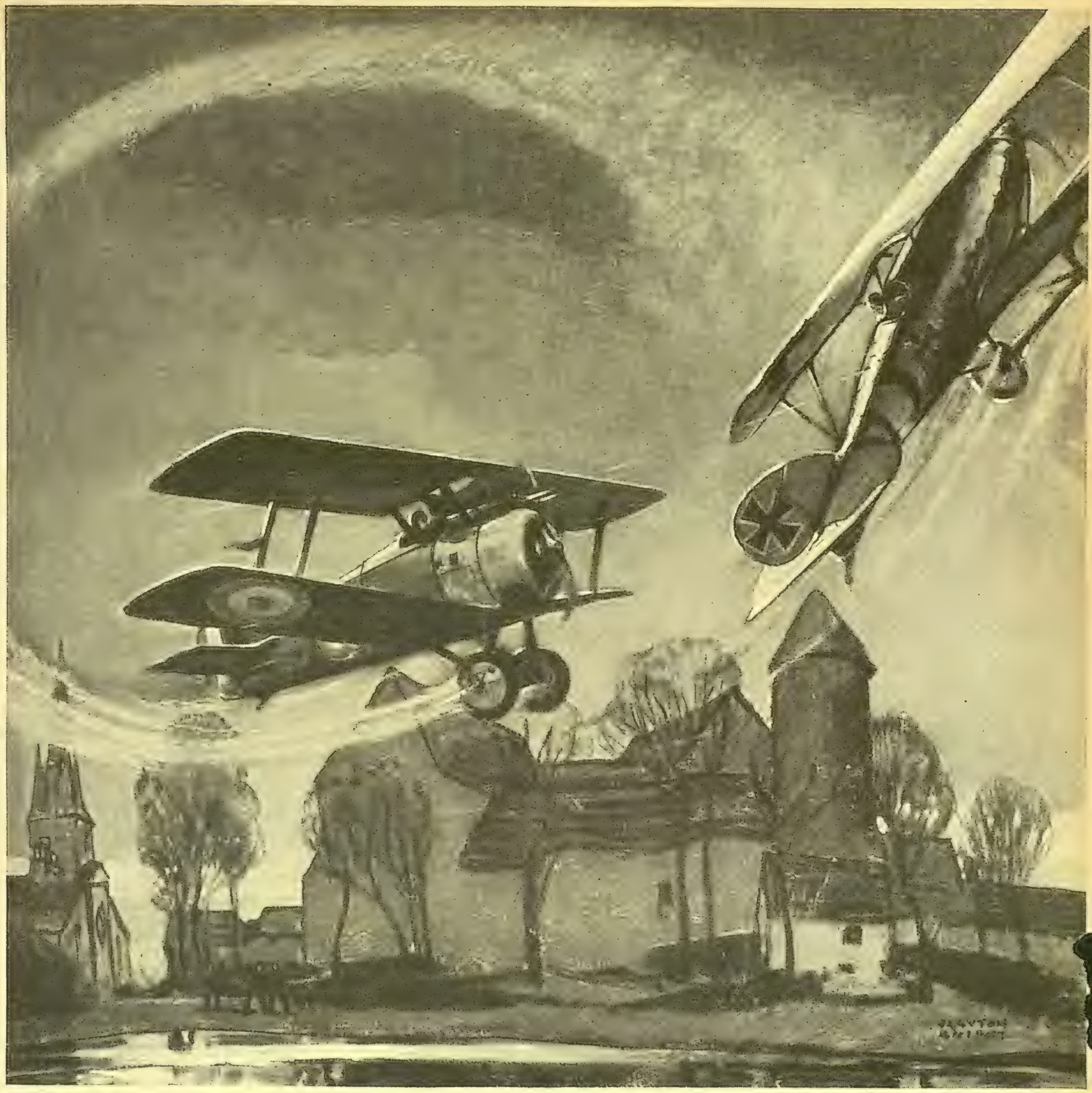
That was the greatest aërial battle of the World War. But to Barker it was just another fight. His service in France was filled with such. How he survived to return to his home, only the gods can explain. Billy Barker in less than two years as a fighting pilot destroyed fifty enemy machines, mostly against odds and under conditions where almost any other pilot in France would have turned tail.

Barker deliberately sought trouble. He shied at the easy marks. Richthofen deliberately sought easy victims. Most of us did. In single combat, pilot against pilot, no enemy, German or Austrian—not Richthofen himself—could have stood against the fierceness of a Barker attack and lived to boast a victory.

BILLY BARKER was born in Dauphin, Manitoba, Canada, on November 3, 1894. Dauphin is a small town in the middle of the prairie, and here, on his father's farm, he remained until he was seventeen. The life on the farm developed the qualities which later he was to bring to France. There was little chance for ordinary games, but riding and shooting were part of the boy's existence. The farm work developed his physique. Game abounded and, even in that region of good shots, he was outstanding.

He developed with the years until he possessed a physique—tall, slim, and strong—which any athlete could envy. Fair-haired and good-looking, his clear blue eyes were the first thing that struck you. The next was the obvious sense of humor which seemed never to leave him. He was fortunate also in having that rare ability to get the maximum enjoyment out of everything in life.

The beginning of the war found him enlisted in the First Canadian Mounted Rifles as "No. 106074, Private Barker, William George," and his first experience at the front was with this regiment. His career in the air started in the spring of 1916 as an observer, and his work during the whole of that year was observing for the artillery. No work in the air is harder or fraught with more danger than this. Most of Richthofen's successes



Picture by Clayton Knight

The Albatros was slow. Barker came out behind his opponent and, with one burst, destroyed him.

were with these slow observation machines, which he stalked and fought on every occasion he could. Barker put in eight months as an observer, was once wounded, and was awarded the Military Cross for a fine showing in carrying out his job while attacked by an enemy fighting patrol.

Finally he was returned to England, primarily for a rest, and secondly to learn to fly. After two flights only, one of fifty minutes and one of five—a total of less than one hour—he made his first solo flight. Today, with advanced designs in aircraft, this is still remarkable.

HE returned to France in the early part of January, 1917, and took up the same work again, this time, however, as the pilot of an artillery observation machine. He was quickly promoted to captain and served in that capacity with great distinction.

The time came, of course, when he had to return to England for a rest, and he was transferred to the instructional force there; but his adventurous spirit rebelled after a few weeks of this comparatively tame work.

Bored with England, he longed for the front again, and—characteristically—chose the most drastic and certain way of getting back. After his application to return to France at once in a fighting squadron had been denied, he decided to make himself such a nuisance to the non-flying members of the local Air Force staff that they would be glad to be rid of him. He stunted over the squadron office; he stunted over wing headquarters; he raised the devil over brigade headquarters. He was called to account, and was told that no pilot in that brigade could behave like that. Barker replied, "The best way is to return me to France." He was returned almost immediately as a fighting pilot.

Fighting near Ypres, he recognized that when meeting German Albatroses in his Camel he had certain quick maneuvering advantages and they had advantages in speed. Having carefully instructed the officers of his flight that he wanted, wherever possible, to fight these Germans so close to the ground that they would be dodging trees and housetops, he demonstrated his reasons in a fake fight between a Camel and a captured Albatros.

It was immediately apparent to his pilots that here, close to the ground, the quick-turning, easily handled Camel had a great advantage. The margin of error was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BILLY BARKER
Continued from page twenty-seven

very small, and the faster and clumsier Albatros had to worry much more about avoiding obstacles.

No mention was made by Barker, in explaining the point, of the plan he had in mind to stage a fight miles within German territory—over German trees and housetops, not over British or French.

The chance to try it came one day when the clouds were low and the day dull. Leading his patrol of six machines close to the clouds, which were lying only 1,000 feet up, he flew far into enemy territory along the old Menin road.

He sighted a battalion of German infantry and led a machine-gun attack against them, returning time after time to chase those who had escaped the first onslaught.

Re-forming, they started for home again at a height of about 1,000 feet. Ten machines suddenly approached. The light was so bad that neither party could tell whether the other were friends or foes. It turned out to be foes, and one of Barker's best fights commenced.

As the mix-up started he recognized the enemy machines as Albatroses. Almost immediately he saw one German shot down in flames by Mallock, one of his officers. Then one of the British machines went down in flames.

Barker himself, in trying to assist a friend, found himself with an enemy on his tail, but by turning just quickly enough to keep out of range of the other's guns, he carried out his preconceived plan. Lower and lower he circled, leading on his prey. No attempt to get in a shooting position; just a deliberate plan being carefully executed. Knowing that he could escape any second, he wanted not to get away but to get his opponent in a position where nothing could save him. Therefore, down almost to the hedgetops he circled, and suddenly looped—a tight loop in a small quick machine. The Albatros was slow and could not loop in the same small circle. Barker came out behind his opponent and, with one burst, destroyed him.

He tried to rejoin what remained of his flight, when again he was attacked. Again he tried the same cool tactics, and a second ship went down in flames.

The clouds were kind to him that day. They made it possible for him to start the fight low enough to take it down to the ground. More important, they made it possible for him to fly home in them, his ammunition exhausted, without being molested.

It was not long after this that Barker's squadron was suddenly transferred from France to Italy. When he arrived there he found his first victim forty miles behind his (Barker's) own lines. From then on, the fighting in the air was gradually forced back until it was far behind the enemy lines.

Fight followed fight, success followed success, and Barker's score climbed rapidly. The pilots under him were scoring. In December, 1917, he knocked off his first balloon. When the two observers left their basket and were descending in parachutes, the flaming gas bag engulfed and destroyed them. Barker watched them die, horrified. Death in action he did not mind, but this appalled him.

By way of celebrating Christmas Day, 1917, he went up with two companions on an unauthorized flight to attack an Austrian balloon floating on the horizon. The balloon proved too easy, so he led his friends far into Austrian territory to where he knew a big aërodrome was situated.

ARRIVING at the aërodrome, Barker, as usual with him, came down to a few feet from the ground. All machine guns blazing, the three poured inflammable bullets by the hundred into the open doors of the hangars—then, zooming and circling, repeated the maneuver and left the hangars and their contents in flames.

In the meantime the mechanics and soldiers on the ground sought refuge in a trench and opened fire on the airplanes. This was foolish when opposing Barker. With his companions he raked that trench and did frightful damage.

Next day came retaliation. Just after dawn, over the British aërodrome the roar of many machines was heard. Barker's squadron took the air. They found a bombing raid of twenty-two Austrian machines. In the fight that followed, twelve of the Austrians were shot down behind the Italian lines. Barker had another notch in his stick.

A few minutes later he sighted a squadron of ten German Gothas. These machines were heavily armed and we always treated them with the greatest respect. Barker's method of attack was novel, to say the least. He attacked from the front in such a position that he had three of them almost in line when he opened fire. He was successful. The second of the three appeared instantly to be in trouble. It fell out of the formation and turned toward home. Like a flash, Barker was after it and was firing at it from underneath, and the big Gotha slowly rolled over to plunge, a flaming wreck.

BELATED awards and decorations now came his way. First of all came a bar to his Military Cross, which is equivalent to a second award of the Military Cross, but more difficult to get. Then came, in these words, the award of the Distinguished Service Order:

> Captain William George Barker, M. C., Gen. List and R. F. C. For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. When on scouting and patrol work he has on five different occasions brought down and destroyed five enemy aëroplanes and two balloons, though on two of these occasions he was attacked by superior numbers. On each occasion the hostile machines were observed to crash to earth, the wreckage bursting into flames. His splendid example of fearlessness and magnificent leadership have been of inestimable value to his squadron.

Shortly after, this appeared in the official Gazette:

> AWARD A SECOND BAR TO THE MILITARY CROSS
>
> Captain William George Barker, D. S. O., M. C., Gen. List and R. F. C. For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. When leading patrols he on one occasion attacked eight hostile machines, himself shooting down two, and on another occasion seven, one of which he shot down. In two months he himself destroyed four enemy machines and drove down one, and burned two balloons.

These cold sentences tell nothing of the enthusiasm and courage he had instilled into a section of the British war effort where they had been needed. Artillery observation, reconnoissance, bomb raids, and all forms of air work were carried out in a new spirit. When he or his friends were leading the fighting escort, the air was penetrated far into enemy territory.

His passion for low flying especially asserted itself one day when he led his patrol to attack Austrian headquarters.

No mere bomb raid this—instead, a machine-gun attack miles behind the lines. Austrian headquarters first really appreciated his quality when, flying not higher than twenty feet, Barker and his officers, six machines in all, opened fire, spraying everything around them and even shooting through the windows of the buildings. Then, zooming, they dropped bombs and fought their way forty miles home without losing a machine.

In May, 1918, came a French decoration—the Croix de Guerre. He was delighted with this, but confided to me that he didn't care for the beard of the French general who presented it to him and kissed him on both cheeks!

Spy dropping! To Barker a new thought! Volunteers to drop a spy were called for. Barker had heard of many cases and methods of dropping spies behind the enemy lines—some of the methods good, some not so good.

He had also heard of the case of a spy who had twice been flown across the lines, but at the last moment had refused to jump with his parachute, and had returned with the pilot.

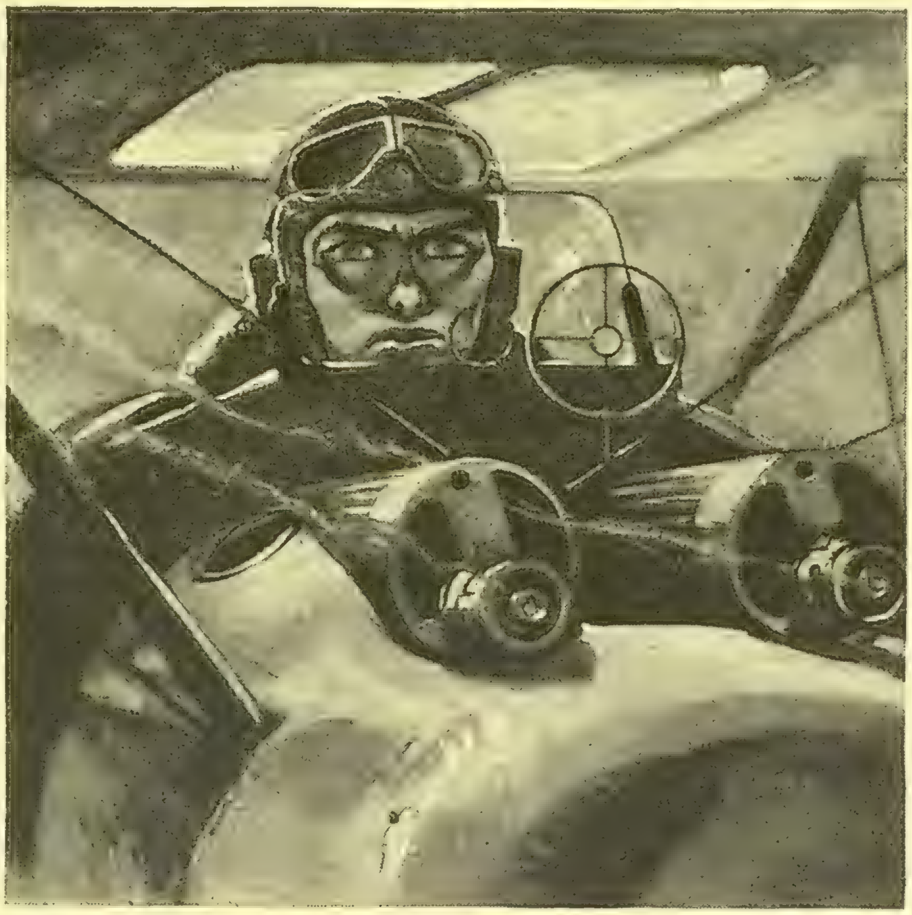
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WILLIAM A. BISHOP,

V. C., D. S. O. and Bar, M. C., etc., etc., who tells in this article of his friend and fellow Canadian Billy Barker, is himself a celebrated ace of aces, with seventy-two enemy planes to his credit officially.

To use the time of a fighting pilot thus was to Barker's mind a decided waste. He did not admire spies. He knew that their work was difficult and brave, but it did not appeal to him. He was inclined to be short with them.

He devised a means of his own to drop them behind the lines. He equipped his machine with a tunnel-like box, the bottom of which opened like a trapdoor, operated by a lever in Barker's cockpit. When Barker pulled the lever the bottom dropped out of the box and whatever was in it fell out. On a favorable night, with Captain Wedgwood Benn as observer, he set out, his spy shut up in the box and sitting on the trapdoor. Barker, to help things, had greased the sides. The spy could see nothing, hear nothing. Barker kept telling him not to worry, that they had miles to go.

Then, bang! The lever was pulled, the spy shot out—his parachute opening automatically—and the job was done. The drop was a complete success, at least from Barker's viewpoint, and he resolved to do most of this work himself in future. However, on this first flight, in case anything had gone wrong, Barker had made arrangements to have something for his effort. He had taken along a supply of bombs which he proceeded to drop successfully on an Austrian supply depot. Some time later pigeons arrived with information from the spy, so he was all right, too.



Picture by Clayton Knight

With the same cool, calculating eye that had sent so many enemy machines down, he took unerring aim.

After this came a decoration personally awarded by the King of Italy—the Italian silver medal for valor—and on it was appropriately inscribed, "Protector of the Air."

Fights now became to him a daily occurrence. His score was mounting up. Better pilots and squadrons were opposing him, but his victories increased.

One of the greatest Austrian pilots, Linke, was among those fighting against him at this time. They knew each other's machines well, and Barker was constantly searching for Linke's distinctive black and white squares.

HIS desire for a battle with him increased when two of his close friends fell to the Austrian's guns. His opportunity arrived in a big dog fight. Paying no attention to the others, and at great risk to himself, he closed with Linke, and in the whirling mêlée stuck firmly with him. The Austrian was a great and skilled pilot. Barker maneuvered and sent a short burst into his enemy, and Linke dived for safety. Careless of any enemy trying to get on his tail, Barker followed the Austrian down. Engine full on, he dived, caught his man, sprayed him, and followed the flaming wreck almost to where it crashed on the edge of the Austrian's own aërodrome. It was a great fight—the two greatest pilots on the Austrian front meeting on equal terms, save that Barker was over enemy territory and his flight was outnumbered.

From that date Barker's name became something for the Austrians to worry about. His Sopwith Camel at the head of a squadron of Bristol Fighters was the signal for all enemy craft to prepare for trouble—or head for home.

In June, 1918, he made the obvious Barker gesture. A strong enemy wing opposed him under the command of three famous Austrian pilots. He printed and dropped by hundreds the most astounding challenge ever thrown down. It was worded as follows:

MAJOR W. G. BARKER, D. S. O., M. C., and the officers under his command present their compliments to

CAPTAIN BRUMOWSKY
RITHER VON FIALA
CAPTAIN HAVRATIL ....

and the pilots under their command and request the pleasure and honour of meeting in the air. In order to save Captain Brumowsky, Rither von Fiala and Captain Havratil and the gentlemen of their party the inconvenience of searching for them, Major Barker and his Officers will bomb Godega Aërodrome at 10 A. M. daily, weather permitting, for the ensuing fortnight.

Major Barker did with his gentlemen truly carry out his part of the bargain. He bombed the aërodrome daily during the fortnight, and had severe battles in the air on every occasion.

AGAIN at about this time he was decorated, and in the London Gazette appeared:

AWARDED A BAR TO THE
DISTINGUISHED SERVICE
ORDER

Major William George Barker, D. S. O., M. C., a highly distinguished patrol leader whose courage, resource and determination have set a fine example to those around him. Up to the 20th July, 1918, he had destroyed thirty-three enemy aircraft — twenty-one of these since the date of the last Award (second Bar to the Military Cross) was conferred on him. Major Barker has frequently led formations against greatly superior numbers of the enemy with conspicuous success.

In September, 1918, he was returned to England for instructional purposes in air fighting. Here again he rebelled, and, as an excuse to get more fighting, asked to be allowed a few weeks on the front in France, to acquaint himself with the German tactics there. Before receiving his orders to return, which arrived toward the end of October, he had brought his official score up to forty-six.

It was on the morning of October 27, 1918, as a farewell to the war, to the front, and to his foes, that he put up a fight that I fully believe was the greatest in the annals of war in the air. There is no doubt in my mind that Barker knew on this last morning that the war was so near a close that he would have no further chance at it.

The official accounts relate that Barker, after having packed his kit and seen that it was shipped off to England, climbed into his machine and started for home, but by chance saw an enemy machine. Frankly, I do not believe this, knowing him so well. I feel that the official accounts were made out in the tenor of trying to justify an unauthorized fight. Why this attitude toward it should have been taken I cannot imagine. To me, the fact that he did not have to engage in any fight only adds to his glory.

Whether he saw the first German machine by accident, or whether, as I suspect, he searched the skies for it, is of no great importance. Find it he did, and this must have been difficult, too, as he found it at 22,000 feet, and not in the direction of England. It was over the lines. Here was no chance fight for a man cruising back to England. Normally he would have blown back to England at a height of 2,000 or 3,000 feet; instead of that, we find him over the lines at 22,000, engaging a very fast reconnoissance two-seater machine. Barker was flying one

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

BILLY BARKER
Continued from page twenty-nine

of the best machines on the whole of the front—a Snipe.

However, even with this admirable machine and his great natural ability, he found the German two-seater one of the toughest adversaries he had ever encountered. In his first attack the German observer fired so accurately that his machine was hit quite badly. He was flying without his telescopic sight, which he had removed before going up, and was using only an ordinary peep sight, which made his shooting much more difficult. Twice he attacked the two-seater before he was able to kill the observer and then close in to short range and shoot the machine down. It broke up in the air and fell in a rain of small pieces.

At that juncture, however, he was, for possibly the first time in his life, completely surprised by an enemy Fokker machine suddenly opening fire on him from behind, with a burst so accurate that an explosive bullet struck his right thigh and shattered it. Here, surely, was enough damage to make any man get out of the fight the best way possible. Barker could easily have done so. Instead, with this terrible wound he continued to fight, and fought so well, through a matter of several minutes, that he finally got into a shooting position. Then, with the same cool, calculating eye that had sent so many machines down, he took unerring aim and pressed his triggers, and his enemy fell in flames.

Two machines down, and so badly wounded that to a normal person it would have been impossible to manipulate the machine at all!

Fighting to retain consciousness, Barker turned to find himself in the midst of a crowd of enemy fighting machines, the number of which was estimated by observers on the ground as being, roughly, sixty. This would have been a paradise to Barker if he had not been severely wounded, and even as it was, in his weakened condition, he showed himself the master against the great odds.

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We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

Incendiary and explosive bullets streamed at him from every angle. He was opposing the cream of the German Air Force and its most skilled marksmen. His machine was hit repeatedly, and again he was severely wounded, this time in the left thigh. The loss of blood was too much for him and he fainted. His machine fell thousands of feet, out of control, with the whole of the German circus swooping after him.

The wild dive and the rush of air revived him, and he grasped the controls again.

SURROUNDED still by enemies, and aware of the smack of their tracer bullets striking from all angles, he turned on them like a maddened dog. In his mind he must have given up any hope of getting out of that fight alive. In a desperate attempt to do additional damage, he charged at an enemy machine, thinking to collide with it and destroy one more opponent. As he charged he was firing instinctively and aiming accurately; his tracer bullets found their mark, and another German went down in flames. But this was not done without paying a still further price: an explosive bullet struck his left elbow and blew away the entire joint.

Here, then, was a pilot fighting not only for his life, but aggressively, with one thigh shattered, the other severely wounded, and his left arm almost shot away. But he could not defeat nature; pain and loss of blood again conquered and, fainting, he fell completely out of control. Again he recovered and again swooped upward into the fight. It is impossible to detail all the moves in this amazing battle. Suffice it to say that twice more his deadly aim found its mark and two more Germans fell.

He was now getting close to the ground, and scores of Germans were still attacking him. He fought back ferociously. Again his machine was hit in a vital spot, and again his great good fortune won out; this time a burst of explosive bullets destroyed the gasoline tank under his seat, but by the merest chance in the world his machine did not catch fire. In a last gasp of consciousness he switched the gasoline control over to an auxiliary tank and kept the engine running before, for the third time, he fainted.

When he came to, he was almost down to the ground in an uncontrolled spin. He recovered from this and with quick thought dived the machine straight toward the west, not knowing at all whether he was over the German lines or the British. Underneath him was nothing but shell-pocked country—not a square inch for a machine to land. He dived as far as he could toward the west, and then, as again he fainted, piled his machine up in a mass of barbed wire just behind the British lines.

IT is hard to do justice to this great fight and to this great pilot. The fight itself was seen by hundreds of thousands of troops. They didn't know the lone fighter above them was bleeding from deep wounds, that any other man but Billy Barker could not have held on, nor did they know they had witnessed the greatest air fight in history. Perhaps they did. They *had* seen five enemy ships go down. The same indomitable spirit was with Barker when he woke up in hospital, and it carried him through the terrible months that followed.

By great good fortune he did not lose his left arm, although the joint was entirely shot away and, of course, the arm was practically useless. I once said to him, " How many times have you had an anæsthetic? " And his smiling reply was, " Not so often." I found out it had been seventeen times in two months. Operation followed operation; the greatest surgical skill that the British army could produce was at his disposal, and that alone made it possible for him to recover. When I say " that alone " I feel that, apart from his great physique, and great will to live, something else had a great bearing on it, and that was his unlimited sense of humor, which carried him through so many difficult phases of his life and which endeared him to all who came in contact with him.

The award of the Victoria Cross followed closely after the official account of this fight had gone to headquarters. Besides, personal messages arrived from the king, and from Barker's personal friend the Prince of Wales, as well as from all the great leaders and statesmen of Britain and Canada.

After the war Barker's love for flying continued, and for some years he held with distinction one of the highest positions in the Canadian Air Force. From that he became interested in civil aviation. It was in peaceful Canada that fate stepped in and did what no enemy squadron could do. He was demonstrating a machine at Ottawa in the early part of last year when the machine suddenly dived to earth. Barker was killed—Barker, whom no flying man could kill—one of the greatest men and soldiers Canada has ever produced.

THE END

Peanuts

A Short Short Story

By

JAMES M. FIDLER

who was born in St. Louis and spent most of his youth in the South. He served as a lieutenant in the Marines during the war and after the Armistice went to California where he became publicity agent for a number of motion-picture stars. He makes his home in Hollywood.

(Reading time: 5 min. 2 sec.)

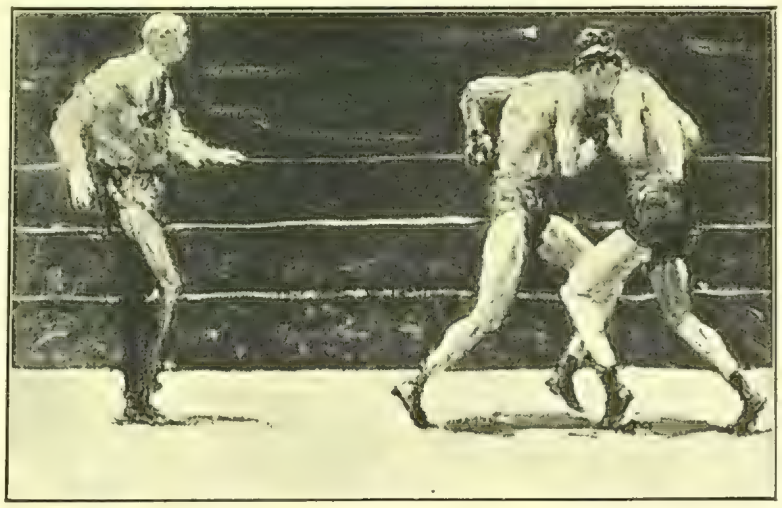
EVERY Friday night for four years Eric Young had occupied the same seat at the boxing bouts. Sixth row, three from the aisle, he had a magnificent view of the ring without being close enough to have his good suit spattered with blood.

The fights were Eric's one means of self-expression. He gloried in visualizing himself in the ring, wearing the gloves of the winner. Always the winner Eric chose to be. If his choice began losing, Eric lost no time in transferring himself, in his mind, into the fighting togs of the opponent.

Eric could never hope to be a fighter. To begin with, he lacked the fighting heart. Secondly, he didn't look the part. He was slightly undersized, extremely pale, because his office work presented him with no opportunity to be out of doors, and his eyes were too colorless to be regarded as stern. Furthermore, he had a high girlish voice that emphasized his look of frailty.

Not much larger than Eric was his constant companion at the fights, Robert Wolff. But what Bob lacked in size he made up for in ferocity. Long ago he had completely bullied poor Eric, until the latter now bowed in abject servility before Wolff.

If drinks were desired, it was Eric who bought. If Bob wanted peanuts, Eric hastened to purchase a medium-sized bag for ten cents. He didn't like peanuts himself and the first time his companion had hinted a desire for them, Eric had purchased a five-cent bag. Bob's sniff of disdain had caused Eric to buy the dime size thereafter.



The boxers in the ring mixed in a furious exchange of blows.

Bob delighted in his power over Eric. If the latter timidly suggested that this or that fighter was getting the best of the battle, Bob scoffed. If the referee raised the hand of Eric's choice, Bob would shake his head savagely and howl "Robber!" at the official. And if it happened that he had wagered Eric a dime or a quarter on the bout, he refused to pay on the grounds that the decision had been unfair.

ON a particularly cold night in February they occupied their regular seats. Bob was in extreme bad humor and constantly picked on his smaller companion. Several times during the evening, when Eric ventured opinions, Bob turned savagely on him.

"What do you know about it, you fool?" he would shout; or, "You idiot, you're crazy!" or, "A lot you know about fighters, you sap." Not until the intermission just preceding the semifinals did Eric notice that a pretty blonde girl seated in the row next ahead was receiving unwanted overtures from the man beside her.

For the next round or so he divided his attention between the ring and the annoying fellow in front. Suddenly the girl turned and looked straight at Eric with the most appealing eyes he had ever seen. Something stirred deep inside of him. He forgot that he was Eric Young the coward, and became a prehistoric man defending his woman. Boiling with rage, he rose from his seat and tapped the disturber on the shoulder.

"Cut out annoying the lady," he said.

The fellow looked up in amazement, then his lips curled into a snarl.

"Oh, yeah?" he said. "Well, listen, you dried-up little shrimp. For ten cents—"

What he might have done for ten cents remained a secret, for Eric surprised even himself by swinging an uppercut that landed perfectly on the point of the enemy chin. It was a beautiful blow, delivered by a man who had learned from watching uppercuts for four years.

Confusion followed while the disturber was removed. Then Eric resumed his chair.

Suddenly he felt a tap on his shoulder. The man in the seat behind was leaning forward.

"Know the guy you knocked out?" he asked.

Eric shook his head.

"Kid Dawson, the former welterweight champion," said the man behind. "Boy, what a punch!"

AGAIN something strange happened to Eric. The blue eyes of the blonde girl had started it; the fact that he had knocked out a former world's champion added kindling to the fire. At this moment the boxers in the ring mixed in a furious exchange of blows and Bob's man fell to the floor.

"Foul!" shouted Bob. "He fouled him. I won't pay you on this fight!" he cried, turning to Eric.

"Oh, you won't!" returned Eric. He was a new man. He had knocked out a champion.

"We said nothing about not paying on fouls. Furthermore, I'm tired of you calling me names. You've called me fool and sap often enough. Now cut it out!"

Dumfounded, Bob passed over a quarter. As he did, a uniformed attendant tapped Eric on the shoulder. "Boss wants to see you," he said.

Wondering, Eric arose and strutted up the aisle. In the manager's office, the latter offered his hand. "I want to thank you for protecting my wife," he said. "That drunk got what was coming to him."

Eric smiled deprecatingly. "Oh, that's all right," he returned. "Only, when I hit him, I didn't know he was Kid Dawson."

"Kid Dawson?" echoed the manager. "That bum? He isn't Kid Dawson. He's a doper. He was so drunk we wouldn't sell him a ticket; he slipped inside. You didn't hurt him; it was the dope and liquor that put him out."

When Eric returned to his seat the fire in his heart was completely extinguished.

Bob glanced at him. "There's the peanut man," he suggested.

Without a word, Eric delved into his pocket and brought forth a dime.

"Peanuts," he ordered.

THE END

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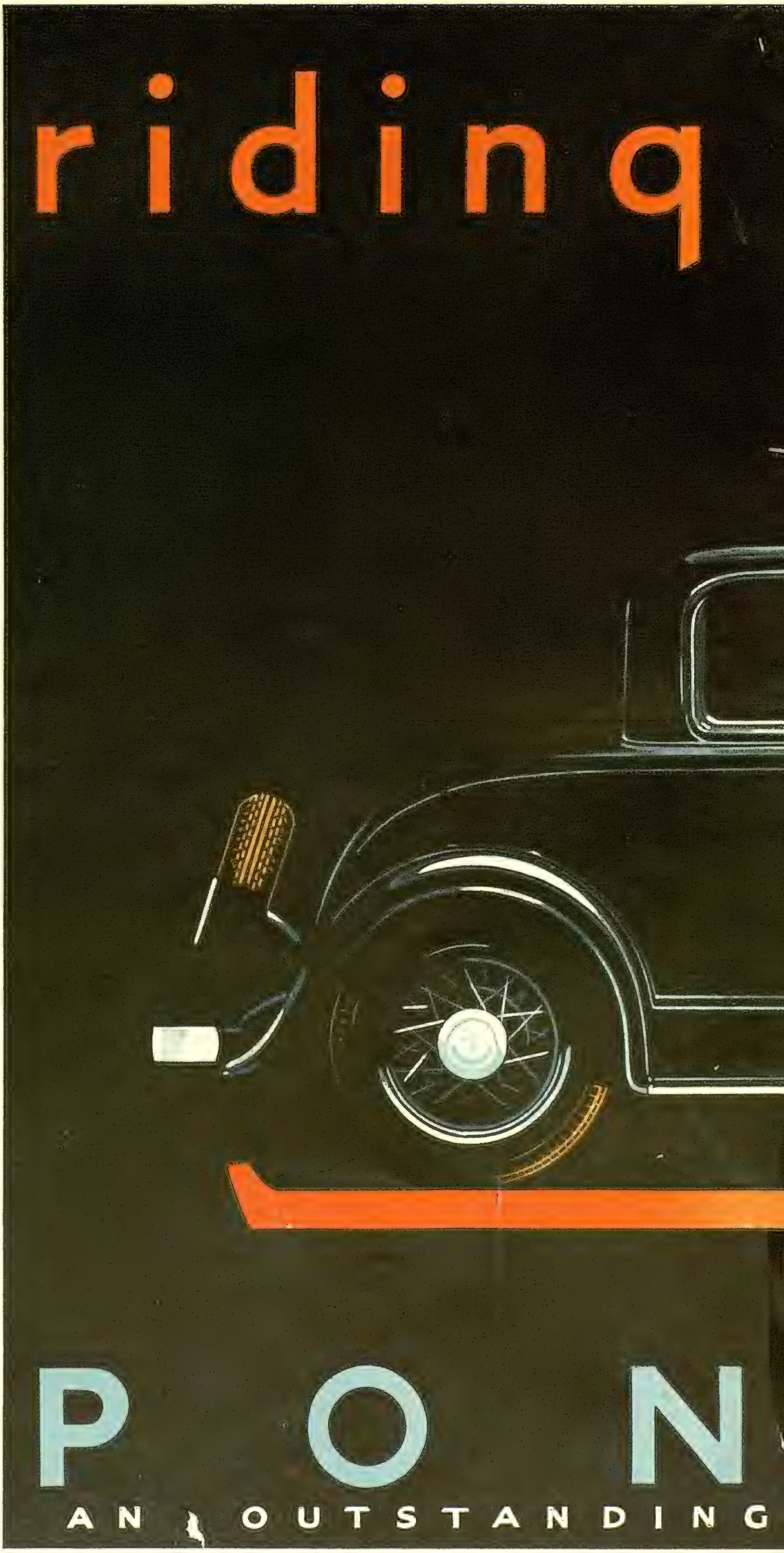
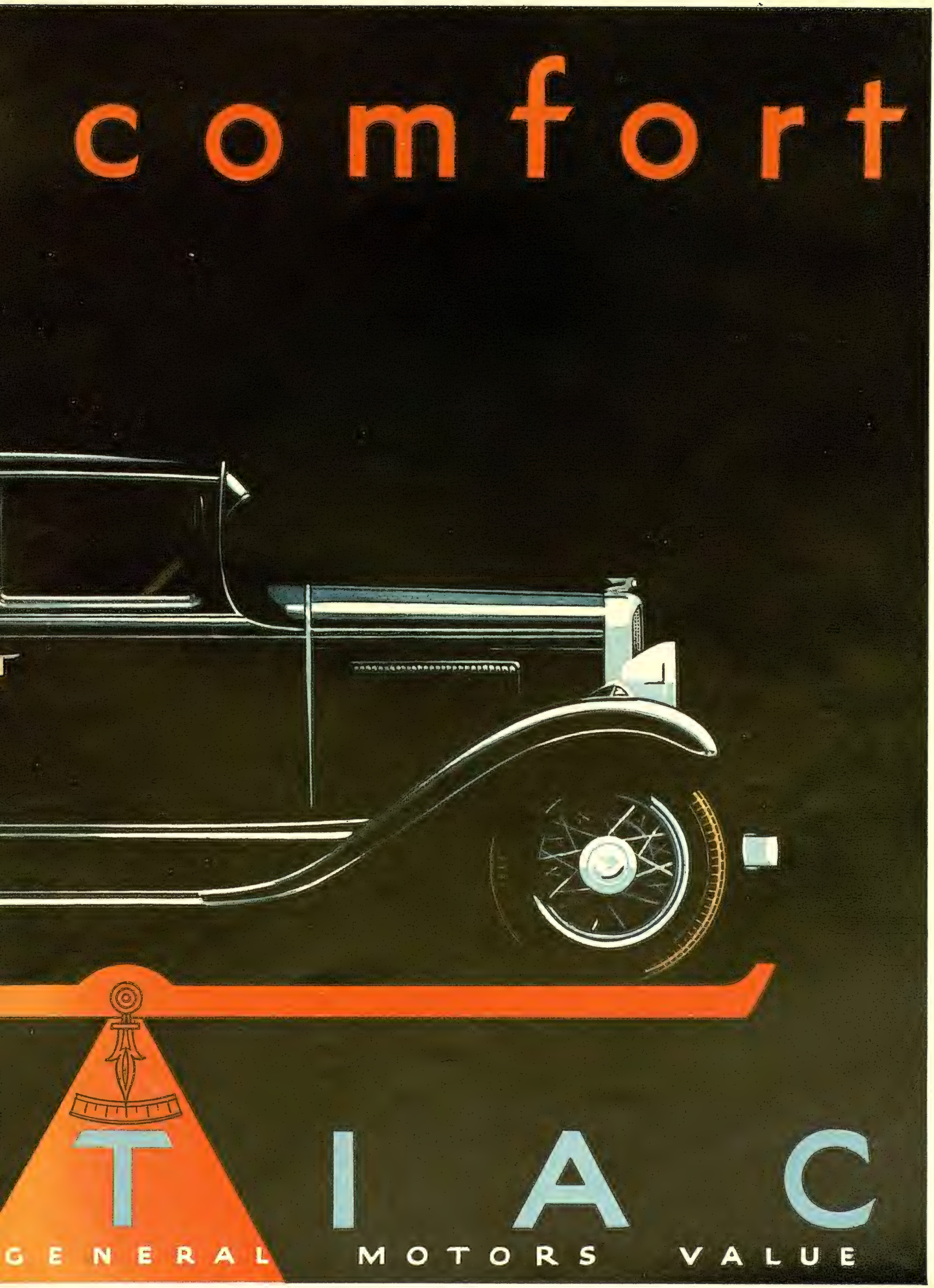
OAKLAND 8—PONTIAC 6
TWO FINE CARS

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Gorgeous, the Riddle

The Story of a Night Club Romance and a Girl Singer's Secret

By FRANK LEON SMITH

who says that he has worked and loafed for three newspapers, one advertising agency, two women's magazines, a hardware journal, and a literary weekly. All failed—sometimes two at a time—except the hardware sheet. He also has managed a tough taxicab company and has written a lot of fiction and motion pictures. All this ran into time, he says, but he got an early start in his career.

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

(Reading time: 29 min. 45 sec.)

THE Club Lorena was my suggestion. It seemed a nice, safe spot and most of the other places were out of bounds for us just then.

We hadn't been at our table long enough to size up the customers when Benny arrived alongside with his pushmobile piano. As he started to play, a tall brunette in a white evening gown came over, dangling a lace handkerchief. She put her feet together and leaned over and sang Where Have You Been All My Life? I've Waited So Long for You! right at "Gorgeous" Lang. He thought she meant it.

Lang was his name for that year, and the "Gorgeous" had been pinned on him by a girl in another dump where we used to hang out until it got too hot for us. His studs and rings probably got him the title, although he did manage to wear dinner clothes like a gentleman. Gorgeous had yellow hair, and I never could decide if his face was carved out of the bow of a destroyer with the hawse holes for eyes, or if it was like a shark's. When that girl was singing he tried to smile at her with the meanest fish mouth in New York.

The girl was new to me, but that's nothing. There must be three or four thousand places in New York where girls sing. I mean sober girls who are paid for it. Her voice was clear and fresh and nothing like the usual coffee-ground and buckshot contraltos. I noticed first her arms, because there was a pink shoulder strap hanging over one of them. I mean a clean strap. I figured she was about twenty-two and had been vaccinated in the country. But when I looked at her face I nearly fell off my bench against the wall. She was actually, honestly pretty, and you could see where her eyebrows were, not where they had been and ought to be. If a straight line is the shortest distance between two points and you were in a hurry, she wouldn't interest you. But if you had the time to send your eyes wandering, they'd have a pleasant journey. All curves.

"Give her five," said Gorgeous out of the side of his mouth as he beat his hands together.

"Huh?"

"You heard me." His eyes were like two green agates right off the ice. I put a bill on the piano, and Benny rippled the upper keys with his little finger and sounded two notes like a cash-register bell.

The girl nodded and smiled, and then she sang that one about not wanting no jug and bough and no big book of rhymes, because "paradise is wha'eber we three is—love, mah pretty boy, an' me."

"She's stuck on me!" said Gorgeous as she and Benny moved on with the piano. I felt like giving him the back edge of my left hand under the nose.

"Hear what she called me? Her pretty boy!"

"Any cornfield hand rates that from some chicken frier, down South."

"You're crazy. Get her over here."

"Wait till she finishes the grand tour."

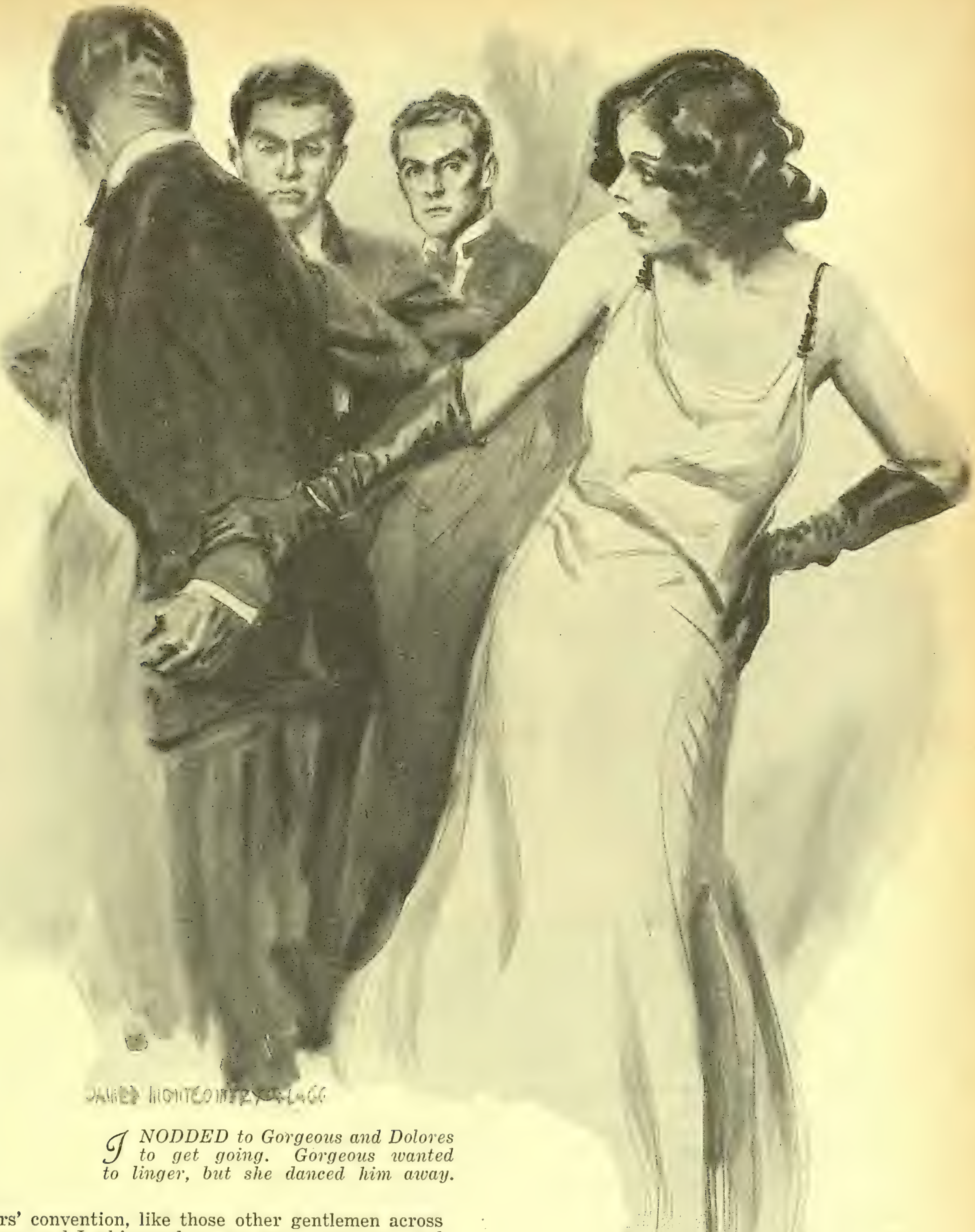
The place was filling up. Our waiter discovered us and we began to rent high-bottomed little glasses wet with Scotch. When the girl finished with the table trade, Benny went back to his big piano, the band struck up, and before I could reach her she was dancing with some lad from across the room. I was sitting next to the first of a row of booths, and pretty soon in came five serious young guys with their heads down a little, looking for some noisy place where they could talk quietly. They moved into the booth next to me.

At the finish of the first dance number I got up, but before I could locate the damsel for Gorgeous, two plump little hostesses plopped down amongst us and said, as one, very brightly, "Hello, bo-eees!"

"Get out of here!" said Gorgeous over his shoulder, his green eyes roving the room.

"Is that nice?" I asked him. I hadn't had time to see who was who yet, and I never knew any good to come from slamming a hostess in a strange place. I told him, "This is Minnie Mascara and Harriet Henna," and informed them, "We are Mr. Wells and Mr. Fargo."

They were pleased to meet us, and would have Scotch, please. They wanted to know if we were here for the



I NODDED to Gorgeous and Dolores to get going. Gorgeous wanted to linger, but she danced him away.

jewelers' convention, like those other gentlemen across the room, and I whispered no, we were paper men, and that Mr. Wells had cleaned up in '29 because he got a cent a yard royalty on all the ticker tape. That made Gorgeous a present of both, and I leaned back against the booth and took it easy.

When I saw my chance I went over to Benny. " Oh, Dolores, you mean? Sure." He spoke to her when she danced by and she got rid of her partner. " Dolores, I want you to meet my friend, Duke Breitinger. Duke—Miss De Lisle."

We danced. She danced so well that I tried a back spin I'd seen on the stage, and felt a lot of strange feet under my heels. " Careful, Duff," said Dolores.

" I'm sorry, Dowdy," I said.

She pulled away a little and looked at me and laughed. " My land! Where are you from? "

" Somewhere in the Catskills hills, same as you. I haven't heard that Duff and Dowdy since I was a kid." I kept her at the back of the crowd, away from Gorgeous' table. " But what's the name, Dolores? The only De

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

GORGEOUS, THE RIDDLE
Continued from page thirty-five

Lisles I ever heard of, up our way, were a complicated family of half-wits that only came down from the mountains to march on Decoration Day."

"Good gracious! Well, since you put it that way—Dorothy Holbrook."

I could see Gorgeous jerking his head at me, so I turned Dorothy's back to him and marked time.

"If you don't mind my saying so—you're pretty. I mean you're the type you always find wasting themselves in the choir, instead of having a big career here—"

"THIS isn't a career. It's a job. When I left home our blinds hung on one hinge. Now we've got two on most of them. If my feet, lungs, and luck last out, there'll be new shingles in the spring."

"Please. I'm sorry if I seemed rough."

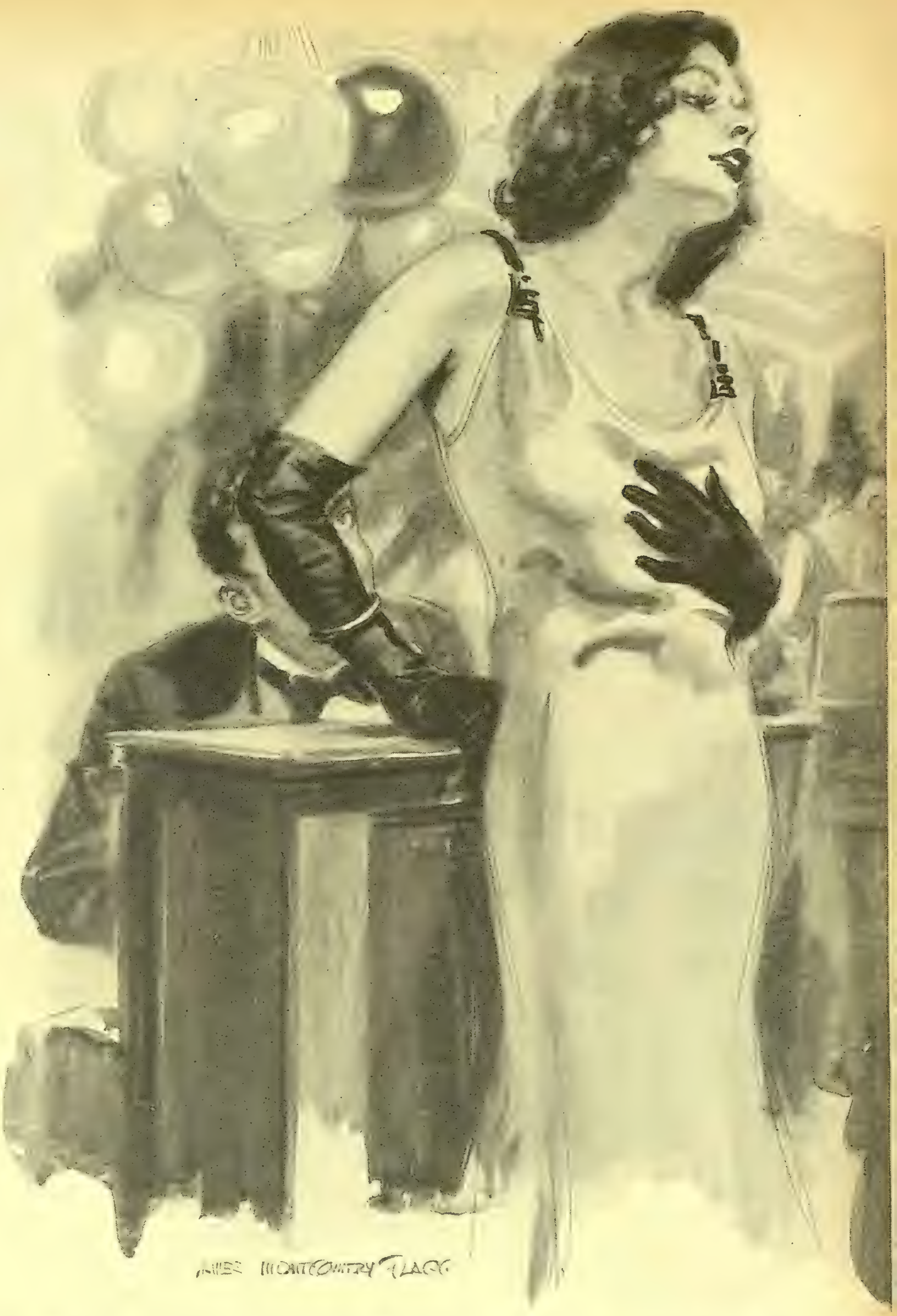
"You needn't apologize. The customers seem to think they're entitled to our life history, so here's the rest of it: I modeled gowns when I first came to town, then I met Mr. Lorena on the street. He used to come to our village, summers. He gave me a chance—and here I am."

I wondered how far Gorgeous would get with her. I said, "I don't like to do it, but the boss wants to meet you. Do you mind?"

"Why, not at all."

"You wouldn't be so flip about it if you knew who he was," I thought. We left off in the middle of a number, and got around to the table. Gorgeous asked her what she'd have, and right off was ordering champagne for the lot of us. But, of all things, she asked for vichy and milk. Then they danced. I leaned back against the booth.

I could hear the boys inside. They were going to work in the morning. They had their work car spotted, and of course the idea with a hot car is not to hold it too long, but take it just when you're ready. Their car was a doctor's Caddy, and it was parked every morning at eight thirty in front of a West End Avenue address. That was plenty of time, as they were not due at the job until nine fifteen. It was pay-roll work, I gathered.



"Mr. Fargo! Any special number we should sing for you, Mr. Fargo?"

I came out of my trance. The little hostesses were pleasant enough, eager kids.

"Do you know that old, old one about 'where the lazy daisies grow'? Ask Benny. It used to be great for a sister harmony."

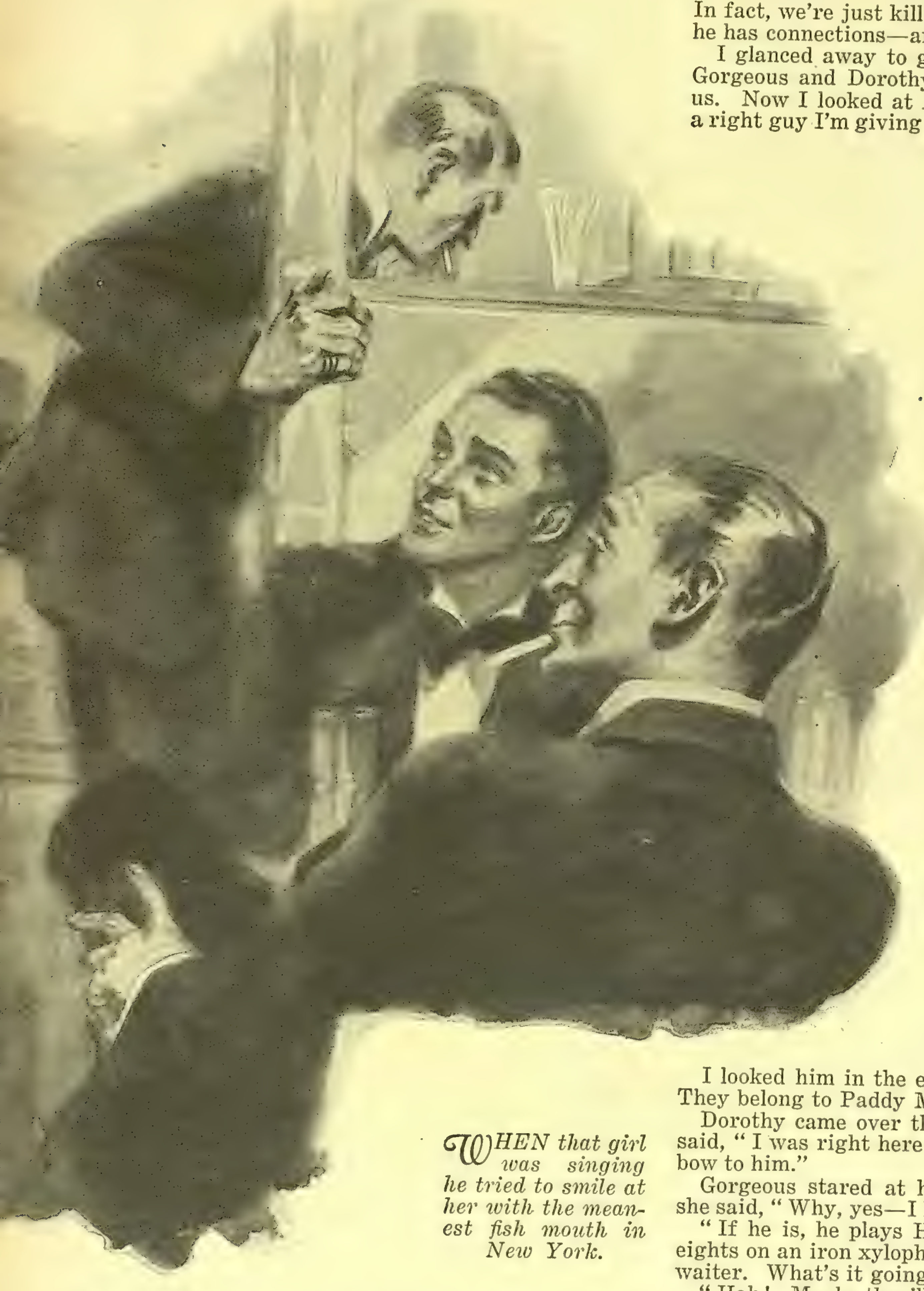
"Course we know it. But howdjoo guess we was sisters?" they chanted and scampered over to Benny.

The dance finished with Dorothy and Gorgeous just in front of the booth. Gorgeous was looking at the band and applauding. Dorothy glanced into the booth and bowed to someone. Then the tallest of the five came out. A pale Italian with a lot of hair and very heavy eyelids, so he had to tilt his head back to see under them. He reached for the girl, to dance, just as Gorgeous did. Gorgeous snarled. I heard the trouble rumble.

I knew now who the wop was, and with this job for the morning they were all on the hair trigger. Gorgeous passed the wop a very powerful word, and I got there just in time.

I GOT between Gorgeous and the booth. "Excuse me a minute, Arty," I said, and nodded to Gorgeous and Dolores to get going. Gorgeous wanted to linger, but she danced him away. The Italian was breathing hard and his four pals had their knees bent, but they were not sitting. "I don't know you, Jack," he said, and gave me a nasty look.

"Can I sit down with you boys a minute?" I asked. "I'll buy you a little drink and tell you a story."



When that girl was singing he tried to smile at her with the meanest fish mouth in New York.

I got him back in his chair and the waiter took the orders. I sat at the end of the table.

Those boys were as friendly as a cageful of foreign-born tigers. They just waited. The tall wop said, "You heard what your friend called me. If you want to keep out of this, get going; but your friend asked for it and he'll get it."

I SAID, "You are Arty Moriatti, and my name is Breitinger, but that's neither here nor there. I'm just asking you as a favor to lay off this baby. He's bad news. When I'm with him it's my job to put the knee on wrong guys. I'm telling you this about my friend because sometimes it's just as well to see who a guy is before you step on him. Ain't that the truth?"

Arty said, "Did he ask who I was?" The waiter brought our drinks. I said, "He's half plastered and he's been that way for days. Just a sleeper, you know, but it wakes up on him at the wrong time. That's why he made the mistake." I let that sink in as a kind of apology, and then I finished: "This lad doesn't work here in town. In fact, we're just killing time on a little go-round. But he has connections—and I'm asking you to lay off."

I glanced away to give them a chance to swap looks. Gorgeous and Dorothy went by. They were looking at us. Now I looked at Arty and said, "To show you I'm a right guy I'm giving you a tip about the car."

"What car?" asked someone after a while.

"Listen, guys. I never butt in, but my table is next to this booth. Don't take that particular Caddy in the morning. I just happen to know it belongs to Dr. Jacobs. Young Segundo's doctor and friend. Now maybe you didn't know that Paddy Maddigan owns fifty per cent of Segundo and likes to have him good-natured so he can keep on winning fights. So if you still want that car you better call up Paddy first."

ARTY put his head back and looked at me. He knew and I knew what Paddy would do to him if he used that car on a job. He lifted his drink and so did the rest of us. "Much obliged. You and your friend are O. K. with me. Have another — with us? No? Well"—he grinned at me—"we'll go consult our transportation committee." They got up. As he passed me he said, "O. K. so far, what I mean. But if you pull the zipper on that mouth of yours, it'll be too bad."

Back at my table I had a high, fast one. By and by the band stopped, and Gorgeous came charging over. He looked into the empty booth and then sat with me. "What did you let them get away for?"

I looked him in the eye. "They didn't belong to me. They belong to Paddy Maddigan."

Dorothy came over then, and when we were seated I said, "I was right here where I could see Miss De Lisle bow to him."

Gorgeous stared at her, and when he had explained she said, "Why, yes—I had met him. He is a musician."

"If he is, he plays Home, Sweet Home, with thirty-eights on an iron xylophone across the room. Here's the waiter. What's it going to be?"

"Hah! Maybe they'll be back!" said Gorgeous.

I thought of something I'd like to say to Dorothy Holbrook, but she was too busy being Dolores De Lisle and rubbing powder from herself off Gorgeous' dinner coat with that nice lace handkerchief. I guess it was then I started getting sore at her, and sore at the racket I was in, and a lot of things. I couldn't see why a stunning girl like her should make a fuss over a rat like Gorgeous.

So when the sisters finished and came over I gave them each a finif, and danced with one of them, leaving Dorothy flat. Then a blonde girl came in with a million-dollar wrap and a big bald young guy with a black mustache. She giggled and gurgled at Dorothy, who introduced us. Her name was Marcia something.

At eleven o'clock a guy brought me the address, and Gorgeous and I left; but I heard him tell Dorothy we'd be back, and she told him to be sure to.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

GORGEOUS, THE RIDDLE
Continued from page thirty-seven

The address for that night was a loft building in the Thirties with an awful smell of furs. It wasn't the biggest game in town, but it was heavy enough, and the gathering was select and representative. Smoke Lorber—a cigar-store specialist, and the coolest rush-hour worker on record—had the dice, and before Gorgeous got them they'd gone a fairly complete circle—bondsmen, jurisprudence, the bench—in the form of a ticket spec whose brother was a magistrate with real estate, a parole-board guy, some fixers, and a fence—all trying their influence on the cubes in turn.

A caravan with four suitcases of booze and a bag of ice had set up on a trestle table for the relief of the parched, and Gorgeous was drinking cognac as if it was so much gin. He'd lost sixty-five hundred before he got the bones, and dropped three grand more while he held them. I never saw a loser get so many black looks.

Nobody should take a dislike for a fellow because he's afflicted, but you have a right to dislike a guy for what he's done to his own face and the way he acts in a crowd. Gorgeous just left you with a bad taste, as though you'd eaten a dandelion, and I was lucky to dislodge him out of there with nothing more than a few sneers bouncing off him.

Then he had to see a man in a West Fifty-second Street joint about buying a piece of a wrestler who was rehearsing for the championship. When this business was over, it was late, and Gorgeous was tight. We started for the hotel, but he came to life and shouted, “Club Lorena!” at the driver and got nasty when I argued.

I got out first at the Lorena, to pay the driver, and my back wasn't turned half a minute, but that gave Gorgeous time to climb out and conclude all arrangements for a fight with two strangers with thick necks and big wrists.

I took one lad out with a sock under the ear, and removed Gorgeous from harm's way with an uppercut he didn't see but figured was part of the milly. Then I almost broke my hand on the other fellow, but I finally made good, as the saying goes.

If there's ever a thirteen o'clock, it won't make any difference. You'll be able to gather a crowd in New York just the same. We had ours by the time I could look around. I couldn't see Gorgeous, but the driver who brought us was standing by the open cab door, signaling to me. I looked for the first lad, keeping my back to the cab, then I heard a quick “Phsst!” like fellows do in a boiler factory to cut under the sound, and the second lad got up and bored through the bystanders. I got into the cab and the driver slammed the door on me and was off like a shot. Gorgeous was on the back seat and in the corner was Dolores—I mean Dorothy.

SHE had an arm around his shoulder to help hold him up. “Are you hurt, Mr. Breitinger?”

“No, but I'd like to swap right hands with some nice young fellow that's sound asleep for an hour or two. When did you join our happy group?”

“The taxi man was picking Gorgeous up when I came out—and I saw you. Oh, it was brutal!”

“I agree with you—but that last guy had a jimmy under his coat that put together would be five feet long.”

Even when groggy, Gorgeous could be unpleasant. “What did you want to go and butt in for? I had 'em until that bird hit me with something on the whiskers just as I was going for my rod.”

“It looked to me like he come up under you with his gun,” I said, and felt pleased I'd put so much behind it. “Want to stop at a drug store?”

No, and he wasn't going to the hotel, either. He was going to see Dolores got home all right. A one-track alcoholic may make a lot of stops, but you can't switch him. He had his way, and when we got to her address, up on Claremont Avenue, he scrambled out with her. She whispered to me, “Don't argue with him. It's getting late and I can put you both up.”

She had one of those old-time railroad apartments, and her room was nearest the front door. She took some of her things out and whispered good night, and I locked the door after her and put the key away. Gorgeous was no help by that time.

I was glad to get my own tux coat off. It was quilted inside so it would hang right with a heavy automatic in it. I didn't bother with much else, but after draping Gorgeous in the bed, I rolled up in a quilt on a box couch.

MY hand woke up a little after eight. I thought I'd find the bathroom and run some water on it, but every door was closed and I didn't want to make any social errors. At the end I came to a living room. A barelegged blonde girl with a blue-and-red silk kimono on was sitting there in the sun, doing something to the lining of a million-dollar wrap. It was Marcia. She smiled at me and said, “Good morning.”

She directed me, and when I came back with my hand cooler and more comfortable, we got talking, and she asked me, “Are you in business here in town, Mr. Gallagher, or just visiting?”

“Gallagher”! What a big impression I must have made the night before. I told her, “Business. Monkey business. I work for the Bronx Zoo people—no foolin'. But don't you think it would be better to send a wrap like that to the cleaner's instead of taking a chance yourself with ordinary cooking naphtha?”

She had asked me the question innocently enough, but she'd been taking little looks at me, and probably was putting me together like an airplane mapper. Now she laughed. “No, because this wrap has got to be back on the racks, where I work, at nine o'clock. Next time you see it you'll be over on Park Avenue, or Fifth, delivering a load of baboons.” She glanced at the clock and hopped up. For no reason at all she said, “Aren't you crazy about Dolores? Everybody is.”

“I only met her last night.”

“Does Gorgeous like her?”

“He thinks she's stuck on him.”

“Mm-mm. We-ll. Maybe she can do something with him, then. She was talking to me after she came in last night.” She stroked the fur that was over her arm. “He is cute; and Gorgeous—what a cute name!”

“She say anything about me?”

Marcia shot a look at me. “Oh, I guess she likes you all right, too. Well, I'll probably see you again soon, Mr. Gallagher. Josy'll have breakfast for you and Gorgeous when Dolores gets up—around noon.”

When I woke up again Gorgeous was going through my overcoat to find the flask for an eye opener. He announced that he felt fine, and wanted to know whose dump this was. When I told him, he was pleased.

The colored girl, Josy, had the table all set for us, and we sat down together, Dorothy in that red-and-blue kimono—which I could see by the way she wore it belonged to her. She looked about twelve years old—glowing from her shower, her short hair kind of kicked around on her head, and her brown eyes as clear as a mountain spring in the sun.

Nobody could be sore at her then, and we talked about the foolishest things—country things, just as though there wasn't a hard, dirty city outside.

Gorgeous harped back to last night. He couldn't remember the street fight, but he was full of outrage about the tall ginney, Arty Moriatti, and his talk began to bristle with “lams” and “scrams” and “rides” and “on the spots.”

When we got organized to leave, he said, “Slip her a twenty.”

“Somehow—I wouldn't,” I told him. “She was good-hearted enough to give us a home last night when—when we were tired and messy. You can't pay people for that kind of service.”

“Well, coming from you it would be all right.”

I let that pass. “If you want to do something for them, buy that fur wrap for Marcia and get some little thing for Dolores."

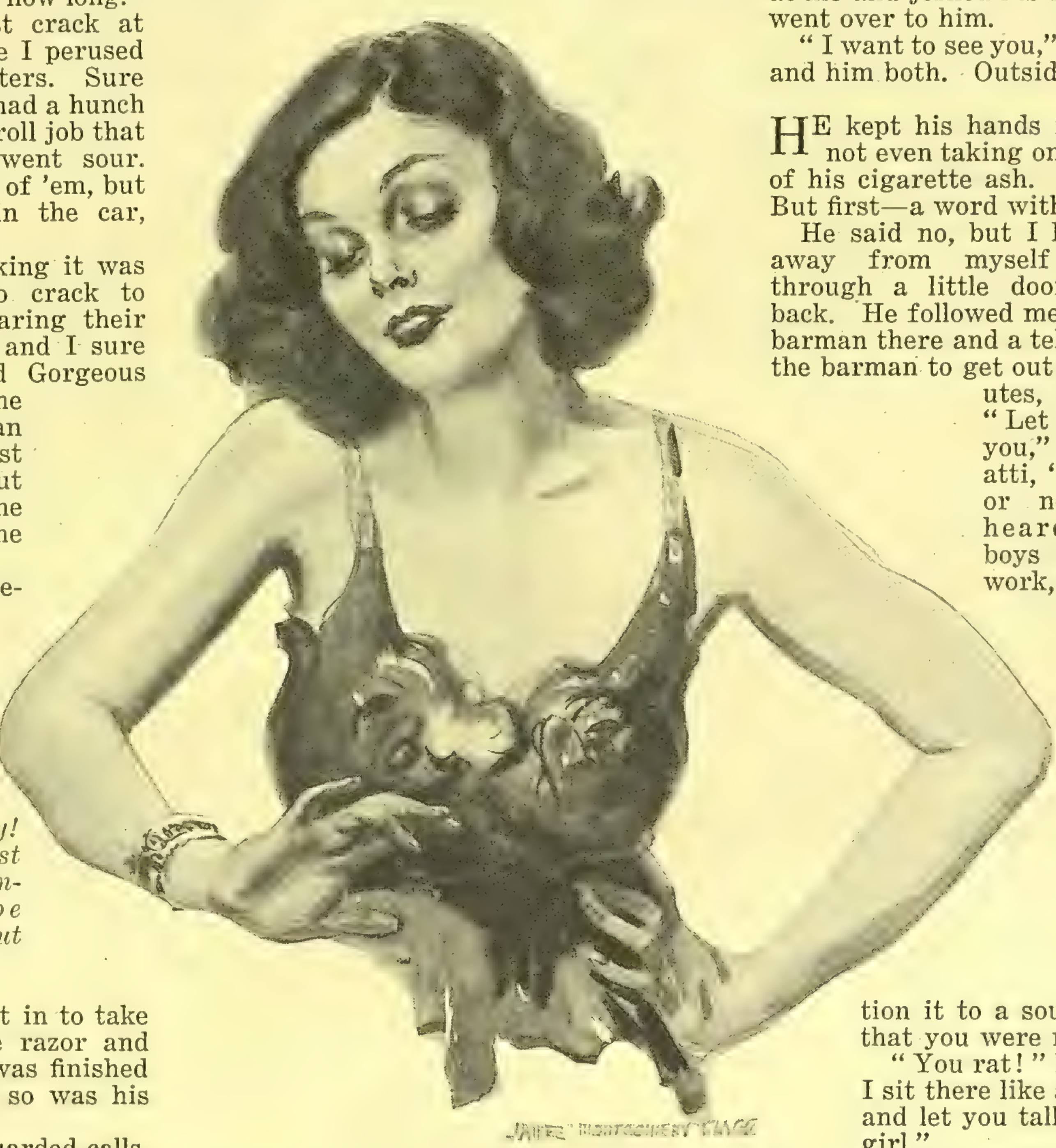
So we left Dorothy with just spoken thanks. On the way back to the hotel I told him, " Not to spoil any plans, but we're giving that Lorena joint a miss in the interests of health and hilarity."

" You'll come pretty near leaving it to me—where we go, when, why, and how long."

I gave him first crack at the bathroom while I perused the afternoon blätters. Sure enough—just as I had a hunch—there was a pay-roll job that morning, and it went sour. The cops got three of 'em, but the fourth guy, in the car, drove off.

I had been thinking it was childish of me to crack to Moriatti about hearing their talk in the booth, and I sure knew it now, and Gorgeous wouldn't thank me for using it for an out. I thought best to say nothing about it, but to cross the Lorena right off the list.

He was at the telephone when I went in to take my turn with the razor and shower. When I was finished he was gone, and so was his overcoat and hat.



" IT'S a beauty! Why, it must have cost hundreds—maybe thousands—but I couldn't—"

I put in some guarded calls, and then went cruising. Naturally I didn't like to show up without him, but there seemed no way out. I found Pitch, Whitey, Fig One, and Pop Korns in the back of a cordial shop on Amsterdam. They'd been up all night on a truck job over in Jersey. No one cracked about Gorgeous, so I said he was sleeping one off, and left.

I went around the lively areas of New York so fast and often that the cruising cops in the Fords—we used to call them the Dolly Sisters—must have thought I was some headquarters dick on a lost-child hunt or something—but no Gorgeous.

ABOUT nine o'clock I eased into the Lorena.

Gorgeous, fairly sober, was dancing with Dorothy, who wore some kind of an evening gown of black lace over white that you wouldn't think would be practical for night-club scrimmage work, but was very becoming. Marcia was sitting at a table against the wall, and she was sitting on that fur wrap with it draped over her shoulders so it couldn't get away. She hailed me and I sat down.

" Oh, Mr. Gallagher—what do you think? Gorgeous bought me this fur, but Dolores doesn't want me to keep it. She says he— Well, what do you think? "

" If he bought it and gave it to you, that makes it yours —and I judge he must have bought it."

" Of course he did. But you don't think there's anything—er—I mean—er—irregular about it, do you? Of course I don't know him very well, but he's—"

" Not to be hard-boiled, I'll bet you if it was back on the racks the next girl that owned it wouldn't come by it as legitimately."

I looked up to see Arty Moriatti standing by the drapes at the entrance. He had both hands in his overcoat pockets, his hat was on, and he was smoking a cigarette. He was watching Gorgeous and Dorothy. Now he looked at me and jerked his head a little. I went over to him.

" I want to see you," he said. " You and him both. Outside."

HE kept his hands in his pockets, not even taking one out to get rid of his cigarette ash. I said, " Sure. But first—a word with you."

He said no, but I kept my hands away from myself and walked through a little doorway into the back. He followed me. There was a barman there and a telephone. I told the barman to get out for a few minutes, and he went.

" Let me say it for you," I told Moriatti, " but, believe it or not, I neither heard where you boys were going to work, nor did I mention it to a soul—even him—that you were needing a car."

" You rat! " he said. " And I sit there like a sap last night and let you talk me out of my girl."

" Your girl? "

" You heard me. You saw she wanted to dance with me. You had no business roving into my territory in the first place. Now you are getting out. For good. Both of you."

" First I'm doing some telephoning; and if you are a smart boy you'll listen to what I say. You'll know who and what when you hear the number."

It is no fun turning your back with nothing but a few layers of cloth between you and those steel-jacketed things, and it was a long shot that I'd locate Paddy Maddigan, for Mr. Maddigan is a very busy man, with all kinds of day and night interests in New York. My forehead was wet and so was the telephone receiver before I finally got him.

After I talked, I gave Moriatti the phone. Then he hung up. " He passes both of you; but me, I'm telling you to hunt some other spot. Get out, and stop messing with my girl."

" I've got a scheme that ought to work before midnight," I said. " Fun's fun, but I don't mind framing the picture so this baby's not in it any more."

" I'll give you until midnight," he said, and went away.

I leaned on the telephone and dictated a telegram. Then I went outside. When I dropped down with Marcia I was at my old listening post, and lo! Gorgeous and Dorothy were in the booth inside.

" Gorgeous," she was saying, " it's a beauty! Why, it

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

GORGEOUS, THE RIDDLE
Continued from page thirty-nine

must have cost hundreds—maybe thousands—but I couldn't—"

"Be quiet, baby. Let's see how it looks on your wrist."

"But, Gorgeous—I couldn't—I just wouldn't—"

"Wouldn't what? Aw, I got it in the five and ten. What's the matter with you?"

"You didn't either. I know all about you—and how you get your money and things. It isn't right, Gorgeous. If you value my friendship at all you've just got to change your ways!"

Between answering Marcia, and responding to the little hostesses who were "Mister Fargo"-ing me, and being corrected by Marcia, I heard Dorothy deliver a fine moral lecture. Did Gorgeous take it nicely? He ate it up and actually asked for more.

My telegram came at quarter past ten. I passed it on to Gorgeous. He had been drinking, and now had to have a fast one to sober up so he could read. "Arrgh, nerts!" he said. "I've got to go to Boston. I don't believe I can make it. Can I make the midnight, Duke?"

I had an inspiration. "Sure—if we all go along and help pack. We'll take Dolores and Marcia along. How about it?"

Dorothy was an unexpected snag. "Gorgeous—don't go—if it's one of those awful jobs! Are you going, Duke?"

"No," he cut in. "Gorgeous goes this one alone!"

Well, Dorothy asked off, and half an hour later we were all up in the room, packing. I telephoned for a lower for him on the midnight, and pretty soon we trooped up to the Grand Central. Marcia and I left them to themselves, so they could talk. Marcia seemed a nice enough kid, but she wouldn't have been human if she hadn't wanted to keep that fur. I could almost hear her mind clicking in the hope Dorothy wouldn't talk Gorgeous out of it.

The train should have been forty hours late, for it took that long to get started, but ultimately, after I'd had a few private words with Gorgeous, and he'd shaken his head sadly at some parting plea of Dorothy's, away he went.

I got us into a taxi and we rode in silence, until Marcia blurted, "Why, we're going uptown! Driver—hey!—you're going wrong."

"We're going to Claremont Avenue," I said firmly, and I was ashamed to notice that both seemed a little frightened.

WHEN we arrived and had our things off, I told Dorothy she better call up the Lorena and let them know she wouldn't be back. They stared at me, so I gave it to them.

"We can't go back there again—any of us—on account of your friend Gorgeous."

They looked at each other, and Marcia said faintly, "What?"

I said to Dorothy, "I'm sorry to tell you that all your reform work was wasted on Gorgeous. By the way, how and when did you happen to find out about him?"

"Why, I could tell by the way he talked and acted—the things he said to me when we were alone. And then, when I asked Benny what you did, he gave me a queer look and said you were not advertising your trade."

It was enough to make a couple of stone lions laugh outside a public library. I said, "I'll take it back about your talk being wasted. I doubt very much if you'll ever see Gorgeous again. He wouldn't spoil the picture for anything. At last he's made someone—and a nice pretty girl at that—think he's a bold, bad, hard-boiled egg."

"For the land's sake, who is he?" Dorothy demanded.

"He's the only millionaire you had here for breakfast this morning."

They were speechless. I said, "I thought by the way you were talking to him you knew about him. Didn't you ever hear of the Hoyne Remedies? Gosh, I had an uncle who used to go for their tonic for feeble women in a big way, because it had sixty-five per cent alcohol. Well, our friend Gorgeous is Le Roy Hoyne, sole heir to the fortune his New England granddaddy started in a pill shop."

"Whaddya know!" said Marcia; and Dorothy said, "Oh!"

"Pardon me for knocking an absent brother, and hate me if you like—but Le Roy is just a slob. He was in a reform school, in spite of their money, after he'd caused the death of a house painter. He married a servant girl—er, well, he married her—when he was eighteen, and he's done a lot of quaint and curious things you wouldn't be interested in. He comes to New York periodically to keep in touch with the underworld. I am usually his guide and what he calls, when stewed, his 'gardy bodd.'"

BOTH of them were looking at me so round-eyed that I went right on: "Please don't feel uneasy with me. I'm only a private cop. I work for the Carling Detective Agency, and we—and the tavern keepers—are about the only ones in New York who are glad to see him. He has a mania for being around shady characters and trying to talk their language and be taken for a gunman."

Dorothy gasped. "Why, I never heard of such a thing!"

"He starts fights—and someone has to finish them for him. I was hoping last night, when he spoke of going for his rod, that you didn't hear him. Do you think we'd be crazy enough to let him have a gun? Listen. When he first came to New York he went down to Chinatown and he asked a fellow in a store where was Mock Duck—a man who hasn't been in the picture here for years.

"The Chinaman thought he was crazy when Gorgeous tried to make some kind of secret rapping on the counter. Luckily, one of our lads happened in—and we got a valued client. We've been handling him ever since. His aunt always wires us when he's coming, and it was she who wired him to come back tonight. Our instructions are to keep him out of trouble, out of the papers, and away from designing women."

Dorothy blushed, and so did Marcia. "As for the fur, Marcia, keep it. He's got a thick layer of money, and he'll never give it another thought. Probably the nicest thing he's ever done here." I got up to go. I was still sore at Dorothy, and couldn't resist saying, "I can get you a job as good as Lorena's. Don't ever go back there unless you want trouble with a real gunman. I'm sorry to have to disappoint you in Gorgeous."

She flared out, "I suppose I was too quick to jump at conclusions—but who wouldn't? Anyway, I didn't care anything at all about your old Gorgeous, so there!"

Marcia stood up. "You dumby! You told her he was your boss—and she kept me awake half the night talking about you! It was Duke this and Duke that, and wasn't Duke wonderful? She thought it was him who was leading you astray!"

"Why, Marcia!" Dorothy cried out.

I could see why I had been sore at Dorothy, but Marcia was so excited she began to cry, so I put my arms around her.

Over her head I looked at Dorothy, but she wouldn't look at me. I told her, "Dorothy—I'm chucking this detective racket. I might as well be a crook as the way I am. I guess I must know more of them than they do themselves."

Marcia was sobbing, so I didn't want to let go of her, and she seemed to like being comforted. I told Dorothy, "It burned me up to see you fussing over Gorgeous, but now I know why. Will you come here a minute?"

She did. I kissed her and patted Marcia's back. "Dorothy—Dowdy—how about chucking this and stepping up to the Catskills and seeing what we can do about hay and horses, horses, horses?"

"I like horses, Duff," she said. "Marcia darling, everything is all right now. Don't cry any more. While you're in the kitchen making the coffee, Duke and I can be—"

"You bet we can!" I said, as I let go of Marcia.

THE END

To the Ladies

MISS NEW YORK

By

PRINCESS
ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN
linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

(Reading time: 5 minutes 12 seconds.)

SPELLS of artistic fever have a way of mastering us women at this time of year as we think up new ideas for home redecoration. And oh, what bright originalities some of us achieve!

I know a woman who has the steps of her staircase painted alternately black and white. This makes you go up two at a time. Coming down it makes you dangerously skippy. I know a London lady who went in for a round dining room with the doors so concealed that only her family and intimates can find their way out.

A scarlet ceiling, black walls star-spangled—these and many another strange unhomelike effect have I seen perpetrated by our urge to be original.

On the other hand, I've seen some experiments carried out with great success. One of these featured the revival of an idea the ancient Greeks made use of—white walls under a primrose-yellow ceiling. And the sky-blue ceiling of a book-lined room in Hugh Walpole's house was an excellent scheme, I thought. In a small apartment of my own I found that scarlet woodwork can be very pleasant with cream-colored walls.

One, two, *buckle* my shoe . . .

REMEMBER that childhood nursery rhyme? Keep it in mind this year when buying footwear for the autumn and winter. Because *buckles* are going to be worn extensively again.

I've just had a glimpse behind the scenes of the coming winter's fashion show. Our clothes are turning definitely to the style of the Second Empire. Empress Eugénie's brilliant court is the fount to which the Paris designers have gone for their latest inspiration. The Eugénie hat is already with us—too much with us!

But let me tell you about shoes. Court shoes, of course—to suit the Empire mode. A little less open than the opera pump. Heels somewhat lower than at present. And *buckles!* Buckles on the satin afternoon slipper. Cut-steel buckles on patent-leather shoes. Bronze metal buckles on shoes of bronze kid or brown pin seal. They really do look elegant. Quite the latest fancy—one that gives a smart finish to any ensemble—is that of having the clasp on your handbag match your shoe buckles.

STORYBOOK heroines often make me wonder if they are taken from real-life women. So when I met the author, Donald Henderson Clarke, I asked him that about his Millie, and about Ruth, the girl in his Impatient Virgin. "Millie is several girls rolled into one," he told me. "So is Ruth. But there must be quite a lot like Millie, because I received a letter from a woman out west who claimed she knew her well, and that her real-life name is Cynthia. I don't know any Cynthias at all, as far as I can remember."

Being a writer of love stories, Mr. Clarke of course receives lots of letters from women who want advice on how to keep their lovers. "Don't," Mr. Clarke tells them. "You can't revive love. But you can fall in love anew. Everyone falls in love more than once. Try again."

The day I talked with him Mr. Clarke was suffering, he confessed to me, from the effects of a huckleberry pie which had treated him cruelly after all his affection for it. A consistent philosopher, he said he meant to go home and eat another huckleberry pie at once—despite doctor's orders.

WHAT *won't* a devoted woman do to be near the man she loves?

Here is a true story of one woman's courage. For sheer devotion I think it just about goes the limit.

By nature she was a timid soul. Her particular fear was the fear of things that crawled. Of snakes she had a frantic horror. Sight of them made her deathly sick.

Then one day she fell in love. He was a fine young man, and he had a nice prosperous business. Since he loved her no less than she loved him, everything seemed set for a happy wedding.

But—

There was his job. He had the management of a circus side show. The big boss was a strict boss, and it was his order that *performers only* could travel with the show. Under no circumstances might this rule be broken.

Therefore, to marry the man she loved, and to share his life of travel, the timid heroine of this episode faced the absolute necessity of learning to perform some circus act. What could she do? Be a rider, a gymnast, a tight-rope artist? Not a chance.

She was at her wits' end when opportunity suddenly presented itself. And such an opportunity!

The snake charmer quit the show.

"We can marry if you'll be a snake charmer," said her fiancé. "That's our only chance."

The thought nearly killed her, but devotion finally conquered. For love's sake, she agreed to caress the snakes. That was some months ago. Now she's the regular snake woman of the side show. Married, and happy.

The terrors love can overcome!

I HOPE you are not on a reducing diet because I want to tell you about a delicious chocolate roll.

Yes, it *is* fairly rich—despite the fact that it has absolutely no flour or butter in it.

This opulent-looking dessert, the brown cake smothered with whipped cream and decorated with green sprinklets, will gratify both the eye and palate of the most fastidious. It's a quick one, too. You can have it all ready for the table in just a little over half an hour.

To make it you'll need 6 eggs, 6 heaping tablespoons granulated sugar, 6 level tablespoons cocoa, 1 pint extra heavy cream.

Mix the egg yolks and the sugar vigorously until bubbles appear. Stir in cocoa till smooth. Fold in egg whites beaten till they stand. Pour the mixture into a jelly-roll pan and bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven. Turn out, trim edges, let cool for ten minutes—not longer. Then spread with well whipped sweetened cream and roll up. Spread on the remainder of the whipped cream and adorn with green candy sprinklets.

Vox

Heartfelt Rah from Reno

RENO, NEV.—Boys, give young Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt a coupla cheers! He said in his article, "Rollicking Reno": "The fact that Nevada has passed an act permitting the sundering of the matrimonial bonds of unhappy human beings, after a residence of six weeks within the state, is not only legitimate but also beneficial in many instances."

Say, that's *talking!* And it's the truth, the straight truth. You'd think, from the way some narrow-minded opponents of divorce talk and write, that they positively take a perverted pleasure in watching two unhappy people struggling, without success, to break the legal chains which bind them in marriage.—*Ned.*

The Explosive Subjects of Church, State, and Sex

OTTAWA, ONT., CAN.—How many men must have read Mussolini's article, "Church, State, and Sex," with their thumbs to their noses—men who have struggled for years in an overcrowded trade or profession to get themselves into a position to maintain, not a wife and four or five children, but merely a wife—and are still struggling.

How many women read it with their tongues in their cheeks—women who live in neighborhoods where the houses were built fifteen or twenty years ago for one family and are now housing five and six families—no yard for children to play in, no fresh air or sunshine or freedom. That any sane, enlightened woman should yearn frantically for the suffering attendant on childbirth as a means of bringing into an already complicated existence further complications and problems is simply absurd.

If Mussolini wants to encourage a high birth rate in order to prepare cannon feed in his own country for the next war, and Italy cares to bow to such a dictatorship, that is no affair of ours.

But why try to superimpose such ideas on the enlightened people of the United States? We know better.

He says, "The good woman . . . is saturated with eagerness to respond valiantly to nature's call to produce her kind"—implying that she must be so saturated in order to qualify as a good woman.

Well, all I have to say is, I should like to be able to change Mussolini's sex overnight and, in due time, rush him off to a maternity hospital and deliver him of triplets. After that I should like to put him on an allowance equal to that of the wife of an ordinary workingman and see how much joy he or the poor kiddies would get out of the game.—*L. F. C.*

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.—I want to thank you for the article, "Church, State, and Sex," by Benito Mussolini.

I take a dozen or more magazines, but this is the finest and timeliest article I have read for a long time. It was *great*—worthy of any publication in America.—*Wallace Wood.*

It's So Simple

EUREKA, MO.—If you can write anything you can write short stories for Liberty; but if you can't write anything you can write short stories for Liberty.—*E. J. W.*

Congratulations Yourself

EL DORADO, KAN.—"As long as the prohibition law is on the statute books it should be enforced, and if nothing else can be done, the leaders in this criminal trade should be arrested and imprisoned. The government has started by striking at the top in Chicago. We are all waiting to see similar activity in every other large city."

No, brothers and sisters, this is not a quotation from the Christian Herald, the Western Christian Advocate, nor the World Call, but was taken out of a splendid editorial in that widely circulated, widely praised, widely cussed, sometimes right, more often wrong magazine, Liberty.

This editorial was entitled "The Big Chief of the Booze Gang," and was a fine comment on the successful efforts of the Department of Justice to arrest and sentence Al Capone.

Strange! Fine! Liberty, you soon will become almost civilized.

Congratulations on seeing the light! —*Frank Caldwell.*

In Fairness to the French

FAIRMOUNT, IND.—Please, would you kindly tell Agatha Christie, author of "The Peril at End House," that I am forever grateful to her?

At last a French character in a story who is not a sly, immoral, and usually dirty person.

Really—French people are not sly, immoral, and dirty. I should know!!—*Suzanne.*

Poem of Longing

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Your Limerick Contest is swell; as amusement it sure rings the bell; I've done every one, and I've got lots of fun—but I'd like to get money as well!—*Allen Glasser.*

Sore Head

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Your story, "Girls in the Money," was one of the most !!!!!!! articles I have ever read in your nickel chatterbox.

The forward wench that told it is a disgrace to the girls of their kind.

If they are a bunch of gold-diggers, let them keep it to themselves, as it were.

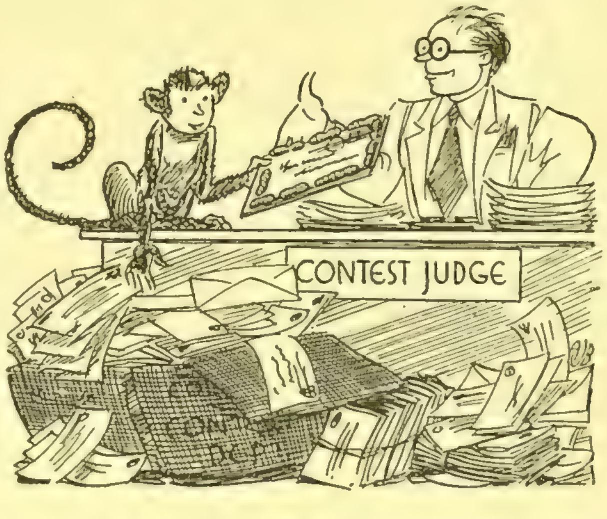
Why stir up the mud on the bottom of a clear pool?—*Franklin Bullock.*

Atta Bird!

AUSTIN, TEXAS—Your magazine has improved so wonderfully that I now watch the news stands for Liberty Weekly just the way a hungry hawk watches a brood of half-grown chicks! —*E. L. Schostag.*

Somebody's Always Seeing through Our Contests

IRON RIVER, MICH.—Hooray everybody, come on over! We're having a party at our house and Liberty is paying for it. How come?



Well, it's like this. Liberty sends me a prize check for a limerick and that pays for the party.

How do I know about the prize check? That's easy. When I sent in my limerick, I glued a row of peanuts all around the edge of the paper, and when that trained monk they have in the office makes a dive for those peanuts, it automatically brings my paper up for first prize, don't it?

Heh, heh, and again, heh, heh. Put one over on somebody that time, didn't I?—*John F. Weigand.*

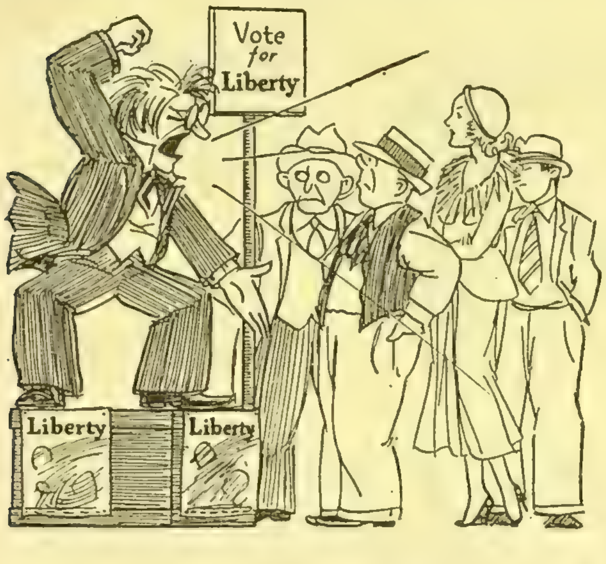
Rash Letter

CLARION, PA.—Every time I read Liberty I break out all over in a rash, something like poison ivy. I don't mind the rash so much—but I don't like the idea of paying a nickel for it.—*J. M. L.*

Pop

Say, Are You Planning to Run Liberty, or Read It?

TULSA, OKLA.—As I am running for office on a Liberty ticket, I see no better way to get my name before the people than through Liberty. And if each and every one who reads the best magazine in the world will please give me his support and vote for me I will win by a landslide.



I promise that, when I go into office, I will work for the people's interest. However, under the following conditions:

Five days out of the week I will be very busy with Liberty from cover to cover and cannot be disturbed. The other two days I must have to myself and again not be disturbed, on account of preparing myself and waiting for the new issue of Liberty.

I solemnly pledge myself that I will give the rest of my time to my constituents, and put my whole heart into the task of working for their best interests.

Am I elected?—*R. H. Baker.*

"A Businesslike Remedy for the Depression"

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—In your editorial, " A Businesslike Remedy for the Depression," you say, " Take our recent tariff legislation! Would the business men have passed this bill after a careful study of the possible world-wide enmity it finally created? "

This statement indicates very great shallowness. Who but the business man forced our present tariff legislation upon us? Certainly not the professional men. I have before me a memorial signed by the leading American economists in all lines—heads of departments of economics in every important university—such leaders as Fisher of Yale and Taussig of Harvard. I believe there are 1,400 professional men, many of them in active work in economics, who urged President Hoover to veto this iniquitous tariff measure. But, no. Big business wanted it and Mr. Hoover yielded, although, undoubtedly, he knew better but lacked the courage.

Now, if our present tariff legislation, which is certainly the work of the business men of the country, is an example of how they would do things generally, we want anything but business men in charge of our government.

Any kind of leadership that has landed us in our present mess—banks bursting with money, storage places bursting with provisions, stores bursting with goods, and millions of unemployed, many of them starving—represents a very blind sort of leadership. I think it has been business leadership that has done it. If so, may Heaven deliver us from any more of it.—*F. Darwin Smith, President California College of Commerce.*

PORTLAND, ORE.—Your editorial, " A Businesslike Remedy for the Depression," sure hit the nail on the head.

If our government was put on a business basis and run as efficiently as a modern business should be, there would not be half as much chance for these fluctuations every time a new party gets in.

Here's hoping your idea takes root and is the cause of modernizing our country into a business organization, instead of a political cauldron.—*R. W. Du Nann.*

Sylvia Gets Whacked

LUBBOCK, TEXAS—Why do you offer such bunk as " A Masseuse Looks at the Stars "? Some business flapper might believe about one half of one per cent of such unreasonable nonsense—but the people that build the circulation of magazines don't appreciate the fact that you—by offering such bunk—are taking a " jab " at their intelligence.

Give us some interesting stories! For what do we care about who slapped whose fat off, or why, or how? Hips are interesting only when one sees them and not when Sylvia of Hollywood tells of slapping them into shape to fit the back seat of a Rolls Royce.—*" Osguer of Hollywouldn't."*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Listen! I want to tell you something. Do you know that " A Masseuse Looks at the Stars," by Sylvia of Hollywood, is one of the best things you've printed in ages? At least, parts of it are fine, even though Sylvia doesn't hit on all eight cylinders all the time.

I've begun to try some of those thinning diets, and feel better already. And, also, I've been enjoying the diet of juicy gossip that Sylvia has been serving up. —*Sue of Chi.*

PENSACOLA, FLA.—I gotta complaint to make. Say, how long are we gonna have to read that " A Masseuse Looks at the Stars " bunk?

That " indiscreet secretary " musta put a dictionary into a meat grinder when she produced this!—*William Sanelle.*

Ode from Brooklyn

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—

Paper is made from wood and rags
From which, in turn, are made your mags.
Since reading your last number,
Methinks they should have saved the lumber.

—*Long-Feller.*

Aw, Nuts!

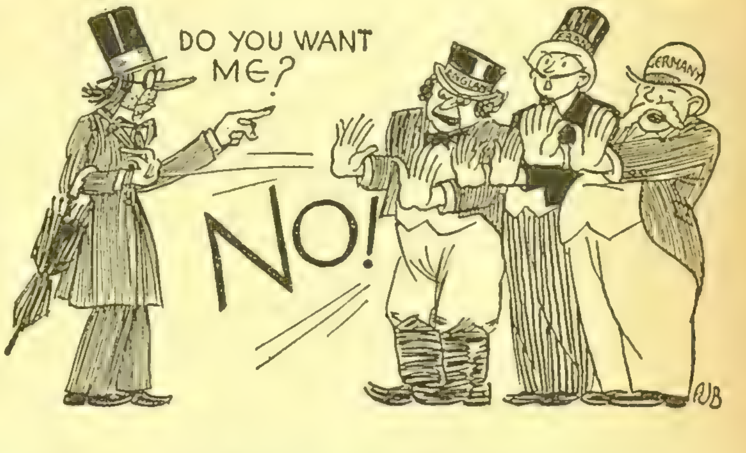
LOTHBRIDGE, ALTA., CAN.—Thinking I was doing you a kindness, I sent a bunch of back numbers of Liberty to the provincial gaol for use of the inmates, but they were all returned C. O. D.

The prisoners had made a complaint—said that they did not think they had to read Liberty, as it was not included in their sentence. However, I am sending them on to the hospital for the insane.—*Paddy Smith.*

What Do You Mean, Honors?

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—I've observed that Liberty actively concerns itself with the prohibition question. Here are some points to remember:

A legal saloon is a tax producer, and can be controlled. A speakeasy is not a tax producer and cannot be controlled.



England voted against prohibition by a six-to-one majority. With all her public houses (saloons) she does not want to be as wet as America—which has none.

If prohibition had any merits, other countries which tried the noble experiment would have discovered them.

Foreign nations, after watching the results of America's experiment for more than eleven years, seem to have decided to let the U. S. A. have all the honors.—*Joe Burdon.*

We're Sorry to Get You

PIERCE, W. VA.—I see now that you're giving away $500 each week for Limericks. Huh! That's nothing. I give away a nickel each week for *nothing.*—*Pecks.*

Joel McCrea and Constance Bennett in The Common Law, modernized version.

Ben Lyon and again the ever charming Constance Bennett in Bought.

Those INDISCREET

Sin and Success Continue to March Hand in Hand Across the Current Screen

By

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 6 minutes 50 seconds.)

THE Hollywood movies have tossed aside old-time reticence so completely that the exhibitors have just coined a name for the newer type of frank screen fare. They call them "sin and success" pictures. An avalanche of underworld dramas, with heroes quick on the trigger and slow on the conscience, has just ended. The landslide of stories of young women with a past goes on, however.

Mesdames Garbo, Dietrich, Crawford, Shearer, Chatterton, Twelvetrees, *et al.*, have been playing these rôles for months. Indeed, Miss Garbo is about to be seen in the biggest indiscretion film to date, the late David Graham Phillips' Susan Lenox: Her Fall and Rise.

Consider the four films reviewed this week. All of them have heroines who have slipped; pleasantly, romantically, and definitely.

Offhand, glancing back over the films of the past year, I can recall only a few eminent screen characters without one kind or another of a moral blemish. Trader Horn's intentions were honorable, as far as I can remember. George Arliss' old millionaire of the film of that name was quite spotless, although I suspect he attained his millions in no lily-white fashion. Even Skippy couldn't obey orders and stay this side of the railroad tracks.

Naturally, Generalissimo Hays has been perturbed. The big artillery of the Hays army was rushed into action over The Common Law. Several close-ups of the Bennett legs were shot right out of the studio posing scenes. Probably, when the novelty of indiscretion wears off, the films will settle down to an honest standard.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ THE COMMON LAW

CAST

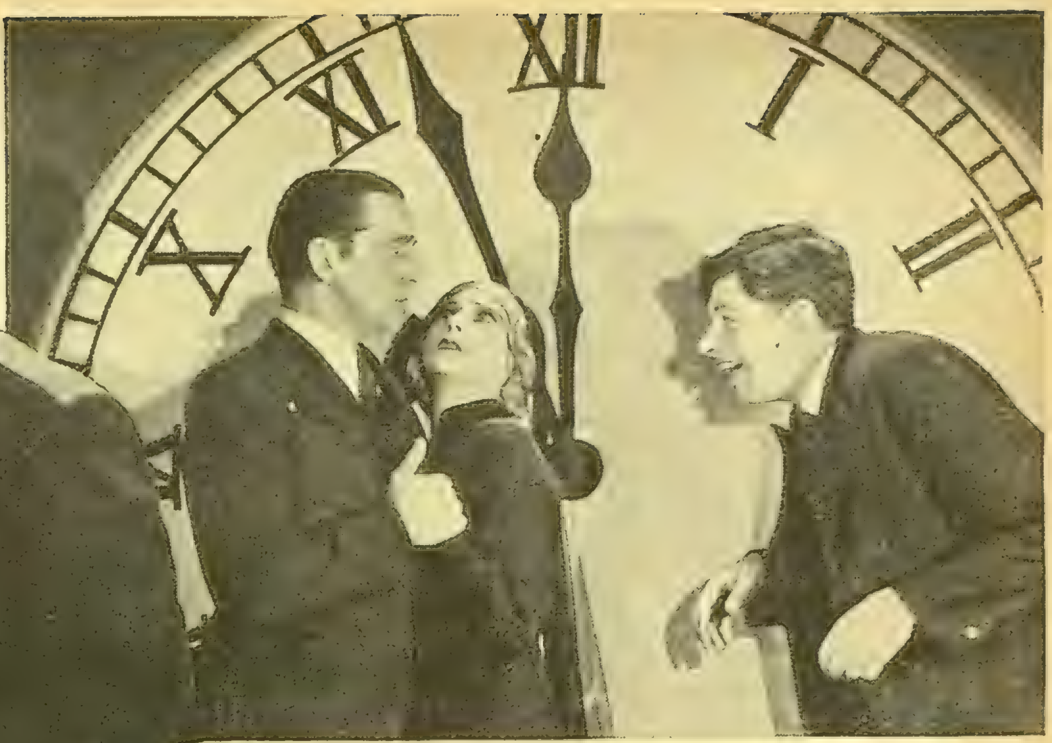
Valerie	Constance Bennett
Neville	Joel McCrea
Cardemon	Lew Cody
Sam	Robert Williams
Mrs. Clare Collis	Hedda Hopper
Stephanie	Marion Shilling
Querido	Paul Ellis
John Neville, Sr.	Walter Walker

Directed by Paul L. Stein
Produced by RKO-Pathé.

Most of the New York movie critics, all of them in the mellow, blasé twenties, pointed out that Robert W. Chambers' once famous best seller, The Common Law, is out of date. It was all very well, they said, for folks to get hot and bothered a decade or so ago about a beautiful model who refused to marry the young artist she loved because of an affair of the past. Thus the couple of the Latin Quarter dwelt in companionate happiness—but what of it? said the critics. The war broadened our standards, kicked the kick out of Mr. Chambers' old yarn.

Alas, I can remember when The Common Law held magazine audiences breathless. If I remember correctly, there was a picture of a décolleté girl riding an ostrich at an artists' orgy that sent that particular issue into thousands of geographies all over our naïve land.

Personally, I think you still will find this a smart and far from outmoded shocker. It has been neatly adapted by John Farrow, shrewdly directed by the able Paul Stein, and —most of all—acted in fascinating and compelling fashion by the popular Constance Bennett. More and



A scene from Sporting Blood, thrilling race-horse story, with Madge Evans and Clark Gable.

One of the chilly moments in Murder by the Clock, with William Boyd, Lilyan Tashman, and Irving Pichel.

HEROINES

more Miss Bennett advances in charm. Joel McCrea is a rather Rudy Valléeish artist.

The Common Law is modernized, of course. The studio of the artist hero has an electric refrigerator.

P. S.—No, Mr. Hays, there is no ostrich in this version.

★ ★ ★ BOUGHT

CAST

Stephany Dale	Constance Bennett
Nicky Amory	Ben Lyon
Dave Meyer	Richard Bennett
The Mother	Dorothy Peterson
Charles Carter, Jr.	Raymond Milland
Carter, Sr.	Arthur Stuart Hull
Natalie Ransome	Mae Madison
Mrs. Chauncey	Maude Eburne
Mrs. Sprig	Clara Blandick

Directed by Archie Mayo.
Produced by Warner Brothers.

Constance Bennett again! Her work here is more direct and moving than in the revamped Chambers novel, but the romance, based on Harriet Henry's Jackdaw's Strut, hasn't its box-office equal.

This is the study of a girl whose standards are all wrong. She wants to wear pretty clothes, meet the best people. How she finds her way out of the peacock maze forms an engrossing story, particularly as Miss Bennett invests the combination weak-and-stalwart heroine with a genuine reality.

Reviewers have a habit of dismissing Miss Bennett as a pretty and poised purveyor of swanky, smart suffering. True—but only part of the truth. The girl can really troupe!

Ben Lyon does another of those easy-going, jolly fellows who slip into a heroine's life and just can't be ousted.

★ ★ ★ SPORTING BLOOD

CAST

Rid Riddell	Clark Gable
Jim Rellence	Ernest Torrence
Ruby	Madge Evans
Tip Scanlon	Lew Cody
Angela	Marie Prevost
Hartwick	Harry Holman
Uncle Ben	John Larkin

Directed by Charles Brabin.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

By all means see this touching and thrilling saga of a horse. There are humans in it, for it is due to their kindness and cupidity, their honesty and crookedness, that Tommy Boy almost misses his destiny; but the drama is really of the colt.

Don't be afraid of this film because it is a race-horse story. I never thought I would ever find one really believable or exciting, either. There are some able performances: by Madge Evans, as an expensively maintained ex-manicurist who works out her regeneration through Tommy Boy; by Clark Gable, as a young race-track gambler; and by a Negro, John Larkin, as a trainer.

The most touching scene of the week is the parting of Tommy Boy and the old brood mare that had adopted him.

★ ★ MURDER BY THE CLOCK

CAST

Lieutenant Valcour	William Boyd
Laura Endicott	Lilyan Tashman
Philip Endicott	Irving Pichel
Officer Cassidy	Regis Toomey
Jane	Sally O'Neil
Mrs. Julia Endicott	Blanche Frederici
Herbert Endicott	Walter McGrail
Miss Roberts	Martha Mattox

Directed by Edward Sloman.
Produced by Paramount.

The prognosticators out in Hollywood have been predicting a vogue of eerie thrillers. If so, this is one of the first chill-producers. Dracula was the pioneer.

It's all about a sinister woman of devastating beauty who subtly eggs men on to murder. Her high-pressure allure causes three killings. The rôle demands a Lady Macbeth who looks like Helen of Troy. That Lilyan Tashman is at least a little inadequate isn't surprising.

There is a jiddery background, chiefly in the creepy family burying place of the Endicotts.

A fair shocker—if you like 'em.

Do you know that—

Richard Dix and RKO have patched up their differences and Dix has re-signed? . . . Constance Bennett will do Beth Brown's Riverside Drive when she returns from abroad?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past six months

★★★★—The Smiling Lieutenant, Skippy, The Front Page, City Lights.

★★★—Laughing Sinners, Forbidden Adventure, The Man in Possession, Night Nurse, Smart Money, Five and Ten, Chances, Le Million, Daddy Long Legs, Always Goodbye, A Free Soul, Indiscreet, Svengali, The Public Enemy, A Connecticut Yankee, The Millionaire, Dirigible, Tabu, Behind Office Doors, Charlie Chan Carries On, Strangers May Kiss, Dishonored, The Last Parade, Pagliacci, East Lynne, Father's Son, Honor Among Lovers, Trader Horn, Rango, Stolen Heaven, Cimarron, Fighting Caravans.

"Chic" Sale—The

Specialist

decides a Technical point

I'LL tell you about a technical point that was put to me the other day. The question was this: "Do you advise everybody to eat those little chocolate tablets in the blue tin box?" It stumped me fer a spell, but this bein' a reasonable question, I checked up and I sez: "No, I don't. There are some folks that I advise against it.

"If you are an ordinary person," I sez, "eat 'em. They'll do you good. Eat 'em and be happy. But if you are one of these folks that enjoy bad health, don't eat 'em. Because if you do they'll git you to feelin' fine. Then you'll be unhappy because you won't have anything to complain about."

"Chic" Sale

To millions E–X–L–A–X spells G–O–O–D H–E–A–L–T–H. They're the little chocolate tablets in the blue tin box.

Ex-Lax checks on every point a doctor looks for in a laxative. The exclusive formula of Ex-Lax is simply the correct blending of the scientific laxative ingredient, phenolphthalein, with a chocolated base of delicious quality.

Ex-Lax is safe and effective for all ages—non-habit forming—convenient—and, *oh, so delicious!* At all druggists in 10c, 25c and 50c boxes. Send coupon below for free sample.

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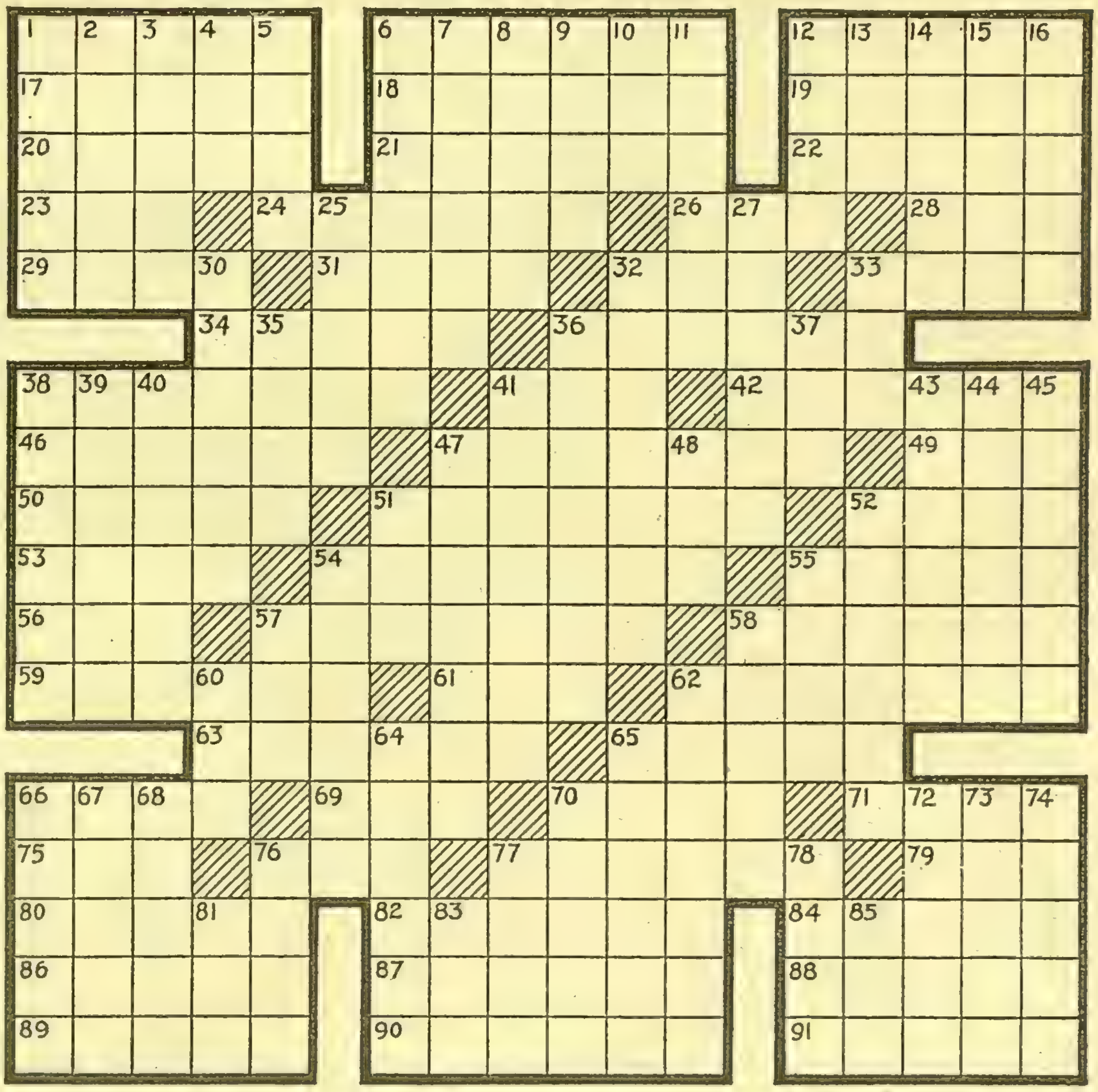
Two Puzzles for



HORIZONTAL

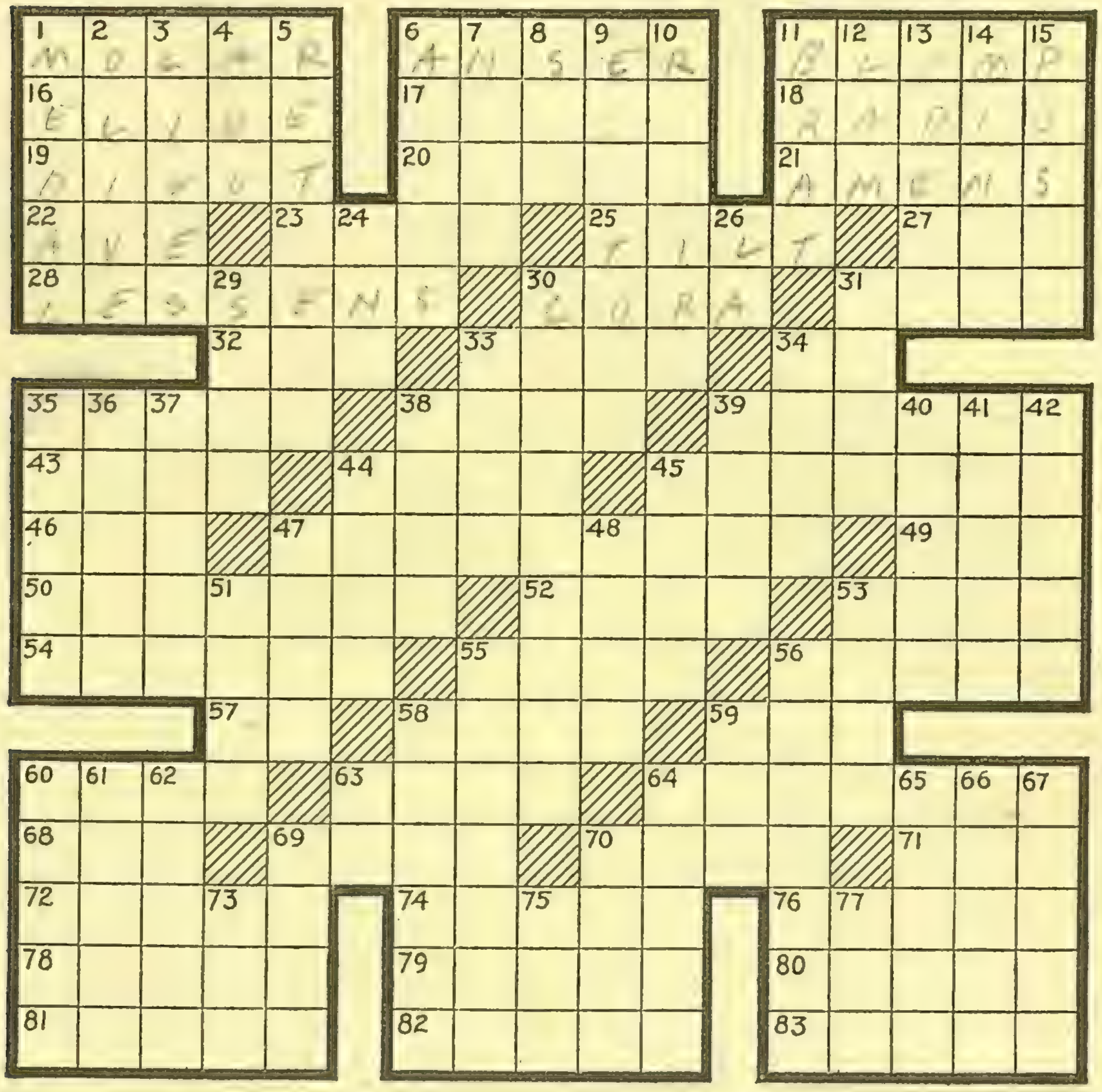
1 Natives of an Asiatic country
6 Contests
12 Animal of Africa
17 Wireless
18 Bird house
19 Florentine iris
20 Feat; performance
21 Frame for stretching cloth for drying
22 Fastening devices
23 Greasy liquid
24 Pains sharply
26 Wrath
28 Born
29 Memorandum
31 Classify
32 Hurrah
33 A joke
34 Performances
36 Rule for compounding
38 Foreword
41 Stake
42 Character; quality
46 Correct or amend
47 Supernatural
49 Humanity in general
50 Effigy
51 Pertaining to the side
52 Perfect likeness; counterpart
53 Town in Wyoming
54 Either of a couple who dance together
55 Slip
56 Woman's name
57 A general nervous restlessness
58 One that carries something on the person
59 Remove from tracks, as a railway car
61 Measures of area
62 Concerns; affairs
63 A supply for successive relief (plural)
65 Meaning
66 Cease
69 An equine
70 Measure
71 Repose
75 Ornamental jar
76 Essay
77 Most dreadful
79 Devoured
80 Excessively corpulent
82 Commander
84 Acts irrationally
86 Bound with a narrow fabric
87 Polite; suave
88 Make effort
89 Stakes in poker
90 Muddled
91 Birds

VERTICAL

1 Criminal burning
2 Proportion
3 Matured
4 A goods receptacle
5 Inebriates
6 Glut
7 Happenings
8 Tint
9 Makes lace
10 Unrefined metal
11 An Aramaic dialect
12 An area or region
13 Period
14 Any strong saline solution
15 Stirs up
16 Any article of one's entire property
25 Part of a harness
27 Nasal
30 Representation
32 Withdraws
33 A spouting
35 Comfort
36 One invested with vicarious authority (plural)
37 Comrade
38 Marked for sale
39 To shift
40 Avoider
41 Beats repeatedly
43 Arbiter
44 Attacker
45 Penetrates
47 Animal of the ocelot kind (plural)
48 A conveyance
51 Youth
52 Severe critic
54 Column
55 Places
57 Shame!
58 Diminishes
60 Craft
62 Measured
64 Place of retreat
65 Calm
66 Proportional share
67 Of a city or town
68 Out of place
70 A king of Phrygia
72 Anxious
73 Severe; harsh
74 Trials
76 Spreads for drying
77 Flatfishes
78 An allowance for waste or refuse
81 Comprehend
83 Sooner than
85 Chopping tool

If you MUST know the answer you will find it on page fifty-two

Cross Word Fans



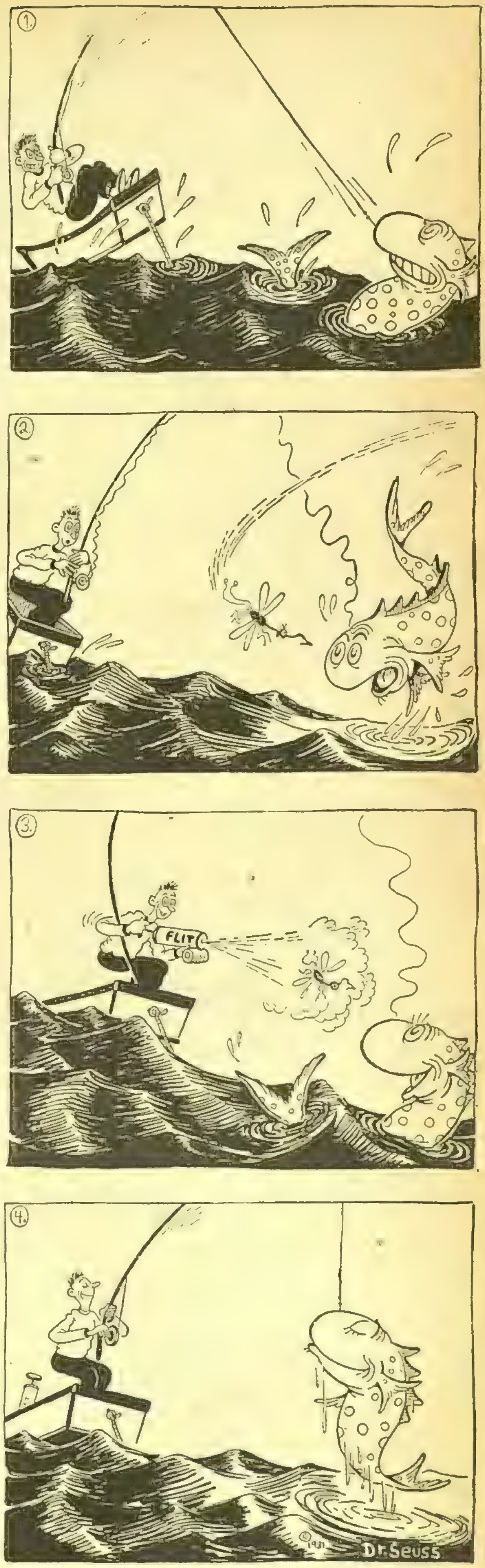
HORIZONTAL

1 A tree
6 Wrath
11 Dress oneself in an affected manner
16 Binary compound of oxygen
17 Moleskin color
18 Wireless
19 Fastening device
20 Utmost extent
21 Portents
22 Beverage
23 Spanish coin
25 Tilts
27 Playing card
28 Diminishes
30 Heart
31 Diffused or ran when wetted (dyeing)
32 Youth
33 City in New York
34 An exclamation
35 Walking
38 One of a runner's stations in baseball
39 A tumulus
43 Part of a shoe
44 Thin layer or stratum (mining)
45 Kind of wine
46 Goddess of vengeance (Greek mythology)
47 Energetic dislike
49 Large tub
50 Student
52 Small marks, usually round
53 Festival
54 Drinking vessel
55 An extremity of the earth's axis
56 The head of a family or clan
57 Form of to be
58 Happen well, or ill
59 Cloth woven from the hair of camels
60 Javanese tree
63 At this point
64 Predictor
68 Protuberance
69 Saucy
70 Matter used to produce heat by burning
71 A ruined city in Upper Burma
72 Angry
74 Up to
76 Islands
78 Divide into tenths
79 Looks askance
80 Exhausted
81 Arabian commander
82 Expunge
83 Hurry

VERTICAL

1 A shade of red
2 Drive away
3 Places of low resort
4 American author
5 A place of seclusion
6 The first vertebra of the neck
7 Fastening device
8 Dense tissues which invest the necks of teeth
9 Compact representation of anything
10 Withdraw
11 Ayes
12 First of the twelve signs of the zodiac
13 Standard of perfection or beauty
14 Chop finely
15 Assumed a studied attitude
24 Culminate
26 Letter of the Hebrew alphabet
29 Spill over
30 Naval officer
31 Part of a gun
33 Wander
34 Wife of a lord
35 Stop!
36 Forcemeat
37 One of a tribe of American Indians
38 Inheritor
39 Clubs
40 Split
41 Declaim
42 Irrigate
44 Break suddenly
45 Small fly
47 An astringent
48 A fish
51 Wood sorrels
53 To beat, as wings
55 Partaker
56 Set aside; make void
58 Stick used for administering light punishment
59 Form of to be
60 Join
61 Jewish festival
62 Lessen
63 Pronoun
64 Throb
65 Drags
66 Happening
67 Gustation
69 Equal
70 Tree (plural)
73 Definite article
75 Beverage
77 Spring

If you MUST know the answer you will find it on page fifty-two



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A MASSEUSE

An Inside Peek at How the Darlings of the Screen Are Whacked into Shape

By SYLVIA *of Hollywood*

As Revealed by an Indiscreet Secretary

THE robe fell to the floor and he stood forth in all the noble and stalwart dignity of a strong, statuesque male.

(Reading time: 19 minutes 48 seconds.)

HAVING devoted the previous installments of her revelations to such feminine luminaries as Gloria Swanson, Constance Bennett, Ina Claire, and Grace Moore, among others, Sylvia's secretary now vouchsafes us inside peeks at a few shining males of the species.

PART EIGHT—CONCLUSION

RAMON NOVARRO was a little stiff.

Why shouldn't he be? He sleeps in a coffin.

That's a fact. Ramon's bedroom in the immense house he occupies with an old grandee of a Spanish father, his mother, and ten—count 'em—ten brothers—Ramon's b [illegible] the burial crypt of some saint in the Vatican City in Rome. The bed itself, high, narrow, and set on a pedestal, is a sarcophagus, under a purple canopy crowned with a wreath of thorns. A funny idea, this. All I can say is that Ramon seems to want to hurry his Cecil B. De Millennium.

Sylvia says that the daily massage she gave Ramon at 7 A. M.—waking him out of his embalmed slumbers with the laying on of her hands—always felt spooky. It was too uncomfortably like a miracle.

The boss promoted the job with Novarro herself, one day when she had finished touching up Elsie Janis and gone down into the Janis back yard to see what was going on in the swimming pool. Quite a bunch of actors were splashing about, showing off; and as Sylvia came along Ramon Novarro dived in and came up floating on his back. Right away the boss's eagle eye noted something that promised a new customer and she thought up a salesmanship scheme.

"Can you float like that indefinitely?" she asked Novarro.

"As long as I want," he modestly asserted.

"While you smoke a cigarette?"

HE lit up and puffed away, and was good for ten minutes, stomach up, under a broiling California sun. Sure enough, when he puffed the last puff and called Sylvia to witness that he had accomplished the feat, the nice round central part of him was dried by the sun, making a cute little dry island in the middle of his bathing suit where it had been raised above water level by an undeniable protuberance.

Neat, what? All Sylvia had to do was kid him about the watermark and he had to say the expected thing and invite her to undertake the removal of the island.

"How could I help it?" he alibied. "I'm just back from a trip to Germany—and who can resist Münchener beer?"

Ernest Torrence is a contrast to the soft and delicate Ramon Novarro, but not such a tremendous one as you'd think. What I mean is, all the boys get girlish and skittish when they have to take a professional interest in their looks, and big Ernest is no exception.

Like all those oversize fellows, Ernest has a small, firm-minded wife who bosses him around as if he were a young St. Bernard. Elsie Torrence had been taking treatments from Sylvia, and she reported that her husband was threatened with nervous breakdown and ought to let Sylvia treat him.

"But he's so shy," Mrs. Torrence said, "and he just has fits when I suggest that he call in a female masseuse." She set her jaw and added: "I'll bring him round, though."

So Sylvia wasn't surprised a few days later when she got a phone call from Mrs. Torrence, who whispered hoarsely: "Come right over. He's taking his bath and

Looks at the STARS

doesn't know what he's in for, but we'll handle him."

When Sylvia got over to the Torrences' cheerful and attractive English house in Hollywood, the big he-boss was still splashing around in the bath and Mrs. Torrence was waiting with her finger on her lips.

"You get all ready," she cautioned Sylvia, "and I'll go in and tell him his time has come."

Sylvia rolled up her sleeves and fixed up the bed for the operation. Meanwhile, whines of protest in a guttural masculine voice came from the other side of the bathroom door, and Sylvia heard the missus lecturing the big fellow until finally he ceased his objections, and the little woman came out and nodded to Sylvia that it was okay and maybe she had better be gentle the first time.

In a little while, red as a beet and so flustered he giggled between words, Torrence lurched into the room enveloped in a bath robe which he had tied about his coy person with a sailor's knot.

"Take it off," ordered Sylvia in the casual, businesslike manner that usually puts the patients with an excessive shy-violet complex at their ease. But Ernest wanted Sylvia to handle him with his robe on.

"It's just a light robe," he urged. "It won't interfere."

"Take—it—off," repeated Sylvia, beginning to figure on having to use cave-woman methods.

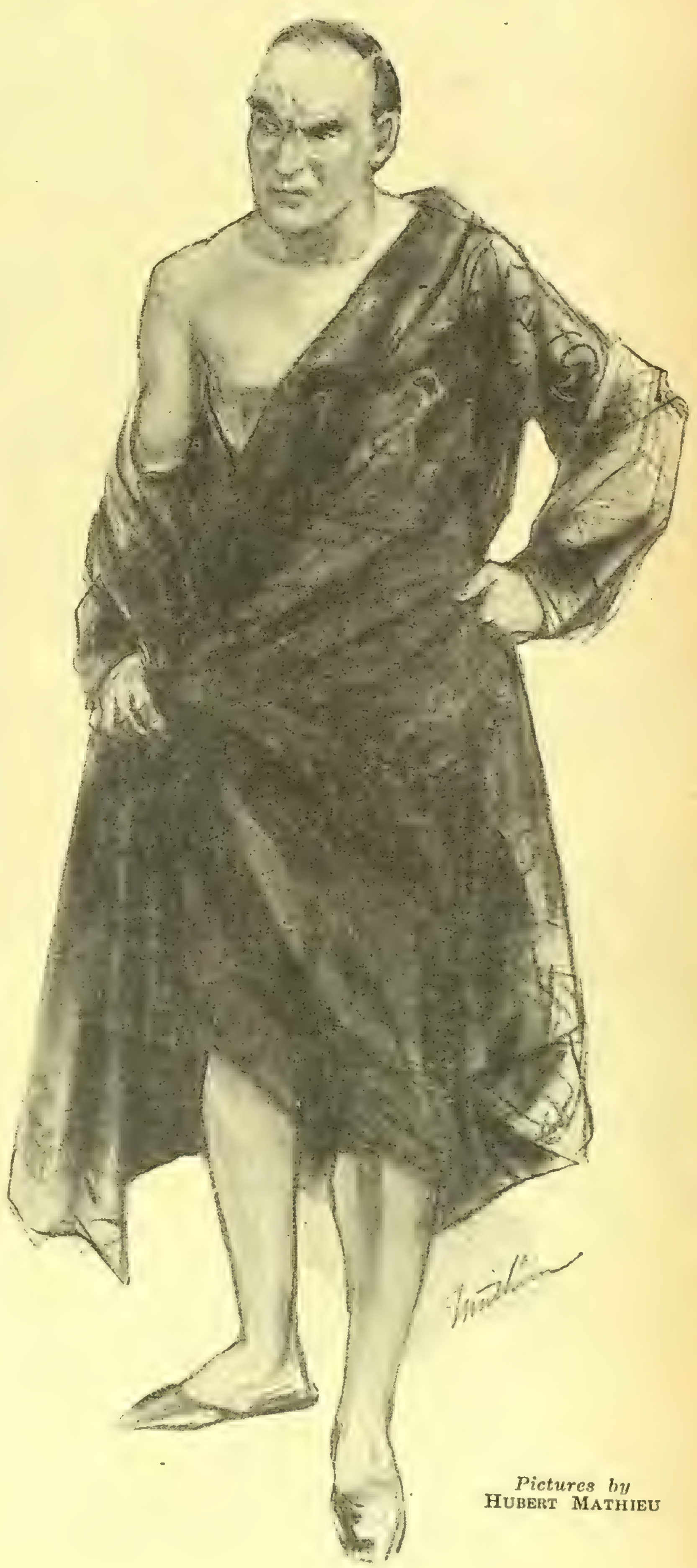
WELL, the trick knot in the robe cord gained Torrence some time and his bashful dodgings gained him some more, but in the end he had to get around to the unveiling. The robe fell to the floor and he stood forth in all the noble and stalwart dignity of a strong, statuesque male—securely done up around the middle with three bath towels held together with about a dozen safety pins.

Well, Mrs. Torrence and Sylvia just fell over and howled. But Ernest couldn't see that it was funny, and he almost revolted when, for the next five minutes, the two women, after laying him out on the bed, kept busy picking the pins out of the extemporized girdle. He wanted to wriggle away and make a dive for the chaste security of the bathroom; but the little wife said a few firm words, and he turned over and lay quiet.

The matter with him was pure nerves. He had been worrying about his career and some trouble about his next rôle, and had lashed himself into a state bordering on complete breakdown. There's a legend that men are tougher than women, and lots of men are ashamed to admit, even to themselves, that they sometimes get out of their depth in this tough business of living. The plain truth is that men are, if anything, more nervously fragile than women.

Some of the Hollywood actors have no false masculine modesty, but frankly admit that they are professional beauties the same as any Norma Shearer, Clara Bow, or Greta Garbo. There was nothing coy about Jack Holt's summons to Sylvia to come and give him facials. His face was his fortune, madame, he said, and he was ready to invest in conserving that asset—or maybe I should say facet. Jack gave the boss a thrill by receiving her, for the facials, mind you, clad in bright purple silk underdrawers.

While she was treating patients in the Malibu Colony, Sylvia threw a jolt into Neil Hamilton one day that was not part of any treatment. Neil was living down in Actors' Row on Malibu Beach, where half the movie colony lives through the summers in a row of dinky shacks built on piling in the beach sands. Sylvia had quite a few patients in the beach colony, and she tried to save time by calling on all of them whenever she went down there. She just went along the row like an iceman on his rounds, knocking at every door and inquiring, "Treatment today?"



Pictures by
HUBERT MATHIEU

One night she stayed late at Anna Q. Nilsson's shack, and was going to call it a day when she noticed a light in Hamilton's place, a few yards down, and thought it good business to turn her roadster into Neil's back yard.

She heard several men calling excitedly to one another inside the house and then all the lights went out. She got a panicky notion that there was something wrong and crashed into the shack without knocking. Inside all was darkness, and Sylvia got scared and let out a yell. She

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A MASSEUSE LOOKS AT THE STARS
Continued from page forty-nine

heard somebody stumble in from the kitchen and she heard Neil's voice calling:

"It's a dame. Come on out."

Then the lights went on, and Neil and several of his friends gathered around Sylvia and enjoyed some private joke they wouldn't let her in on. Nor would Neil ever explain, except to say mysteriously:

"Whatinell do you want to drive around in that kind of a roadster for?"

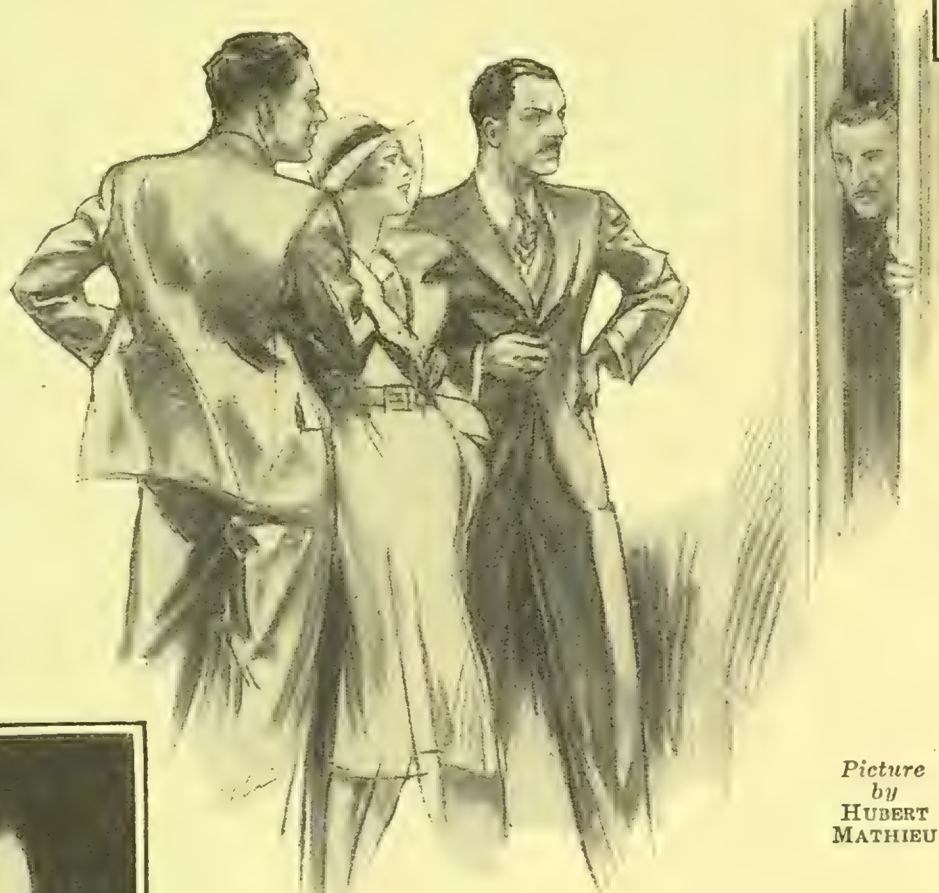
Sylvia could only guess at what frightened the party, but that night she did notice an item in her newspaper:

"A raiding squad of the Federal Prohibition unit has been equipped with four ——— roadsters to facilitate work in the outlying areas around Los Angeles. A drive to dry up suburban areas hitherto immune will be conducted by the automobile squad."

Can't kid Lawrence Tibbett, another of Sylvia's male patients, when he does it so well himself.

Tibbett heard the general report, spread around the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot shortly after Grace Moore's arrival to play in a musical opposite him, that Sylvia had taken several inches off Grace's contours. He decided to get Sylvia to give him one of her great big hands. And the first thing he said was:

"I hear you spanked Grace into shape. Well, I need the same treatment, only at the other end of my spine."



Picture by HUBERT MATHIEU

"The woman wants to rub you," Strange explained. "Why not?" said Colman.

"To Sylvia—the wonder!—the inimitable!—with the friendliest good wishes from Lawrence Tibbett"

And he pointed at his face—that odd round short face, the shape of which the directors disguise by giving him rôles as wild Tatars and other wearers of plenty of crazy hair—which the make-up men arrange around his face.

The name of Tibbett's forthcoming picture at the time was New Moon. He kidded himself: "I don't want the wise-crackers saying: 'It isn't a new moon—it's a full one.'"

Tibbett fits right into the traditional picture of a musical virtuoso—a troubadour born out of his century. Give him his way and he'd be going around the landscape with a banjo on his back, singing in everybody's back yard.

A much repeated anecdote around Hollywood is that Lawrence had such an irresistible yen to ring the welkin one night that he just had to go out and find somebody to serenade. He picked on Laura Hope Crews, which makes this so respectable that it almost isn't an anecdote. Lawrence wheeled himself over to Laura's house, and ran his car up on her lawn so as to throw the headlight on her bedroom window. And then he did a solo, accompanying himself on the car's French horn.

*"To Sylvia—Success, happiness and all good things——
Ronald Colman."*

Well, when Laura and the neighbors got over their first fright, they saw who the singer was and decided to enjoy it. Even the cop on the beat had enough æsthetic sense to lay off. No harm done, and a swell time had by all.

But Grace Tibbett, his wife, couldn't see it that way. She expressed her opinion in no uncertain terms. And what she resented and disapproved was *not* that Lawrence should desert the connubial roof at the witching hour of midnight to go and sing into some other woman's shell-like ear. No, it wasn't that. What Lawrence was guilty of was putting on a show without collecting a cent at the gate.

In Sylvia's contact with Tibbett she ran up against Mrs. Tibbett's attitude only once. That was during the first treatment. The boss was sort of counting on getting an eyeful of the famous Tibbett physique. After all, when a manly chest and Greek torso have been as much publicized as in the case of Tibbett, even a masseuse can figure on getting some kick out of a close-up. So Sylvia was all set to go over Lawrence from toe to scalp. But the wife popped in at the psychological moment:

"Just a facial, please." And just facials it was.

HERBERT BRENON fixed it up for the boss to handle Ronald Colman, and pretty near got Sylvia pinched.

Colman was living down in the Malibu Beach colony. Malibu is about the most unprivate community in the world. In the first place, the match-board shacks are built so close together that when your neighbor takes off his shoes you call, "Come in." But the movie people are used to getting in each other's hair, and like it, all except Greta Garbo, who tries to stick to her own toothbrush. So the lateral propinquity, as you might call it, is not a drawback in Malibu. But the longitudinal propinquity—the nearness to sea water on the one side and an eternal automobile procession of fandom on the other side—sometimes creates trouble. You're always finding a snail or a tourist in your oatmeal.

About the time Sylvia went down to Malibu to look up Colman, there had just been an epidemic of peeping Toms and Thomasinas plaguing the colony. Of course, the ladies were bothered most. Fans with big goggle eyes on stems were emerging from behind the wall paper at all sorts of embarrassing moments. Believe it or not, film girls who would act in a De Mille production without thinking anything of it can get just as nervous as an

Iowa schoolma'am about a funny scratching noise at the bathroom window.

But if you think it was only the girls that were bothered by peepers, you don't know fandom. Every morning there was just as much excitement about the size-five footprints outside the boys' windows as about the size-nines outside the girls'. The colony was all excited that Sunday morning when Sylvia reported at Colman's shack for duty.

The boss walked in without knocking and got held up by an alarmed Filipino.

" Go 'way, please," he squealed, and shook a towel at her.

" Where's Mr. Colman? " asked Sylvia with authority.

" In bed, please," protested the Filipino, and got in front of Ronald's door, where he prepared to die. " Go 'way, lady! " he kept squealing.

" In bed? " said Sylvia imperturbably. " Good. That's just where I want him. Let me by."

" No ladies allowed," quavered the Filipino, who was really frightened. " Be quiet! I call police! " And he got a desperate hold on the door knob of Ronald's door and began to bleat.

His cries were answered by two men who popped out of guest-room doors. Sylvia recognized them as William Powell and Philip Strange, two cronies of Ronald's. But they didn't know her at all. Strange took charge of the situation in a calm, haughty British way.

" Come now, my good woman," he remonstrated. " Tell us what you want."

SYLVIA got wise to what was eating them and amused herself by feeding their panic.

" I just want to rub Ronald Colman," she begged, trying to put a strange glitter in her eye. " Just let me rub him once! "

" Oh, now, tut, tut! " soothed Strange.

The Filipino began again: " Go 'way, lady, go 'way! "

And Colman put a sleepy head out at the door to inquire what was wrong.

" The woman wants to rub you," Strange explained.

" Well, why not? " yawned Colman. " She's my masseuse."

Strutting into Ronald's chamber, Sylvia stole a backward glance at the nonplussed trio in the living room. She got a distinct impression that Philip Strange bally well didn't approve of such goings on.

The boss still counted Colman among her steady clients when she got mixed up in the series of errors that turned out to be comedy but might have been tragedy, and that established Constance Cummings, the Broadway ingénue, as a newcomer in the films.

A LOT has been reported about how Connie came out to be Colman's leading woman and got shelved. The boss was looking on while all that happened and thinks it's about time Connie's side of the tale was told.

Sam Goldwyn " discovered " Connie on Broadway and let out a yawp of triumph that reverberated clear across the country. A girl to play opposite Colman, who is Goldwyn's chief star, was badly needed—and Sam let the world know that the priceless jewel was found.

I'll leave it to you to imagine whether Connie was pleased or not. Maybe she was ditching a stage career; maybe she wasn't. But she didn't put up any terrible fight against taking the first train west and maybe dripping a few press interviews at stations along the line. In fact, Connie took the movie offer to play opposite Colman as anybody else would: went home and kicked a few chandeliers, yelled to ma to put on her rubbers and hat, and ran to Grand Central Station because taxis lose so much time at crossing stops.

It was too good to be true, and she kept pinching herself all the way across the country. The dream lasted until she got on to the United Artists lot, on to a sound stage opposite Colman, before the test camera and mike. And then—!

What happened was that the tests established that Connie, a husky, solid lass, showed up what is Colman's

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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A MASSEUSE LOOKS AT THE STARS
Continued from page fifty-one

most pronounced defect as a movie hero. The handsome English actor is too delicately modeled. He has ankles and wrists almost like a high-school girl's, and a general pronounced grace of build. To dissemble this fact, it is necessary to surround Ronald with the most fragile and petite feminine players, who can make his frame seem sturdy by contrast. The strips of film taken of Connie playing scene bits opposite Ronald left an impression that his new leading woman could pick him up and juggle him.

Goldwyn's staff got around the infallible impresario and shook heads and intimated that for once he had guessed wrong. Then the problem arose: how to inform the public that a mistake had been made. Announce that Ronald was too small for his leading woman? Unthinkable! Admit that Sam Goldwyn had gummed up the works? What!—*Sam?*

They sized up Connie and guessed, shrewdly enough, that they were dealing with that rarity among women, a good sport. They took a chance and sent out a curt announcement: the newcomer was "not suitable." The things that are hinted by "not suitable"! Bowlegs, a bass voice, curvature of the spine, cross-eyes, harelip. In this charitable community the Goldwyn announcement was sure to be interpreted to mean all this, plus a slight touch of senile decay. And the Goldwyn staff darn well knew it. But there were two quivering masculine sensibilities to be spared—million-dollar sensibilities, too, whereas Connie's was only a five-hundred-a-week sensibility.

The girl was crushed.

As she sobbed it out to Sylvia: "I got to thinking maybe I *was* all wrong. I looked in the mirror and what I saw looked like a hag. That's what suggestion can do to you."

She had been coming to Sylvia before the blow fell, and she flew to our back room and locked herself in there with the boss to bawl about the bad news.

"Why don't you spill your side?" urged Sylvia.

"No." Connie shook her head. "That wouldn't be square."

She wanted to put on three veils and sneak down and take a night train back to New York; but Sylvia wouldn't let her.

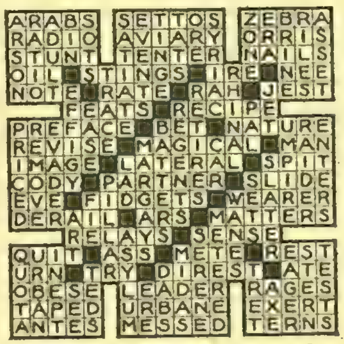
"And if it's a stake you need—" the boss offered. But it wasn't that. What was eating Connie was the humiliation and the prospect of having to make long explanations to all the busybodies, without feeling free to give the true one.

Well, the boss was right. Cummings hung around, and, sure enough, Harry Cohen over at Columbia grabbed her and put her in Criminal Code.

Anybody can get Sam Goldwyn's goat these days by just whispering three words: "Not suitable, hey?"

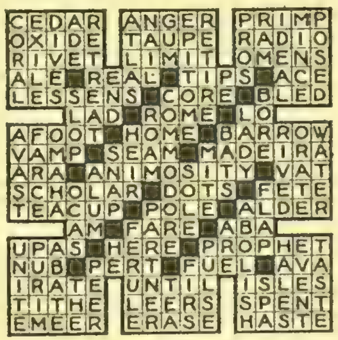
WELL, how did this female Cummings sneak into this chapter for men only? I guess you can't talk movies long without getting back to the dames. Before we say goodby, though, there's space here for a diet by which one of the boys keeps fit. A singer, male or female, has a diet problem much more delicate than that of the most fragile girl. It's necessary that a singer never perform while the stomach is full. Therefore the last solid meal before a performance is taken about 5 P. M., giving the stomach time to digest and empty before opera-curtain time. This throws the whole time-table of eating off center, as the following "performance-day" diet shows.

The diet is a special one, but there are enough professional performers around, and enough ordinary citizens who have to give banquet speeches or do other vocal stunts from time to time, to make it of fairly general interest.



ARABS SETTOS ZEBRA
RADIO AVIARY ORRIS
STUNT TENTER NAILS
OIL■STINGS■IRE■NEE
NOTE■RATE■RAH■JEST
FEATS■RECIPE
PREFACE■BET■NATURE
REVISE■MAGICAL■MAN
IMAGE■LATERAL■SPIT
CODY■PARTNER■SLIDE
EVE■FIDGETS■WEARER
DERAIL■ARS■MATTERS
RELAYS■SENSE
QUIT■ASS■METE■REST
URN■TRY■DIREST■ATE
OBESE LEADER RAGES
TAPED URBANE EXERT
ANTES MESSED TERNS

Answer to the puzzle on page 46



CEDAR ANGER PRIMP
OXIDE TAUPE RADIO
RIVET LIMIT OMENS
ALE■REAL■TIPS■ACE
LESSENS■CORE■BLED
LAD■ROME■LO
AFOOT■HOME■BARROW
VAMP■SEAM■MADEIRA
ARA■ANIMOSITY■VAT
SCHOLAR■DOTS■FETE
TEACUP■POLE■ALDER
AM■FARE■ABA
UPAS■HERE■PROPHET
NUB■PERT■FUEL■AVA
IRATE UNTIL ISLES
TITHE LEERS SPENT
EMEER ERASE HASTE

Answer to the puzzle on page 47

THE LAWRENCE TIBBETT DIETS

Half hour before breakfast:
1 pint glass of grapefruit juice

Breakfast:

WHEN SINGING	WHEN NOT SINGING
2 poached eggs Thin buttered whole-wheat toast Crisp bacon Warm milk	All-fruit breakfast: fresh figs or any fresh fruit in season 1 glass of warm milk

Luncheon:

WHEN SINGING
No luncheon

WHEN NOT SINGING
Avocado salad
Whole-wheat toast

Dinner:

WHEN SINGING
(On a night when Mr. Tibbett has to sing an operatic rôle he dines about five hours before time to sing)
Purée of spinach
Fresh peas
2 lamb chops
Head of lettuce with dressing of Italian olive oil, lemon, and salt
Thin whole-wheat toast
1 glass of milk

WHEN NOT SINGING
(A favorite dinner on a night when Mr. Tibbett is not singing)
Avocado cocktail—Thousand Island dressing
Plain tomato soup with celery, no crackers
Rare roast beef
Potatoes, mashed with cream and butter
Corn on cob
Toast; no coffee
Combination salad—tomatoes, watercress, romaine, celery, onion, cucumber, raw carrots, raw cabbage, and mayonnaise
Blackberry or peach cobbler

Lawrence Tibbett's menus hardly belong here because they're certainly not for diet meals. Avocado salad and peach cobbler! H-m-m.

But Tibbett has the constitution of a wolf and could probably digest leather.

Eggs are mentioned here for almost the first time, not having been listed in any of the diets prescribed by Sylvia.

The reason is not that a *fresh egg* couldn't find a place in the strictest diet, but that the chances are so slim in America that you'll ever get really fresh eggs that Sylvia has had to exclude them rather than expose her clients to the risks of eating stale ones.

An egg *less* than twenty-four hours old is an excellent, nourishing, easily assimilable item of food. But an egg *over* twenty-four hours old is just the reverse. The egg dealers in America have produced a situation that would not be tolerated except by a nation of saps. It is practically impossible to obtain an egg that has not lain in cold storage for anywhere from ten weeks to ten years. If it were generally understood that eggs *must* be eaten within twenty-four hours of their laying or not at all, then the egg distributors would have to organize, the way the milk dealers have done.

If you can get eggs specially delivered from the country, eat them boiled from three to four minutes, or poached. Otherwise, lay off!

THE END

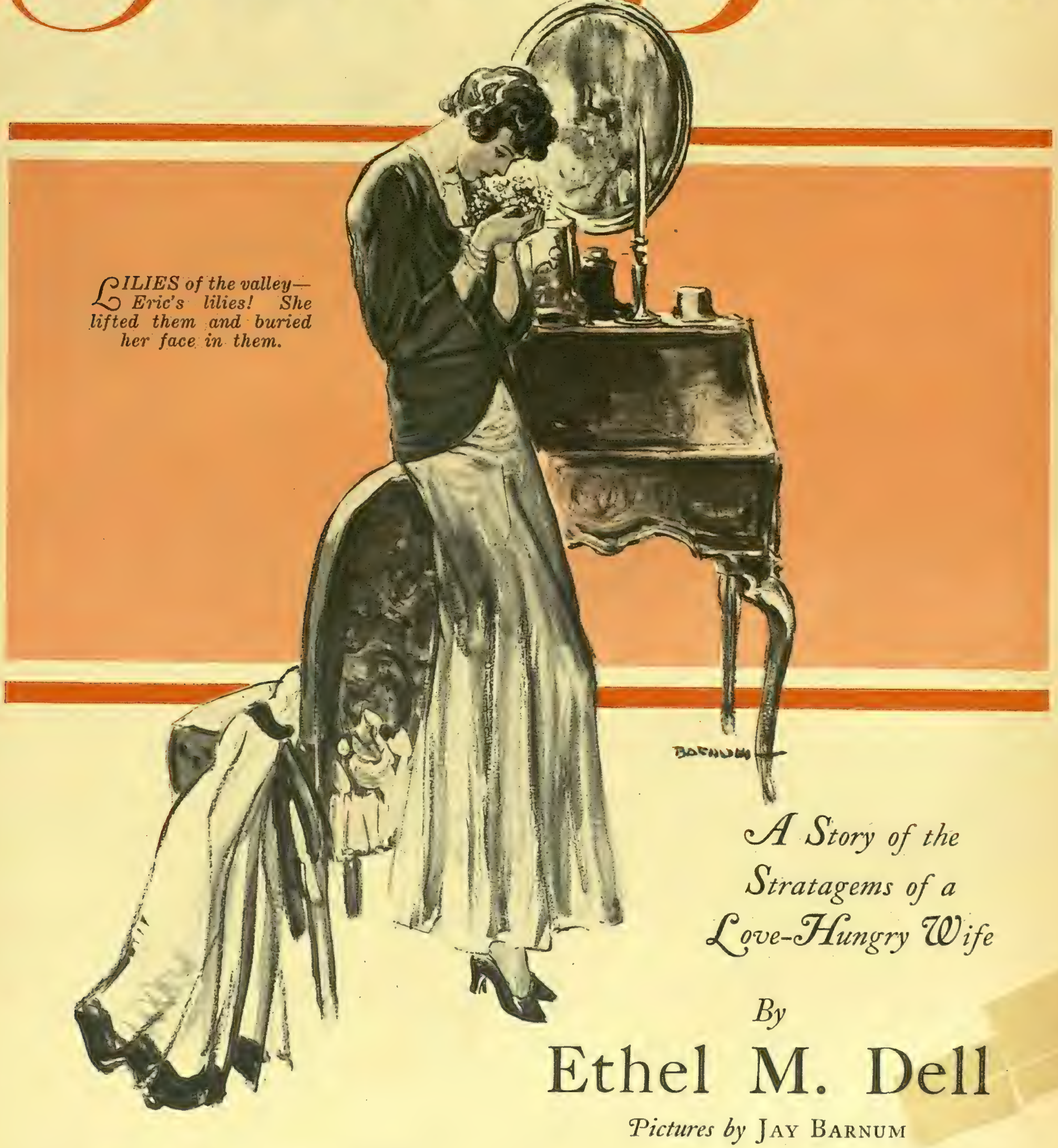
Silver Bride

A Story of the Stratagems of a Love-Hungry Wife

By

Ethel M. Dell

Pictures by JAY BARNUM



LILIES of the valley—Eric's lilies! She lifted them and buried her face in them.

(Reading time: 31 minutes 15 seconds.)

THIS is the story of love in the life of Marcia Templeton. Leaving her work-absorbed husband in London, she went vacationing on the Cornish coast with her children, Dennis and Goldie. There she ran into Eric Morven. When she had been a nurse during the World War she and Eric had escaped death together. His old love for her now flamed up. Conscience-stricken, she fled home. But when a card arrived from Eric, asking her to meet him at the Regency, she was thrilled.

PART FOUR—DANGEROUS WATERS

THE Regency was in a quiet street, away from the hubbub of thoroughfares. Marcia had never been inside it before, but its shaded seclusion had always held her fancy. It had a look of peace in the midst of turmoil. It was just the sort of place that she would have expected Eric to choose. The main entrance was on a level with the pavement. The revolving door was fixed wide open. She went into a lounge hall that was really a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SILVER BRIDE
Continued from page fifty-three

covered courtyard with a glass roof and a pool in the center with a fountain tinkling over a mass of ferns.

He was waiting for her close to this, and he came to meet her with a warmth of welcome on his face that sent her back in a flash to those Cornish days of more than a month ago. His hand took hers in a vital grip.

"How splendid to see you again!" he said.

She laughed with a sense of sheer, spontaneous merriment. "Where are we? Is it past or present?"

"It's a sort of intermediate state," he told her; "somewhere between the two." He took the cloak that slipped from her shoulders and she saw that he regarded her attire with more than passing attention. It gave her a moment's amusement, for she had not expected it.

His next words also were unexpected: "Do you ever wear your nurse's uniform now?"

"Well, no!" she said, smiling. "Did you expect me to come in it tonight?"

He smiled faintly in reply. "I should like to see you in it again some day," he said. "It is more like—you."

She laughed. "Do clothes make such a difference?"

"I don't know," he said with simplicity. "I have never considered you in the light of *la grande dame*. But I see it really is you still."

"Very much so," said Marcia.

He conducted her to a dining room with alcoves along the walls, to one of which he led her. A bunch of lilies of the valley lay beside her plate.

"Oh, how lovely!" said Marcia. "Did you think of these?"

"You made me," he returned.

She held them against her face. "Eric, that really was sweet of you. May I put them into water and keep them fresh?" He dispatched a waiter for water. "I'll tell you what I nearly brought you," he said: "one of those long shiny brown ribbons with frilled edges, straight from the sea."

"AH!" She drew a deep breath. "I should have loved it. How heavenly it must be down there! And how is Peter?"

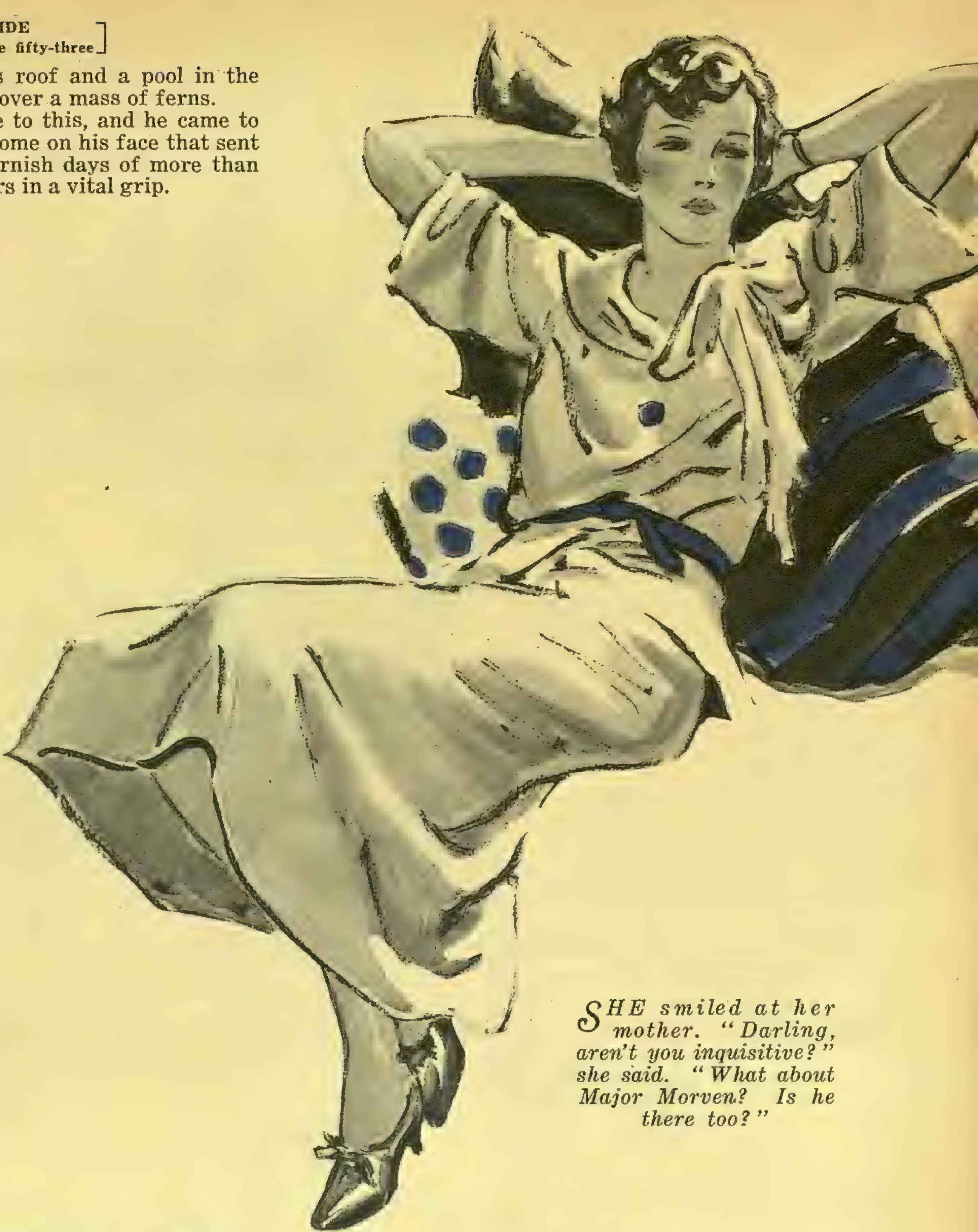
"Very fit. Just the same." Eric laughed a little. "He can't get used to being a baronet. I left him down there. He's implored me to let the castle for a few years. My property in Canada seems to attract him much more than his own."

"You ought to let him go out there," said Marcia. "It would be an experience."

"I believe I shall in the end. But the estate has got to be fixed up first. He's got to take an interest in that, whether he wants to or not." A gleam of humor crossed Eric's face. "We've missed Goldie badly," he said.

"Oh, I don't believe it!" she protested.

He nodded. "Fact, I assure you. Peter was as glum as a monk in Lent after you all went. I wasn't much better myself." The gleam became a twinkle. "But Peter's lady friend had the decency to write to him eventually and that lightened his gloom a little. Mine didn't."



SHE smiled at her mother. "Darling, aren't you inquisitive?" she said. "What about Major Morven? Is he there too?"

"Oh, really, Eric!" Marcia felt herself flush a little, even while she laughed. "Did Goldie really write to him? I never knew."

"You wouldn't," said Eric.

"She's not in the least deceitful," Marcia declared. "It simply wouldn't occur to her to tell me, that's all."

"Quite," said Eric. "It doesn't nowadays. But I must say I was rather grateful to her. I gathered a few crumbs of news on my own account—and your address."

"You could have got that from our old landlady," she said.

He smiled. "My dear, I don't do that sort of thing unless hard driven. It might have led to unnecessary comment."

"How absurd you are!" she said. "How could it?" And then they laughed together. Of course it was absurd!

"Anyhow, you'll admit it was a more romantic channel," maintained Eric. "I was really grateful to Goldie for that letter. It dispelled the gloom."

"Did Peter answer it?" she asked with interest.

He raised his brows. "You don't know Peter, apparently. He is incapable of snubbing the female species, being a type of gentleman with whom one rarely meets

nowadays. I am quite sure that he answered it—though I can offer no proofs of his having done so."

"And did she write again?" asked Marcia.

He shook his head. "Now you're asking more than I can tell you. Ask the lady herself—or Peter!"

"I will—some day," said Marcia.

But even as she said it she knew that Goldie would conduct her own affairs without help or hindrance from her when that day came.

"What would you like to do?" said Eric.

They stood once more beside the tinkling fountain. They had drunk their coffee there and a pause had followed. The soft murmur of the falling water accompanied everything they said and made music in the silences.

"What have you got in your mind?" she said.

He made a gesture as of transferring all responsibility to her. "My mind is a blank waiting to be filled."

"How accommodating of it!" said Marcia. "But I'm afraid my ideas are not very practicable. If I had a magic carpet tonight—"

"Yes?" he said, as she paused.

She laughed half apologetically. "I should transport myself to the edge of water, cool and deep. But I know that is out of the question, so I won't ask for the unattainable. Now it is your turn."

"My turn!" he said. "All that occurs to me is to give you what you want. I don't know why it should be unattainable. By the way, is your man coming back for you?"

She shook her head. "No. I thought you would see me home, as I wasn't sure what your plans might be."

"GOOD!" he said. "Then I start to make my plans from this moment. Stay here a second!"

He was gone with the words with the quick ardor of a boy, and Marcia, drawing a chair to the edge of the pool, sat down and drifted her fingers in its coolness. Curiously, his declaration that his mind was a blank seemed to apply with complete accuracy to her own. It was as if she had come to a halting place from which she could look neither forward nor back, and now she felt that this had been the case ever since their parting in the little sitting room at Pentreith. They had reached a definite stage that night. And since that night nothing that counted had happened to either of them.

It was a strange reflection, but she was powerless to put it from her. Something of the magic of the moor had, as it were, entered her bones, and she could not cast it out. Pentreith was nearer to her in that hour than London with its brilliant streets and clanging traffic. It was like a secret spot within to which her soul had withdrawn itself.

Ah! She started a little. His voice spoke to her above the rippling water. "Everything is ready. Shall we go?"

She turned her face to him and met his smile. "Yes, quite ready. Where are we going? We mustn't forget the time."

"There isn't such a thing," he said.

She laughed and stood up. "No, I don't believe there is. There is something about you that makes all the clocks go wrong."

He laughed with her. "Yes; it's a useful power to have, but I'm afraid it only works in one direction. Will your cloak be warm enough? I've got an open car."

"Anything would be warm enough tonight," she said.

Passing through the hotel portico, she might indeed have trodden the magic carpet of which she had spoken, for she was aware of nothing very clearly except the presence of her companion. Through ordinary sounds and sights which she scarcely registered she entered a small car that seemed to have been specially designed to suit her mood, and almost before she realized it they were gliding forward as if on wings through the timeless wonder of the night.

II

IT was like the flight of a bird, that journey through the night. She felt as if she wanted to go on forever. But when they slackened speed, at length, an exclamation of sheer delight escaped her. For he had brought

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SILVER BRIDE
Cont'd from page fifty-five

her to that which her soul had craved, and there before her lay stretched a sheet of sleeping water, still as glass, across the far end of which the pale beam of the rising moon shone from above the trees.

"Oh, what a paradise!" she breathed.

She stepped out with the words, and walked down to the water's edge as though she moved in a dream. Eric came behind her until they stood on the very brink. "'The edge of water, cool and deep,'" he said softly.

She turned toward him. "Eric, it was good of you! I shall never forget it."

"Not even in 'the garish day'?" he suggested half whimsically.

She smiled with a touch of sadness. "It will be an oasis in the desert more especially then," she said.

SOMETHING moved him to sudden compassion. "Poor girl!" he said. "What a rotten time you have!"

She contradicted him at once, though somewhat vaguely. "Oh, no, not really," she said. "I've nothing to grumble about. This social life is, in a way, necessary. I owe it to my husband to keep things going."

"Do you?" He spoke as if not vitally interested. "You seem to owe a great deal to everybody. Does nobody owe anything to you?"

She turned from her rapt contemplation of the lake. "Eric, you're not to try to sow seeds of discontent on such a heavenly night. Let me be happy in my own way!"

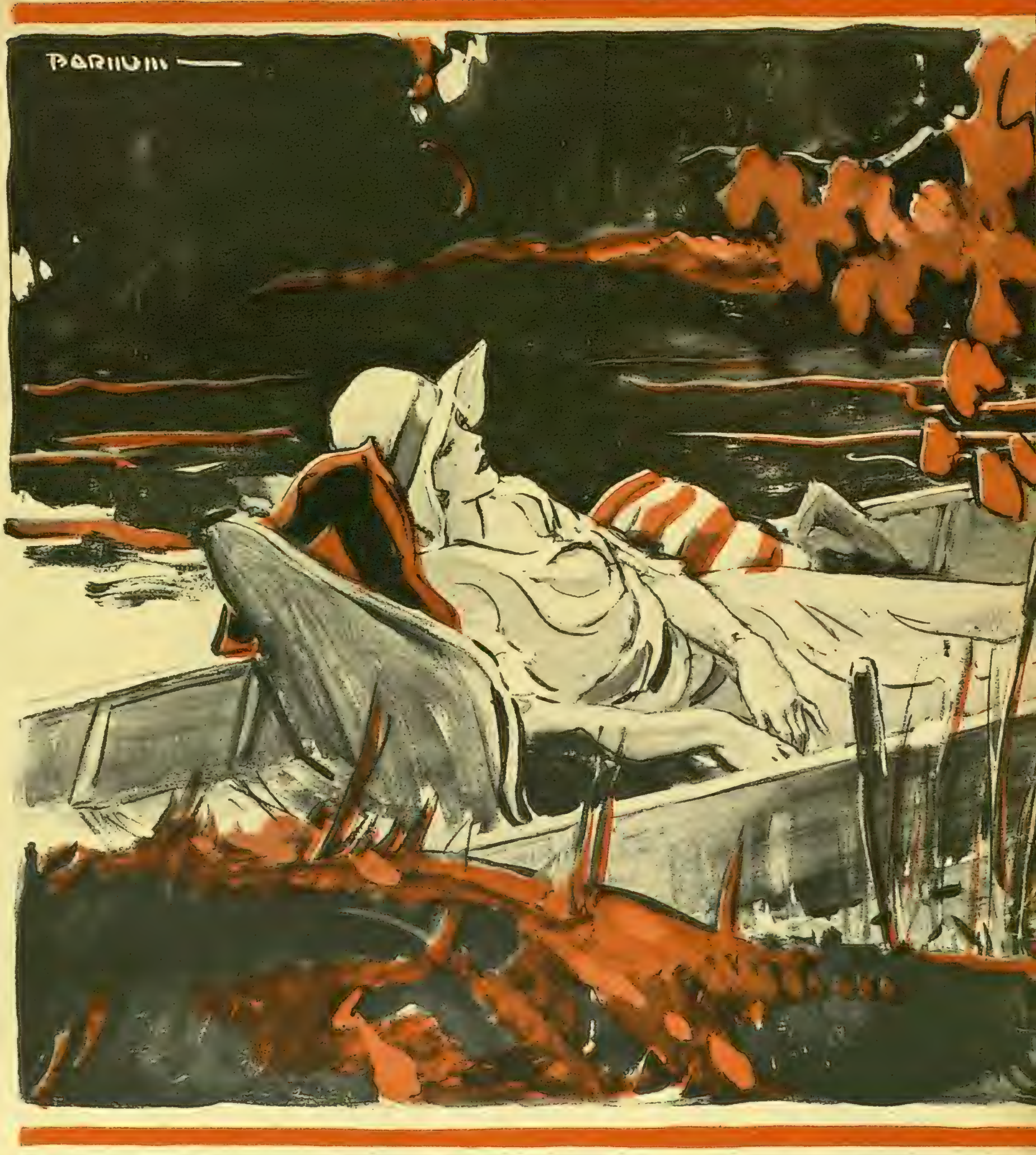
He met her face to face. "Far be it from me to prevent you!" he said. "It's what we're here for. Don't ever think you owe me anything, that's all!"

His tone touched her. She held out her hand. "No," she said; "no! There can never be any debts between us. I think that is the real meaning of friendship, don't you?"

"Of our friendship," he said, grasping her hand. "That's one of the things I've been trying to say to you—though it doesn't quite express all I mean. I just want to be your—holiday pal." There was something of boyish shamefacedness in the words. "Understand? I want to be able to give you a strictly private little treat now and then without your saying, 'Ought I to let him?'"

"I do understand!" Marcia said, and all the quick warmth of her generous nature was in the words. "That is the very essence of friendship—and we were born to be pals."

He looked at her, and his eyes shone strangely in the moonlight with a deep and somber glow. "You feel that too," he said. "Marcia, tell me! Do you ever wish yourself back in Cornwall?"



She forgot Eric, sinking down into a fathomless depth where

She answered in a voice that quivered with some emotion too deep for utterance:

"How often! Oh, Eric, how—often!"

"Like that!" he said as if surprised.

She made a mute gesture of appeal. The cloak was slipping from her shoulders. He lifted it and wrapped it more closely about her.

She thanked him tremulously. "It's a pity you asked me that, for I couldn't help telling you."

HE answered her very gently, almost as if he soothed a child: "No, dear. Why shouldn't I know? You're horribly lonely. I saw it in your eyes the moment we met. That holiday down in Cornwall was an oasis. Some day we'll do it again—shall we, you and I?—with Peter and the kids to make everything proper."

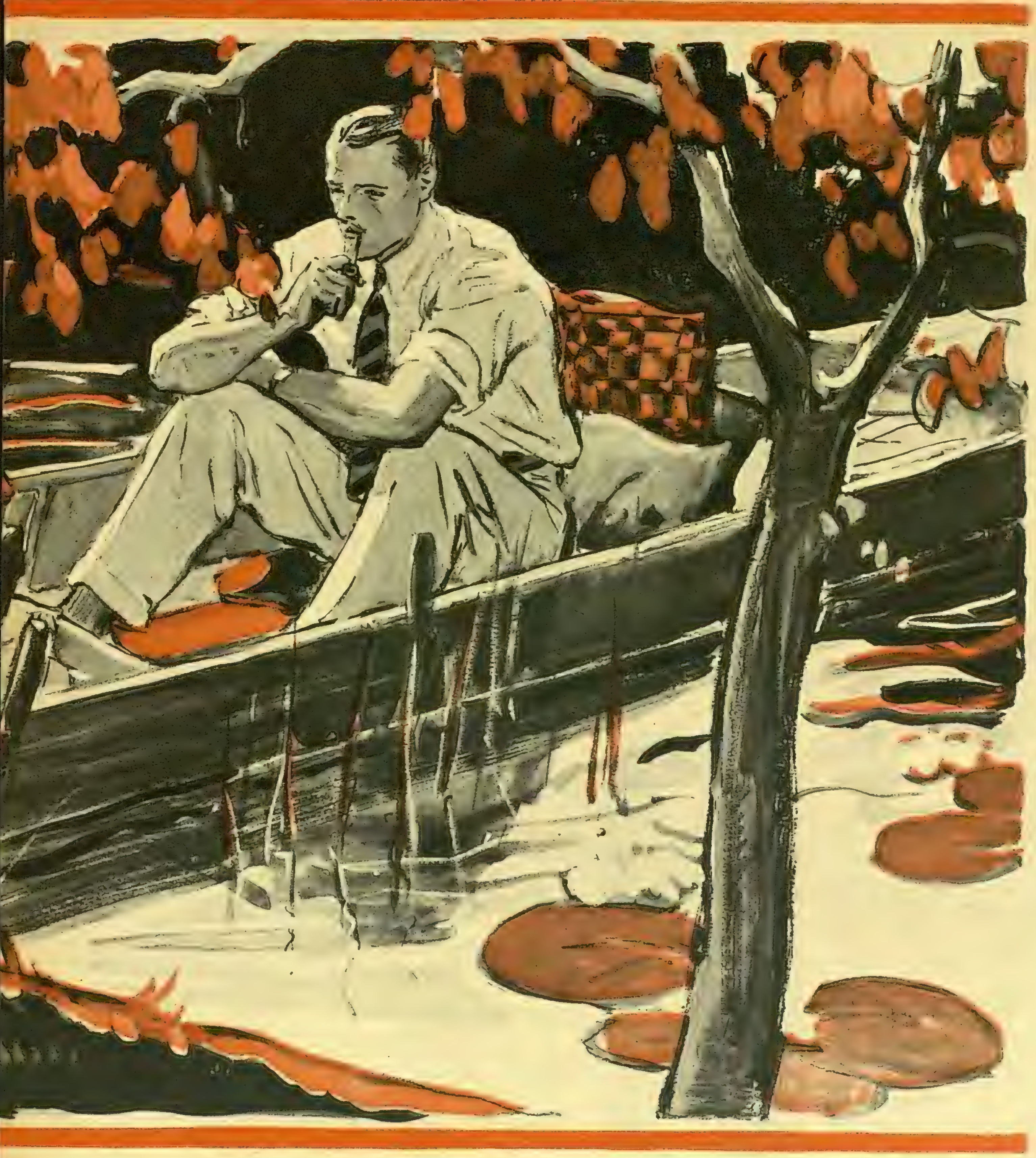
When they returned to London the moon was high above the trees and the roads were practically deserted.

"You're not sorry you came?" he asked her as they sped once more through the narrow streets.

"Oh, no, indeed!" she made emphatic answer. "I am only sorry it is over."

"Then let us do it again!" he said.

"Shall we?" Yet for a moment longer Marcia hesitated as though some inner voice spoke bidding her pause.



only the soft rustling of the reeds could reach her lulled senses.

" It will give me pleasure too," he said quietly, " if you enjoy it."

When they reached the doorstep of her home in Mountgrave Square a church clock in the distance was officiously chiming the hour of one.

" Whenever you like, sister," he said. " Remember, I am always at your service. I always have been."

" Good night! " she murmured. " And thank you a thousand times! "

She entered the hall, leaving him outside in the moonlight; and she turned for a final glimpse of him, but already the door was gently closed between them.

Slowly she ascended to her room. She went to her window and drew aside the curtain. The scent of nicotiana came to her, heavy, luscious, but it was mixed with another fragrance. Lilies of the valley—Eric's lilies! She had fastened them on her breast. She lifted them and buried her face in them, drawing their essence into her very soul. Why had he given them to her? He could not have known that she loved them beyond every other flower for their purity and magic sweetness. Or perhaps he had known. There was a wonderful bond of sympathy between them. She had often been surprised by his intuition—his complete understanding of her moods. Surely it could not be wrong to foster such a friendship as this!

" You must make yourself happy in your own way, my dear." Long ago Everard had said it to her. " I have no time for running around in the social circle."

But he liked her to be popular, he encouraged her to entertain, and he appeared as host at such of her parties as included people who interested him.

He never saw — as Eric saw—the emptiness and the longing behind it all.

No, the man with whom that link of friendship had been forged in the past realized more of her deep soul hunger in a few hours of companionship than Everard had realized in fifteen years of married life. A quiver of pain went through her at the thought, but she stifled it, and into the heart of the lilies she breathed a promise, as though she uttered a vow to her inner self.

" Yes, we will be friends. And I will be good to him always—just as he is to me. I will never let him down."

III

" SO Everard is over the fence and well away! " commented his sister with a certain caustic pride. " I knew he'd do it if he set his heart on it. Extraordinary that he should think it worth while."

" My dear, a baronetcy! " protested Lady Barrowdale. " They're not as plentiful as they were. So fortunate he has a son! "

" She has gone into modest retirement," observed Lillith. " I must say I don't blame her. These press reporters really are the limit."

Her mother-in-law laughed. " She is much too unworldly to care about a title. In fact, I can quite imagine that she might prefer to be without one. She has such a sweet and simple nature."

" Guileless to a fault! " scoffed Lillith. " I can quite believe it too. She said she was going down to Graybourne for the boy's half term next week-end. She really is a model mother. Much reward will she get for it! "

To go down to each child twice a term was to Lillith a sign of doting fondness which could only end in absurd disappointment. What child ever appreciated so much attention nowadays? What child even wished to spend its holidays under the parental roof?

Could she have heard Dennis eagerly laying his plans for his summer entertainment before his mother as they walked in the river meadows of Graybourne during that leisurely week-end, she would have laughed to hear her opinions so triumphantly justified. " You see, darling, it's an opportunity I'd be sorry to miss." So ran his ardent explanation of the fact that he wanted to spend practically the whole of the holidays with a chum's fam-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SILVER BRIDE
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ily who were going to yacht in the Norwegian fiords. "It's time I began to see a bit of the world, and I can't stick town or the English coast in August. Can you?"

Marcia did not pronounce either to be quite unstickable, but she saw his point. The chance of a fishing holiday in the fiords was too good to miss, and it would be selfish—as he gracefully hinted—to put any obstacle in his way. She agreed to the plan therefore, and was rewarded by a warm hug of appreciation and the assurance that she was a stunner, and he was glad she had been made a lady.

Her following week-end was devoted to Goldie, to whom she imparted Dennis' plans.

"You and I will have to think of something nice to do by ourselves, darling," she said.

But Goldie at once discouraged this idea. "Oh, I don't think that'd be much fun, mumsie," she asserted, with clear conviction. "Don't let's be silly about it! I'm sure you've got lots to do, and I rather think I can wangle an invitation to join a party of our girls who are going to Switzerland. Miss Robins is organizing it, and she's a great sport. If Den means to go to Norway, I don't see why I shouldn't do Switzerland, do you? You'll be going to Scotland, of course."

It was difficult to reply. Actually Marcia was half amused, and did not know whether to be disappointed or glad to be relieved thus of all encumbrances. It was evident that Goldie expected her to be glad, and, realizing that no sacrifice on the child's part was involved, she decided to be so. "If that is what you would like best to do, darling, of course I am quite willing to agree," she said. "You would really rather do that than pay another visit to Pentreith?"

Goldie gave her a swift look. "Peter still there?" she asked bluntly.

"I imagine so," said Marcia. "His home is there. Have you heard from him?"

Over Goldie's face there came a curious expression that was somehow as if she had drawn a veil over it. She smiled at her mother—a queer little taunting smile. "Darling, aren't you inquisitive?" she said. "What about Major Morven? Is he there too?"

"Goldie!" ejaculated Marcia, and felt the blood rush to her face overwhelmingly, as though she had been accused of something outrageous.

Goldie uttered a crow of laughter at the sight. There were occasions upon which Marcia was reluctantly compelled to recognize in her a very decided resemblance to her Aunt Lillith. But the next moment, unlike Lillith, she was seized by an embarrassing impulse of pity.

"Oh, no, darling, not Pentreith!" she said lightly. "I should get tired of Peter if I saw too much of him. Let's have them up for Christmas—both of them!" Pity had become generosity. "I'm sure I don't care. The more the merrier! P'r'aps I'll teach Peter to dance."

"Not to your piping, I hope, my dear!" It was Marcia's turn to be enigmatical. "Besides, I should think he has far more interesting things to occupy him at Tregassa, and has probably forgotten your very existence by now."

"Ho!" said Goldie with a free toss of her golden head. "I wonder!" And then, with semi-ironical repentance, she turned and embraced Marcia. "Dear ladyship!" she said. "You are the funniest, dearest thing in the world!"

IV

"SO your family have given you the go-by!" said Eric. Marcia had joined him for the day in a country nook by the river, having come out by train to the nearest station, where he had met her with a car. There was no great secrecy observed in these expeditions, since there was no one but themselves to consult; but for some reason, which he had not given, Eric would not present himself at the house in Mountgrave Square as an ordinary visitor. Marcia, concluding that he did not wish to be drawn into the social circle in which she moved, never pressed him to do so. Their friendship was a thing apart, and she shared in his evident desire to keep it so.

"You see, they both of them mean to avoid boredom at all costs," she said in reply to Eric's remark, and was instantly aware by his silence of his deep-seated indignation stirring on her behalf.

"It's very natural," she hastened to add. "I'm sure we were the same at their age."

"I'm sure we weren't," said Eric briefly. "Am I right in gathering from what you've told me that you are possibly going to be at a loose end in the holidays?"

He had not mentioned her husband; he never did so, and any reference to him that she might make he always passed in silence.

"No doubt I can find someone to spend the time with," she said, "when it is quite settled that—that—" She paused involuntarily.

"That none of your family have any need of your services," he finished for her. "Marcia, there are occasions on which you infuriate me, and this is one of them. You're so incredibly sweet and patient that you put up with it all. On my soul, Marcia, I'd like to pick you up and take you away to Canada—or anywhere in the wide world—and show you what it really means to be cared for and treated with honor."

"My dear boy!" she protested, flushing faintly. "Don't you think that sounds rather ridiculous?"

He got up abruptly, as if he could bear no more. "No, I don't. I think it's time you thought out a decent holiday for yourself, and if you'd spend it with me I'd undertake that it was a happy one. Only I know you won't, so what's the good of talking?"

HE turned away from her and walked down to the river's edge. It was the third week in June—a day of perfect summer.

Marcia got up and moved down the slope, feeling that the beauty of the day was too good to waste in any sort of discontent. He did not turn at her approach. His eyes were fixed with a certain moodiness upon the ripples at his feet. She joined him quietly.

"Eric, have you seen those beeches with the sun on them? If not, look at them—at once!"

He looked up, but he turned his eyes upon her instead of across the water. "Marcia, have you ever thought during these jolly times we've had together that I've danced to your piping without once changing step?"

She turned and looked at him steadily. "My piping, Eric?" she said.

He made a semiquizzical gesture. "Well, it was really you who called the tune, wasn't it? It was quite a nice tune, and I've enjoyed it. Have you?"

She hesitated momentarily; then: "Very much," she said.

"You mean that?" He spoke with a certain insistence.

"Of course I mean it. I don't know why you ask."

Her eyes still met his unflinchingly, but after a second or two he turned aside. "I'll tell you presently," he said. "Let's go in to lunch! Then I'll row you up the river. And after that—or before it, if you prefer—you shall walk through those enchanted beech woods."

They lunched on a veranda overlooking the sparkling river, and then went out again into the splendor of the afternoon sunshine.

When he had installed her among as many cushions as he could squeeze into their punt, he proceeded to propel her upstream with a slow but masterly energy. They came at last to a bend in the stream around which the rush of a distant weir floated like a mystic chanting from some far-off land. Here, against a bank which was thick with moss, was a nook over which the willows spread a complete screen—a fairy paradise threaded with bright spots of sunlight which fell in a shower of gold through shimmering leaves.

"How perfect!" whispered Marcia, as they slid through the shallows.

He fastened the punt to a low branch. "You like this?"

"Like it!" she said. "You find something lovelier every time."

"No," he said. "It is only because you are learning how to enjoy things. Tell me, Marcia! What are you going to do in the holidays?"

"What are you going to do?" she countered.

He looked across at her abruptly. "I ought to be going to Canada," he said.

"And are you?" said Marcia.

She met his eyes with absolute directness, but her heart had begun to beat very fast. Were they all going to fail her, one after another?

He spoke—very slowly: "Marcia! Why can't you come with me?"

"Eric!" she said breathlessly.

He made a restraining gesture. "Don't! It's old-fashioned. Let's be modern for once! Why couldn't you be original enough to take a trip to Canada? Would it matter—would anybody care—if I chanced to go too?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "I don't know."

"I think you do," he rejoined, quietly returning to the filling of his pipe. "I think you realize—as I do—that probably nobody would care a damn. And even if they did, it would be so much the better for all concerned. It's high time you made them care—just made them realize that you're not everybody's slave."

Marcia recovered her breath with an effort and produced a smile. "I think we had better try and find something a little less visionary to talk about."

Eric placed his pipe in his mouth and lighted it. The water rippling against the punt made soft sounds that were like fairy laughter.

Idly, with lazy enjoyment, she watched him. How good the present was! How unnecessary the future! As for the past, it was sunk in oblivion as though it had never been.

VERY gradually she forgot Eric, sinking down and ever down into a fathomless depth where only the soft rustling of the reeds could reach her lulled senses.

She slept, and her sleep was deep and lasting. There was something in the air of the river that day that made for drowsiness. Perhaps there was indeed magic at work.

She opened her eyes with that sense of weakness which always attends the reuniting of body and spirit after deep slumber, and gazing before her lazily she perceived Eric no longer smoking but still seated in the bow and staring down into the water.

At her first slight movement he transferred his look to her, and somehow she knew in that moment that, notwithstanding his apparent preoccupation, his attention had been riveted upon her for some time.

"Well," he said, "where have you been all this time?"

She stretched up her arms luxuriously, then let them drop. Something had caught her eye in her gesture; she raised her left hand again. "Oh, Eric! The time! Do you know it?"

"There's plenty left," he said.

She was studying the watch on her wrist with astounded eyes. "Perhaps! But—this can't be right! It isn't five!"

"There's plenty of time," he said. "We'll drift back if you like. I expect you want some tea."

She stifled a yawn. "I think I do. It will wake me up, anyhow." She looked around her regretfully. "It has been lovely here."

"Would you like to stay the night?" he suggested.

SHE laughed. "I should love it. These cushions are the acme of comfort. Just a rug or two is all that I should need."

"No one would miss you," said Eric. "I'll soon get some rugs if that's all you want."

She had sunk back again, but she waved a protesting hand at him. "No. Don't be absurd! Take me back!"

He turned without further words and loosened the mooring rope. In a few seconds he was paddling the punt out into the stream. The glow of the western sun upon the beech woods roused her afresh to admiration as they shot by. After they had had tea under a golden laburnum, they went toward the woods by way of a narrow path that skirted the river's edge, finally leading to a footbridge with white rails approached by wooden steps. On the farther side of the bridge they found the gate fastened only by an ordinary latch, and passed through it without hindrance.

Magic met them, as it were, on the very threshold, and they entered together an enchanted place, soundless, remote, a great carpet of dead gold under their feet, a far-reaching canopy of living gold above their heads. Eric slipped his hand under Marcia's arm, and they stood so for several seconds in silence.

Then, as if by a mutual impulse, they began to move up one of the long golden aisles. They came upon a fallen trunk, and again with one consent they paused. Eric pulled off his coat and spread it for her to sit on, though she tried to stay him with a soft remonstrance.

"I'm much happier without it," he said. "It's hot."

And then he sat down beside her and took her hand into his own. He leaned toward her and quietly spoke: "Marcia, I want to ask you something."

"Yes?" she said, faintly smiling.

"I want to know," he said, "if you think I've played the game."

She nodded without looking up. "Oh, yes. And you haven't found it too hard, have you? I mean, you're happier now?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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SILVER BRIDE
Continued from page fifty-nine

“I'm happy with you,” he said. “And you—you are happy with me.” There was steady conviction in his voice, and she did not attempt to refute it. “Of course I am!” she said. “You are—such a dear friend to me.”

“Would you be sorry if I went away?” he said.

It was as though a spell had been laid upon her. She was compelled to answer him, without any attempt at subterfuge, as simply as he had asked. “Very, very sorry.”

He lifted her hand. “Marcia, are we going to see more of each other in the future—or less?”

She made a slight movement. “Eric, are you really going away?” Her voice had a faint, half-piteous sound.

He did not answer her directly. “It's got to be one thing or the other,” he said. “It seems to me we've gone too far together to make parting very easy.”

Marcia was silent. She sat as if waiting for something which was bound to happen in that quiet place.

“Look, Marcia!” He lifted his head unexpectedly. “You're here with me now, today, and you're happy. You've not the faintest wish to go back to your home tonight and nobody has the faintest wish to see you there. Isn't that true?” He was looking straight into her face, her hand still in his. She made no attempt to avoid his look, but she winced slightly at his words.

“You needn't answer,” he said. “I know it is.”

“No; wait a minute!” She interrupted him gently but with decision. “You haven't got—quite the right impression of things, Eric. It's true that under ordinary circumstances that might be a real picture; but you've left out a possibility of something different happening. You've overlooked the chance—and there is still a chance—that I might be needed. And—do you think I would miss that chance—for anything in the world?”

“Oh, my dear!” he said. “Would you go on sacrificing yourself for the moon? Do you honestly—honestly, Marcia—believe that that chance still exists?”

She drew back a little. He saw the pain in her eyes. “Eric—please—”

He leaned suddenly to her and took her by the shoulders, not roughly but with determination. “No, face it—face it!” he said. “It's got to be faced. I love you—such as I am—better than my own soul. I need you as no one else in this world needs you. You don't love me yet—like that. But you can—you will—when once this fetish of yours is overthrown. You know already in your heart that the man you love—or think you love—is a dream creation of your own that can never come to life. Now I'm going to ask you another question—just one more—and I charge you by all that's sacred to answer me truly. If I had met you first—would you have married me?” His eyes looked deeply into hers.

HER lips began to quiver, and she tried to hide it with a smile. “I'm trying to be very honest with you,” she said, “though I don't quite see what good it's going to do. You don't know the very heart of me. I'm not quite sure that I do myself. You may call it a dream creation, but it's very precious to me still, though it may hold more pain than pleasure. One has got to be faithful, Eric, or everything goes by the board. If I had married you, I believe we should have been happy. But—it's difficult to explain—I should have missed my dream—”

“The dream that will never come true,” he interrupted slowly and steadily. “I can't bear to see you like this—you of all people—neglected, alone. Marcia—look, Marcia—couldn't you possibly give it a trial?”

“Give what a trial?” she said.

“Well, me,” he said bluntly. “You haven't found me wanting so far, have you? I've never overstepped the mark since you pulled me up. I think you know I never shall again, without being—quite sure—first. Look, Marcia! Where's the sense in us both being wretched—for the sake of a man who doesn't care a damn?”

He ground out the words in a fierce undertone. There was a smoldering heat in his eyes which impelled her to lay a gentle hand on his arm. Something about her checked him—something spiritual—unearthly. His anger fell away from him like a quenched flame.

SHE spoke after a few seconds, her voice low, yet resolute. “You see, dear, it wouldn't be right. I don't know quite how we ever came to discuss such a thing. Everard”—she uttered the name for the first time and almost with reverence—“is a good man in every sense of the word. And he cares for me—at least, he must have cared for me once”—her words had a certain insistence as though she sought to convince herself—“or he would never have wanted me for his wife. I care for him, too. I always have. And though my love may not seem to mean a great deal to him now, yet—yet—” She paused as if the uncertainty she had tried to combat were getting the better of her.

He looked down at the hand upon his arm, then suddenly he grasped it. “You've been cheated, and you know it as well as I do. That's why I want you—so desperately—to take the thing within reach, even though it isn't the thing you most want. I promise you this at least: It'll be more to you from the very outset than what you've now got. It won't be your ideal, but it'll be a real solid fact, and it'll never let you down. I have the power to make you happy. You've owned it. Marcia, couldn't you trust me to keep you so? If you will give me a very small slice of your life—only a few weeks—and come with me to Canada, it can be done quite unobtrusively, and I promise you that it shall be the happiest time—apart from dreams—you have ever known. It will bind you to nothing. You shall come back whenever you wish. That is my idea of friendship. It has—no obligations.”

As he ended, he made a movement to rise; but, strangely, she checked him.

“Oh, Eric,” she said in a voice that trembled, “I don't know how to tell you what your goodness means to me. It is something beyond—above—everything else in my experience. You make me realize—as nothing else ever has—what love truly means. It makes me—ashamed. But I will tell you this: I am not the sort of woman to take all and give nothing. If—if it ever happened that I could possibly take—what you offer—I would give you—all I had—in return.”

She ended with both her hands clasped in his, and when a moment later he took her into his arms she made no attempt to resist him. Perhaps it was a midsummer madness that came upon her in that enchanted wood, or perhaps, like the thirsty traveler who drinks at the wayside brook when the mountain spring is out of reach, she could no longer resist the draught. But in that hour she was vanquished. Her spirit could battle no longer, and close against her lover's breast she found a respite all too brief from the unfulfilled longing of her heart.

Marcia seems committed to a new life with Eric. What is her next step? Read next week's installment, and see.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

A Nickel-Plated Pal

Little Miriam would sit in her high chair and amuse herself for a long time by looking at her reflection in the bright surface of her mother's nickel percolator. One day, after turning it around and around, she lifted the cover and said, “Come out, little girl, come out!”—Mrs. Minnie T. Bigelow, 198 Austin St., Worcester, Mass.

* * *

That's What the Pitcher Thought

Betty, aged five, was at her first baseball game. When a left-handed batter got up, she exclaimed delightedly:

“Oh, mother, look at the man on the wrong side of the bat!”—Henry R. Gall, 119 Henry St., Schenectady, N. Y.

A Tight Squeeze

A New FOR THE LOVE o' LIL

DOES your office close on Saturdays in the summer? Sandy's does, and he has reveled in the joyous freedom of the full week-ends. Sandy and Lil have taken trips. You know—to the summer homes of friends, where you're put in a stuffy little bedroom with no mirror, no books to read, no ink or writing paper, but plenty of pins in a pincushion.

Well, Sandy has particularly enjoyed the week-ends. They sorta prolonged that grand two-week vacation that he and Lil so enjoyed (though they'll never go back *there* next summer!), and it gives him a chance to look over the various summer communities, so that he and Lil will know where they will want a summer home. And Monday morning at the office is easier to face when your face is fully sun-tanned.

This week's cover picture.

So when Lil up and said that there would be *no* week-ending this Saturday, Sandy went into a male rage. *Why?* Sandy asked her.

Because, explained Lil breathlessly, with plenty gestures and *beaucoup* eyebrow raising, there's going to be a hot wedding this Saturday night, and you *certainly* remember we accepted *weeks* ago. And haven't we already bought the present on the month's bill? And *sent* it to them, moreover, so there's no chance of returning and crediting it.

She wouldn't miss seeing Rita Hall getting married to Reggie Lonsberry, not for a million week-ends, and you must be crazy to think of such a thing, Sandy Jenkins. And besides, that famous actress that almost got Reggie to marry her is going to be there just to make the bride mad, and it's too good to miss. And there will be a big dinner dance on the S. S. Libertic, and when will they ever get a chance to be on a ship like that, I ask you?

When a woman really starts arguing with a mere husband, you know where to place your money. Sandy gave in, and tried to like it. He even kept his firm lips quite politely closed when Lil bought a satin gown with fur-trimmed jacket to match. All through the hot Saturday in town Sandy was human. Just as nice a father and husband as any family could ask for. But along came sunset, and the doorbell rang, and Lil answered it, and carried in, arm upraised, his dress suit!

"There, darling," she gurgled. "All nicely pressed for you."

"Who's going to wear that shroud?" frowned Sandy.

"Why—you are!"

"My left foot!"

"Listen, brainfever! You don't suppose you're going to a high-hat wedding in plus fours, do you?"

"You wouldn't like me to stay home, would you?"

Lil changed her tactics immediately. She sprang her most endearing manner. Within a half hour Sandy, under her encouraging banter, had bathed and shaved. Then came the family riot. Not for three years had he tried to get himself into that suit. Was it possible any man had changed so much in three years?

"Maybe Mr. Smithers next door has a vest he could lend you," faltered Lil. "We could safety-pin it to your trousers."

"Maybe if I held my breath," groaned Sandy. "And didn't eat anything all night."

"Well," sighed Lil, "women may be crazy extravagant, but they always know enough to have something fresh for an occasion. Hand them that much."

"Hand me a hammer," snapped Sandy, with a lunge at her head. "I have a nut to crack!"

(Next week's cover adventure: Blow, Breezes, Blow)

A Prize Crew

PULLS together in perfect balance.

You, too, must keep every part of your body fit and in tune, if you are to enjoy the benefits of good health.

Your daily tasks and favorite sports furnish exercise for all muscles except those of the face, teeth and jaws.

WRIGLEY'S Chewing Gum affords chewing exercise that will massage the gums, strengthen the teeth and give tone to face muscles.

L181

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM

inexpensive—
Satisfying

CLEAR COMPLEXION CALLS FOR CARE

A fine, clear, clean-looking skin tells the story of perfect elimination. When the skin must do more than its share, a muddy complexion always results.

NYAL MILK of MAGNESIA

Faulty diet, too rich, too heavy—causes indigestion, constipation. This mild laxative is corrective, gentle, pleasant to take. Keep it on hand. But be sure it is NYAL. That is proof of purity.

LOOK FOR THIS EMBLEM
SERVICE NYAL DRUG STORE

Sold only at

NYAL SERVICE DRUG STORES

For confidential drug store service go to the NYAL Druggist

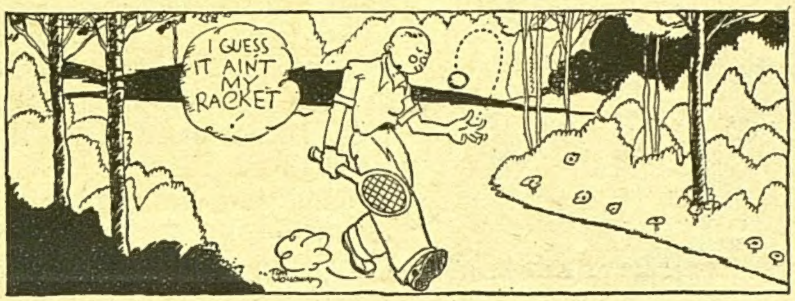
$500 *in TWENTY-SEVEN Big Cash Prizes* *FOR* Limerick Last Lines

Send in Yours for Some Easy Money!

THIS week twenty-seven Liberty readers are " in the money." Twenty-seven wideawake folks who sent in last lines for the July 25th Limerick draw down the big cash prizes. Don't envy them. Win a prize for yourself! Here's another chance. Just send in a last line for the Limerick printed at the right. If you send in one of the best, you'll get a check for whichever prize you rate. That's all there is to it. Simple, isn't it? You write a line, send it as directed in the rules, and the judges will consider it with the other entries. The best line wins $100. The next two win $50 each; the next four win $25 each; and the next twenty win $10 each. Twenty-seven entrants will receive checks! You can't be one of them unless you send in a line. Do it now!

THIS IS THE LIMERICK

END IT AND SEND IT


I GUESS IT AINT MY RACKET

No novice at tennis was Ben;
He triumphed again and again.
But he lost a love game
When he courted a dame—

....

(You write the last line)

All last lines for this Limerick must be postmarked on or before midnight August 29. This gives everyone ample time to enter. Results will be published in Liberty dated October 3.

WINNERS FOR JULY 25 LIMERICK

$100 FIRST PRIZE

A trapper, inspecting his snares,
Was given the worst of all scares
When he rounded a tree,
To discover that he
Had found trouble "Bruin'" in pairs.

Frank C. Anderson — Keyser, W. Va.

$50 SECOND PRIZES

Had " lynx " in a chain meant for hares.
Ernest R. Wild — Los Angeles, Calif.

Had lynx in his chain of affairs.
Miss Helen Smith — New York City

$25 THIRD PRIZES

Was met by the game warden's glares!
Leo J. Heffernan — New York City

Had made no provision for pairs.
Mrs. K. J. Kerr — Brooklyn, N. Y.

Had no gun. They're hunting his heirs.
Wm. J. Porter — Baltimore, Md.

Needed margin to fight off the bears.
W. A. Whitaker — New York City

The RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and mail it by first class mail to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet. Send in as many last lines as you wish for this Limerick. However, no contestant can win more than one of the prizes in any one week.

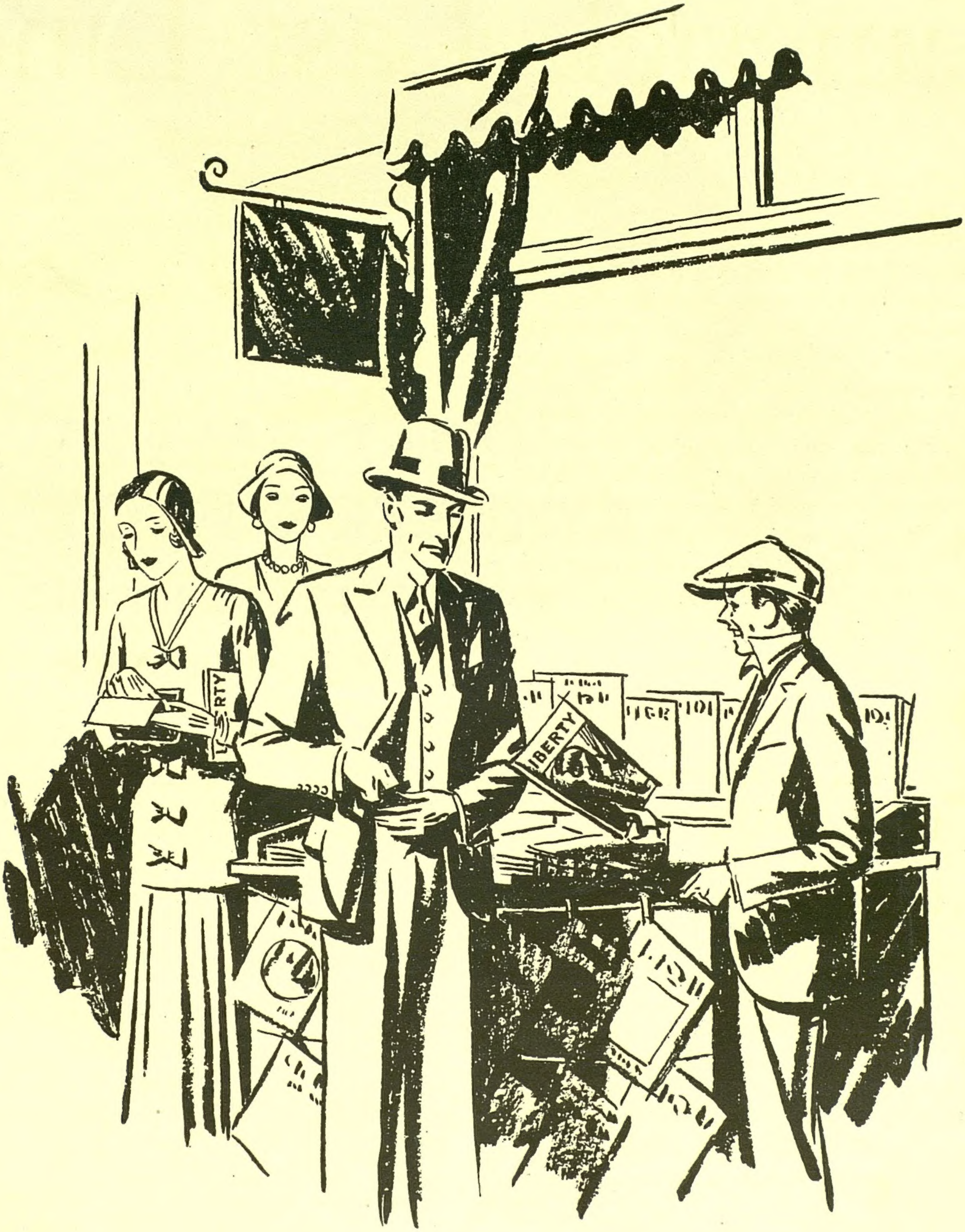
For the best line, $100 will be paid; for the second and third best, $50 each; for the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh best, $25 each; and for the next twenty, $10 each. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. Anyone, anywhere, can compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. Awards will be made on the basis of action, cleverness, and originality. All entrants agree to accept the judges' decisions as final. Because of the mass of clerical work involved no entries will be returned.

$10 PRIZES

R. W. Davies, Bluefield, West Va.; John P. O'Reilly, Swissvale, Pa.; Mrs. J. McClenahan, St. Louis, Mo.; J. A MacDonald, Detroit, Mich.; V. Creelman, Seattle, Wash.; Olive M. Ames, Augusta, Kan.; I. V. Lord, Neepawa, Man., Can.; D. M. Dickey, Ludington, Mich.; Mrs. Elizabeth Magee, Okemah, Okla.; Mrs. Minnie Bengtson, Rockford, Ill.; Harry B. Cooney, Detroit, Mich.; Casey Carey, Chicago, Ill.; Ethel M. Ford, New York City; Andrew Devore, Newton, N. J.; Hazen Conklin, Brooklyn, N. Y.; E. Sylvester Proper, Prescott, Ont., Can.; Ella Louise Starbuck, Bedford, Mass.; B. W. McKeen, Kingsburg, Calif.; C. F. Grosch, Hagerstown, Md.; Frank Converse, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MORE WINNERS AND ANOTHER LIMERICK TO FINISH NEXT WEEK

The newsdealers of America can tell you which magazine is *asked for* most often by the reading public.



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QUICK RELIEF FOR
SUNBURN TOO!
Absorbine Jr. soothes and cools instantly; takes out soreness and inflammation; not greasy; won't stain; leaves a healthy tan

THEY CALL IT
"ATHLETE'S FOOT"
BUT IT ISN'T A
JOKING MATTER

● Many a man and woman has paid large doctor bills and limped around for weeks because of an infection that started with a slight itching sensation between the toes.

They made the mistake of not taking more seriously this common symptom* of "Athlete's Foot." Neglected, the skin between the toes soon became unwholesomely moist. It cracked—then blistered, perhaps turned red, peeled and finally became so raw as to cause pain when shoes were worn.

It's a real infection; don't YOU take chances

Nine times out of ten this infection, popularly called "Athlete's Foot," comes from a tiny parasite known as *tinea trichophyton*, which health authorities estimate to have preyed on at least half the adult population at some time in life.

***WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

Be on your guard; you may be the next victim because you are bound to encounter *tinea trichophyton* wherever you go. It swarms by the billions on the edges of swimming pools, on shower bath floors, locker- and dressing-room floors, in bathhouses, beach walks, gyms—even in your own spotless bathroom.

Use Absorbine Jr. to kill the germ of "Athlete's Foot"

Strange to say, the *tinea trichophyton* germ thrives on soap and water. You can't wash it away, when once it becomes embedded in the toes. This parasite is so hardy, in fact, that socks must be boiled fifteen minutes to kill it.

You can, however, douse Absorbine Jr. on your feet, rubbing it well between the toes, morning and night and after every bath. For laboratory tests have demonstrated that Absorbine Jr. kills *tinea trichophyton* quickly when it reaches the parasite. Clinical tests have also shown its effectiveness.

Look at your feet tonight

You may have the first symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign, douse on Absorbine Jr. *Then keep on using it,* because "Athlete's Foot" is a persistent infection and can keep coming back time after time.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. At drug stores, $1.25 a bottle. For a free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 330 Lyman St., Springfield, Massachusetts. *In Canada:* Lyman Building, Montreal.

Absorbine Jr.

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions